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MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE

OF

MRS. HANNAH MORE:

BY WILLIAM ROBERTS, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL II.

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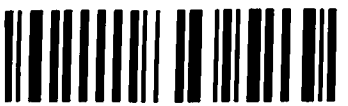
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MEMOIRS

PART III.

(CONTINUED,)

FROM A. D. 1785 TO A. D. 1802.

MEMOIRS.

PART III: CHAP. IX.

We commence the year 1797 with the following letters.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Bath, 1797.

If I *do* write, quoth I to myself, in the humour I am in, I shall convince my most honoured friend that I have no wit; and if I do *not* write I shall prove to a demonstration that I have no gratitude. Thus the matter stood for a long time in exact equipoise; but at last recollecting that wit was only a *talent*, and gratitude a *virtue*, I was resolved to secure to myself the reputation and comfort of the one, though at the risk, nay the certainty, of forfeiting all pretensions to the other. Now, Madam, I^c appeal to your discernment, if I have

not made the better choice? Of attaining to the one I despair; it is a rare but dangerous present—but come, Gratitude! thou peaceful, amiable virtue, and confess (though thou art less addicted to confession than to feeling) if I did not cherish thee in my heart, this morning, when I received so delightful a letter from Audley Street. Nothing could have diminished the entire pleasure that letter gave me, but the unpleasant intelligence of the indisposition of the writer.

I did not get hither to my winter quarters till Christmas. I was so earnestly pressed to halt at Stoke, with the Duchess, in my way, that I complied for three or four days. Very strong indeed were the intreaties of my noble hostess that I should remain during the visit of the whole house of Manners, but I was constrained to be equally firm in my refusal.

Since I have been here I have so entirely lost my cough as to be able to drink the waters, which do me much good. Now, my dear Madam, if you do not think here is already a sufficient quantity of egotism, I will go on to tell you, that though I go to the pump, I do not make any visits, not having set my foot to the ground these two months. I shall, however, make an exception in favour of your neighbours, Lord and Lady Kenyon, who have done me the honour to desire to be acquainted with me. I am much pleased with the plain unadorned integrity, the simplicity of manners, the respect for piety, of this great Lord Chief Justice: I think he discovers more reverence for virtue and reli-

gion in his decisions than any law leader I remember.

My friends are extremely kind, so that I have full as much company as my heart can wish. Lady Herries is here, with the full use of her limbs, which I am glad of; though, if they had been my limbs, I question if I should have thought the use of them worth purchasing at the expence of living abroad:—better be dying in England, than well any where else, is my maxim.

Grave as the times are, Bath never was so gay; princes and kings that will be, and princes and kings that have been, pop upon you at every corner; the Stadtholder and Prince of Wales only on a flying visit; but their Highnesses of York are become almost inhabitants, and very sober and proper their behaviour is. The Duchess contributes by her residence in it, to make our street alive. I had the honour of spending a morning with her Royal Highness. Her conversation was judicious and lively: the waters have been of service to her; she has had the goodness to present me with a beautiful little box, with her hair set round with pearls on the lid.

Lady Waldegrave writes me but a sad account of poor Lord Orford. Of Mrs. Carter's recovery, though slow, I hear better accounts. I say nothing of war, because I am weary of the word, nor of peace, because I lose all hope of it. I am thankful, however, that the fault does not rest with us; one can bear the affliction far better, when one has not to bear the guilt also.

Alas! my dear Madam, your letter has just arrived which announces the affecting tidings of Lord Orford's death,—affecting in no small degree: though I have been in daily expectation of such an event taking place, my feelings are quite overcome when I call to remembrance that kindness which knew no interruption during twenty years.

I am, dear Madam,

Affectionately yours,

H. More.

Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Martha More.

London, 1797.

Poor Lord Orford! I could not help mourning for him as if I had not expected it. But twenty years' unclouded kindness and pleasant correspondence cannot be given up without emotion. I am not sorry now that I never flinched from any of his ridicule or attacks, or suffered them to pass without rebuke. At our last meeting I made him promise to buy 'Law's Serious Call.' His playful wit, his various knowledge, his polished manners, alas! what avail they now! The most serious thoughts are awakened. Oh that he had known and believed the things that belonged to his peace! My heart is much oppressed with the reflection.

The most rational and religious evening, by far, that I have passed in town, was at Gloucester House, where I have been twice. It would make some folks smile to know that we read the epistle to

the Ephesians, and commented as we went along. Mr. Wilberforce's chapter on 'Human Corruption,' led to a long discussion on that doctrine, and other grand points. I told the Duchess of Gloucester that Mr. Wilberforce was to send her his book: she was quite charmed, and said she would sit up all night rather than not be qualified to talk about it with me when she sees me again. I am curious to hear what people say of this book. All agree that it is well written; that it is a very able book; even some worldly people admire it highly. Of course those who thought Gisborne strict, will think Wilberforce ten times more so.

From the same to the same.

Fulham Palace, May, 1797.

I am just come from attending the royal nuptials at St. James's. It was indeed a most august spectacle. If, indeed, it had been only the spectacle and the procession which I could have seen, I should have had little curiosity; but the Bishop, who has the management of the whole chapel, secured me a place, with Mrs. Porteus, so near the altar that I could hear every word distinctly. The royal bride behaved with great feeling and modesty. The Prince of Wirtemberg had also a very becoming solemnity in his behaviour. The King and Queen wept, but took great pains to restrain themselves. As I looked at the sixteen handsome and magnificently dressed royals sitting round the altar, I could not help thinking how many plans were perhaps at that

very moment forming for their destruction; for the bad news from Ireland had just arrived. They talk of the number of acknowledged malcontents being 150,000, but I believe not a large part of that number have arms. I forgot to say that the King gave his daughter away, and it was really very affecting. The Archbishop read the service with great emphasis and solemnity. The newspapers will have described all the crape, and the foils, and the feathers, and the diamonds, &c. We were four hours in chapel.

Lord Orford's executors, Mrs. Damer, and Lord Frederick Campbell, have sent me word they will return all my letters, which they have found carefully preserved. I am also applied to in form to consent to give up such of his letters to me as are fit for publication. I have told them how extremely careful I am as to the publication of letters, and that I cannot make any positive engagement; but that if when I get to Cowslip Green, I should find on looking them over, that any are quite disencumbered of private history, private characters, &c,—I probably shall not withhold those in my possession; but I am persuaded that after they are reduced as much as will be necessary, there will be little left for publication.

I dined one day at Admiral Gambier's (my kindly-attached friend with whom I spent so many pleasant days at Teston) to meet Sir Charles Middleton, who really brings a comfortable account of Mrs. Bouverie; and I begin to take hope about her.

The Morning Chronicle, and other *pious newspapers*, have laboured to throw such a stigma on the association for the better observance of Sunday that the timid great are sheering off, and very few indeed have signed. It has, however, led to so much talk and discussion on the subject, as to produce a very considerable effect, and a number of high people have said, that, though they will not bind themselves in form, they will conform to the spirit of the resolution. I doubt, however, whether those who show a timidity so little creditable to them, will do much. The Duchess Dowager of Beaufort, with her usual kindness to me, said that if I wished it, she would certainly sign; otherwise she thought such an old woman could add no credit to it; but I suggested that her high rank might attract others. Friday I dined at the Bishop of London's, and spent the evening at Gloucester House. I know not whether it comes under the act of treason, or misprison of treason, to go to a royal house in colours, for people are in such deep mourning as to wear black handkerchiefs and gloves. It is not, however, universal, for at a small party on Saturday, at Mr. M. Montagu's, many were in colours. I met there Lord St. Helen's, Mr. King, the American minister, and others of that stamp.

I was much affected at the death of poor Mason. The Bishop of London was just reading us a sonnet he had sent him on his seventy-second birth-day, rejoicing in his unimpaired strength and faculties; it ended with saying that he had still a muse able to praise his Saviour and his God,—when the account

of his death came. It was pleasing to find his last poetical sentiments had been so devout; I would that more of his writings had expressed the same strain of devotion, though I have no doubt of his having been piously disposed; but the Warburtonian school was not favourable to a devotional spirit. I used to be pleased with his turn of conversation, which was of a peculiar cast.

I have been meeting Mr. Smelt, who at seventy-two is come up to equip himself for entering into the military; there is patriotism for you! I dined yesterday with Mrs. Goodenough, the accomplished sister of the Speaker.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Bath, Dec. 27, 1797.

MY DEAR MADAM,

This solemn and gracious season has a natural tendency to bring more immediately before our eyes and hearts those friends in whose happiness one is more particularly interested. Judge, then, my dearest Madam, if you are not among the foremost in my best wishes and hearty prayers, as well for those blessings which more particularly belong to this period, as for those which are of all seasons.

I participate, my dear Madam, in the satisfaction you must have felt at the august and solemn celebration at St. Paul's having gone off so quietly. Many hearts, I trust, were deeply affected on that day; and, thank God, that among all our alarms,

we have still the forty-sixth Psalm, Luther's favourite, on our side; and that amidst a too visible decay of piety, we do not yet formally worship reason, or deify liberty. I cannot help wishing, however, that while the suspended rod is mercifully withheld, we might seriously lay to heart the admonition held out to us by other countries.

Bath—gay, happy, inconsiderate Bath! bears no signs of the distresses of the times: we go about all the morning lamenting the impending calamities, deploring the assessed taxes, and pleading poverty; and at night every place of diversion is overflowing with a fulness unknown in former seasons; and as a proof that everybody is too rich to need to stay at home, there is not a lodging to be had in this whole quarter for love or money. Our quiet villages began to wear a very military aspect before I left the country; our most respectable neighbours were forming volunteer corps at their own expense; and the coast just below being one of the places which lie most open to invasion, gun-boats are stationed, and fortifications erected, under the command of General Rooke. It was a great satisfaction to see our poor so well disposed: they were so elated by Lord Duncan's victory, that they actually ran to the clergyman, and said they were now willing to be taxed double. They have indeed borne their burthens with great patience, and are quite an example to the *talking* patriots!

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to her sister.

Palace, Fulham, May 7, 1798.

I had a very quiet, pleasant visit at Mitcham, contrasting well with the scene I had quitted in town. Mr. Cecil was faithful as usual to his annual assignation. I did not enjoy much of poor Mr. Hoare's company; so occupied was he in arming and exercising. He rises at half-past four at Mitcham, trots off to town to be ready to meet at six the Fleet Street Corps, performing their evolutions in the area of Bridewell, the only place where they can find sufficient space; then comes back to a late dinner, and as soon as it is over, goes to his committees, after which he has a serjeant to drill himself and his three sons on the lawn till it is dark.

Upon my arrival here, I found quite a conclave of bishops, Durham, London, Lincoln, with their ladies. The Bishop of Lincoln gave me the enclosed. It was the result of the Lambeth meeting, and I am glad it has a little checked the military ardour of the clergy; their number being only one, or at most two in a parish, would have been too inconsiderable to have been of any great use; and it would have unhinged them from that more important station in which they may be incalculably more useful. While I think of it, desire Hazard to give you a parcel of the papers containing the texts which the Moravians give their people, inculcating duty to kings, and enclose me as many as a cover directed to the

bishop will hold. The people are all in raptures at the arrival of that romantic hero Sir Sidney Smith; the bells rung as he passed through this place; I am glad when they can be pleased without mischief. The Bishop of Lincoln staid with us till Tuesday; only he stole off now and then to his old pupil, Mr. Pitt, and went down to Holwood with him on Saturday and Sunday, where the Bishop says he is as eager about planting, and putting in *this* tree, and pulling up *that* hedge, and erecting *the other* seat, as if he had not a whole nation on his back. What is surprising, with his load of business, is, that he has contrived already to get through the three quartos of Sir Robert Walpole, which he greatly likes: he says it is ill-written, but very interesting, and sets Sir Robert's character very high. The Bishop of London went yesterday to dine at Lambeth, and we ladies went to dine with Lady Cremorne, who gave me some religious generals for your collection. She came down stairs on Sunday at eight in the morning, and found Admiral C——, another admiral, and a general, with their Bibles, each separately in different parts of the room, and so at times all the day; it put me in mind of Sir Richard Hill. In the morning we had a visit from the Duchess of Gloucester, whom I had the honour of introducing at Fulham; the Bishop and Mrs. Porteus were much pleased with her sweetness and good humour.

Broomfield, May 29, 1798.

On paying my respects the other day at Gloucester Lodge, I found the Duchess had been reading

Lord Orford's works, just published. The Bishop and I began to tumble over the leaves, when among the first things I saw was my own hideous picture. I almost screamed; the Duchess ran to see what was the matter, and was quite diverted at the discovery, for she did not know it. There had been no presents made of the work; indeed, as the copyright had been sold, it was not reasonable that any should expect so costly a present; I was, therefore, surprised yesterday to receive a note from Miss Berry, saying, she desired my acceptance of this memorial of our late friend. I did not at all expect such a compliment. I believe I am the only living correspondent to whom any of the letters are addressed.

I have been reading the Bishop's six lectures at St. James's, and his charge; all very good. I hope the latter will be printed, but that cannot be, until he has gone through the country part of his visitation, which he has been obliged to suspend, as the scene of it lies a good deal on the Essex coast, and he was informed that the people were so full of military ideas, and the prospect of an invasion, that they would pay little attention to ecclesiastical orders. The publication of the American State Papers has afforded high entertainment, and it is thought will be of great use, by exposing the rapacity of the Directory to their friends as well as enemies.

May 31st. Were you not all well nigh out of your wits at Pitt's duel? We were all in the utmost consternation, especially poor Mr. Wilberforce. It was no small consolation to us all that he had

borne his testimony against duelling so strongly in his book, previous to this shocking event. What a dreadful thing, that a life of such importance should be risked, (or indeed any life at all,) on the miserable notion of false honour! To complete the horror, too, they chose a Sunday!

I have been strongly tempted to go round by Mongewell and Oxford in my way home, as the Bishop of Durham has been very urgent with me: indeed, I feel it would have been a right thing, as the Bishop and I should have conferred together upon some important points; but this I found would break in upon another week; and Mrs. Kennicott, with whom I proposed going, has changed her plan.

Mr. Wilberforce is just come from the House, and to my great joy, tells me he has given notice that he shall make a motion for some measures to be taken to put a stop to the impious and detestable practice of duelling. It is a bold step. May God grant it success! Every body here is much pleased with the flourishing account you give of our schools. Mrs. C—— has been in to see me, and I have been rating her about her equipments; but she says she dresses on the Cheap Repository plan: and if we will commend people so much for being notable and patched, it is very hard to scold them for following one's directions. Having little to say, and no time to say it in, I will enclose for your amusement a letter from Mr. H. T——, which gives a pleasing account of the improving prospects of the Slave Trade question. Adieu.

H. M.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

August 15, 1798.

I have been wishing to write to you, to thank you for sending the Dykes, whom we much liked. He preached at Cheddar, and dropped a word after P——'s sermon at night. I have many things to say, partly in answer to your kind and very encouraging letter, which served to strengthen my faith, and cheer my spirits—partly to tell you of our goings on, and chiefly to inquire after your wife and son; but I must defer all I have to tell you till I am better able to say it, and confine myself to say a word on the great mercies of God to myself. I went last week to Wedmore, the new place, and believe I spent too much time in a damp half-finished house, which we are about taking for a school, giving directions to have it finished to our purpose.

I was attacked with one of my violent spasms in my head on the Saturday night, so that I could not go with the Dykes the Sunday round, but Patty did. This pain continued almost intolerable during two days and two nights, and left my nerves in a high state of irritation. On Monday, being alone, I fell down from the place where I was sitting, in a fainting fit. I dashed my face against the corner of a stone wall, and lay a very long time without giving any signs of life. My sisters found me in a posture which must soon have suffocated me,—with my face frightfully disfigured, and the floor sprinkled with blood. There was a

strong contest between life and death, but it pleased my merciful God to raise me up. I was a good while before I had any clear ideas, but felt a sort of stupid serenity; no emotion, but a general feeling that I had not done enough for God; and what would poor Patty do by herself? I am so disfigured, you would scarcely know me; but I am full of gratitude; for though my eyes make me look a perfect Mrs. Mendoza, yet the sight is safe, and had not my face received the bruises, my skull must have been fractured. You will be glad to hear that my mind has been very calm, and that I felt that this visitation was in mercy. I write this, two or three lines at a time, and cannot see to read it; but the bruises, though very bad, are nothing; they will in time disappear; I must try to get my nerves in a better way. I have a dull pain in my head which is very unpleasant. I must just tell you that we have kept possession of the pulpit at Wedmore ever since, and sent one of our own clergy every Sunday, to keep up the attention to our plan. Last Sunday, Drewitt preached an hour; after he had finished, the clerk got up and said, 'The parish are desired to meet next Friday, to consult on the best means of opposing the ladies who are coming to set up a school.'

Bold Drewitt, nothing dismayed, stood up instantly in the pulpit, and said, 'And on Sunday next, the parish are desired to meet the ladies, who intend opening the school at nine o'clock;' but I now doubt if I shall be able: it will be a hard contest; and whether John Barrow or Hannah More will be the successful candidate, I have not the least idea.

My love to Mrs. W. and Mrs. K. I have the comfort of being sure of your prayers.

God bless you,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Bath, 1798.

My dear Friend,

I thought we never parted in any spring with resolutions of doing better; and it is clear, that in no summer have we ever done worse. Indeed I did not wait till you 'spoke first,' but rather until I could find an opportunity of speaking. I have been unconscionably worked and harassed this year, and have seldom had less ability to bear it. My illness was a fainting away, brought on by acute head-aches; and, being alone, I fell down and dashed my face with great violence against a stone wall. Providentially some one soon came to me, or, from the posture in which I fell, I must have been suffocated. My face was greatly bruised, and I still bear the marks; but happily, my face received the blows: had the back part of my head received them, it must have fractured my skull. The pains in my head continued, without any interval, for several weeks; but I thank God I am now restored to nearly my old state, that is, I have them only about two or three days in a week. Though I have been boasting of this improved condition of health, our dear friend Wilberforce did not think it a thing to be boasted of; and he, having been down with

his wife to pass a few days with me at Cowslip Green, has brought me away almost by force, to take a short course of the waters, while the weather is mild, preparatory to my drinking them, when we come to settle for the winter. So I am staying with him for ten days or a fortnight.

As to my book, about which you inquire, I have had too little leisure to devote to it, and it stood almost quite still, from illness, for near six weeks. I have, however, made a considerable progress in it, so that I hope I shall get it off my hands in the winter. I ought not to expect it to be popular, for besides many faults, it has the capital one of attacking the reigning system of manners and education, so that it must necessarily give offence to many.

I feel it rather base in myself to steal off and leave poor Patty to work double tides. We have in hand a new and very laborious undertaking, laborious on account of its great distance from home. But the object appeared to me so important that I did not feel myself at liberty to neglect it. It is a parish the largest in our county or diocese, in a state of great depravity and ignorance. The opposition I have met with in endeavouring to establish an institution for the religious instruction of these people would excite your astonishment. The principal adversary is a farmer of £1000. a-year, who says, the lower class are *fated* to be wicked and ignorant, and that, as wise as I am, I cannot alter what is *decreed*. He has laboured to ruin the poor curate for favouring our cause, and says, he shall not have

a workman to obey him, for I shall make them all as wise as himself. In spite of this hostility, however, which far exceeds anything I have met with, I am building a house, and taking up things on such a large scale, that you must not be surprised if I get into gaol for debt, (even should I escape it for my irregular proceedings, which is the most to be feared;) as, notwithstanding the kind and generous legacy of my dear and lamented Mrs. Bouverie, my schemes will suffer greatly by her death, as her purse was my sure resort in all difficulties. Providence, I trust, will carry me through the business of this new undertaking, for in spite of the active malevolence we experience, I have brought already between three and four hundred under a course of instruction: the worst part of the story is, that thirty miles there and back, is a little too much these short days; and when we get there, our house has as yet neither windows nor doors; but if we live till next summer, things will mend, and in so precarious a world as this is, a winter was not to be lost! It rather brings about some of our worldly clergy in two or three parishes, when they see that we labour strenuously to attach our people to the state as well as to the church.

All lights and laurels, and ringing and singing here! What blessed victories! O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness!

Your's truly,

H. More.

Mrs. Hannah More had by this time entirely withdrawn herself from her multifarious intercourse with her friends in London, and contented herself with residing two months in each year in its neighbourhood; dividing her time between her friends Mrs. Garrick, Bishop Porteus, Lord Teignmouth, Mr. H. Thornton, Mr. Hoare, and some few others. She likewise made an annual visit to Lord Barham, for one month, during many years; and was frequently at the house of the Bishop of Durham, at Mongewell.

This year, 1798, was solemnized to her soul by much spiritual communion, and much self-examination, which issued in a series of pious meditations, holy resolutions, earnest supplications for inward strength, and self-abasing avowals of conscious weakness. The christian reader will, doubtless, properly appreciate the few following specimens.

Jan. 1, 1798.—Having obtained help of God, I continue to this day. Lord, I am spared, while others are cut off. Let me now dedicate myself to thee with a more entire surrender than I have ever yet made.

First. I resolve by the grace of God to be more watchful over my temper. 2ndly. Not to speak rashly or harshly. 3dly. To watch over my thoughts: not to indulge in vain, idle, resentful, impatient, worldly imaginations. 4thly. To strive after closer communion with God. 5thly. To let no hour pass without lifting up my heart to Him through Christ. 6thly. Not to let a day pass without some thought of death. 7thly. To ask myself every night when I

lie down, am I fit to die? 8thly. To labour to do and to suffer the whole will of God. 9thly. To cure my over-anxiety, by casting myself on God in Christ.

Sunday, January 7.—I will *confess* my sins—*Repent* of them.—Plead the atonement.—Resolve to love God and Christ.—Implore the aid of the Spirit for light, strength, and direction.—Examine if these things are done.—Be humbled for my failures.—Watch and pray.

Through death the Christian's soul goes to—1st. Perfect purity. 2ndly. Fulness of joy. 3dly. Everlasting freedom. 4thly. Perfect rest. 5thly. Health and fruition. 6thly. Complete security. 7thly. Substantial and eternal good.

Sunday, January 21.—Up late last night—much harassed all the week by worldly company. My temper hurt—heart secularized. I had looked forward to a peaceful Sunday—instead of this, an acute head-ache. Spent the day in bed—little devotion—no spirituality. Could not even *think* at all. Had an hour's talk with Mr. Wilberforce—had reason to bless God, that in my present difficulties, this wise Christian friend was at hand to counsel and comfort me. Lord, grant that my many religious advantages may never appear against me. Many temptations this week to vanity. My picture asked for two publications. Dedications—flattery without end. God be praised, I *was not* flattered, but vexed—twenty-four hours' head-ache makes one see the vanity of all this! Am I tempted to vanity? let me call to mind what shining friends I have lost this year—each eminent in his different way,

yet he that is least in the kingdom of grace is greater than they.

I resolved at the beginning of the year, to pray at least twice a week, separately for the country, in this time of danger, independently of the petitions offered up in my other prayers.

Sunday, January 28.—I indulge too much in the thought, how much better I might be, had I fewer interruptions, more opportunity of vital preachers, more pious friends, less worldly company. There is great self-deceit in all this. Am I praying against these disadvantages? Do I make the most of the rest of my time? Lord, assist me to do so, and to bear patiently what I dislike. This week I have watched my words more, but not sufficiently my thoughts. * * * * Heard of John Wilkes's death—awful event! talents how abused! Lord, who hath made *me* to differ; but for thy grace, I might have blasphemed thee like him. In early youth I read Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, &c. I am a monument of mercy, not to have made shipwreck of my faith.

February 2.—My birth-day. Lord, grant I may never have cause to say, "it were good for me had I never been born." Lord, forgive the sins of my youth—they have pressed on me this day. Blot them from thy book, and give me grace to subdue my remaining corruptions. O how strong!

* * * Preparing for London. Oh! that I were as anxious to forget nothing relating to the next world, as I am to omit nothing I shall want in this journey.

Heard —— preach—elegant language,—earnest and bold, but nothing to the heart; no food for perishing sinners. Lord, send more labourers into thy vineyard! Increase the number of those who preach Christ Jesus, and salvation through him only.

Sunday, February 25.—Came last night to Fulham Palace. Lord, while I admire these Christian friends, let me not over-rate any child of man. Christ is *all*. Oh for a fuller persuasion of this!

Teston, March 1.—Arrived here on Monday—seriously ill all the way. How many suffer painful journies, who find no rest for the sole of the foot at night—but I rest with kind Christian friends, and find every comfort and alleviation. Several bad nights—violent cough—not comforted by religious, but tormented by worldly thoughts. Oh, for a sanctified suffering! Merciful Father, withdraw not thy heavy hand, until thy work of sanctification is done in my soul.

While attending on the dying-bed of Mrs. —— I did not feel my heart properly affected. Oh, that I may lay to heart this lesson of mortality! Lord, prepare me for this state of pain, weakness, imbecility; if it be thy will I should pass through it. She is dead. I too must die. Oh! that I could learn to die daily; and then I should look without fear to the dark valley which lies before me.

March 25.—Tempted to be warm in politics. Under the mask of religion, I fear I indulge my own humours and resentments. I would learn of Him who was meek and lowly. I cannot fix my thoughts intently on death, according to my resolu-

tion. Death advances, but I do not advance in my preparation for it.

Monday, April 2.—My attention has not wandered so much as usual, but my heart has not been deeply touched. I am about to leave this place. Lord, forgive what I have neglected to do, and what I have done, and if any little good has been done by me, be pleased graciously to accept it, and forgive its imperfections. Mrs. B—— gave me largely for my poor. Lord, bless her, and make all her bed in her sickness! Strengthen her faith. Remove the prejudices that impede her comforts. Support her through life. Be her support in death, and if we never meet again here, grant that we may meet in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

London, Sunday, April 15.—I have been a week here—hurried—worldly—with little serious reading—less serious thoughts, except when I lie awake in the night: this is often a comfortable time with me—the world shut out—my conscience more tender—my memory more quick in bringing my sins before me. My temper is sorely tried. Yesterday I was tempted to anger—to-day I bore the provocation. Teach me to subdue all anger, Lord, and not to think I am helping thy cause when I am angry. Oh, that I could learn of him who was meek and lowly! Had a little serious talk with the Duchess of Gloucester, Lady Amherst, and the Duchess of Beaufort. Lord, let me be no mean respecter of persons, but make me valiant for thy truth.

Sunday 29.—Had a bad head-ache all day—nothing done for God—in pain my religion vacil-

lates; I trust I am tolerably patient and resigned, yet not as becomes a disciple of the suffering Jesus. This week has been nearly passed in visiting—little reading or seriousness—a few occasions, indeed, were snatched to talk seriously to young Christians, and I bore my testimony pretty strongly in company with some learned sceptics. At another time too much carried away with the pleasure of talking on mere subjects of taste—have taken too much pains to shine, and felt too much pleasure to hear my taste commended on the subject of French literature. Spent three days at Mitcham—felt the joy of pious society. I fear I do not profit enough when I get with pious people—it evaporates in self-satisfied feelings, and serious talk, without reaching the heart.

I feel full of schemes of charity—of doing good—of promoting God's glory—of writing for usefulness, not fame: yet I can take little comfort in these evidences, because I do not feel the love of Christ constraining me.

Sunday, May 20.—My journal stopped a fortnight—busy in getting forward my 'Strictures on Education.' This week has been too much spent in receiving visits from the great. Lord, preserve me from these temptations to vanity. Oh! let me feel more and more that I am a miserable sinner.

May 21.—A present of Lord Orford's work—my picture in the book—I laboured to hinder it. Lord, keep me from self-sufficiency, and humble me under a deep sense of the emptiness of earthly honours. He had all *this* world could give—great, witty, brilliant—of how little importance are these things

now. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Grant me this purity, and an utter indifference to fame, and deadness to the world.

June 4.—Much painful feeling at Pitt's duel. Lord, show these *wise* men the gospel, that in thy light they may see light, for without that the wisest sit in darkness.

Sunday, June 10.—Went to Nailsea,—Lord, fill my heart with gratitude for the blessings of this day. Found all flourishing. One hundred and forty children—taught the scriptures to three poor young colliers.

Many strangers came to see me this week. I bless God this raised in me no vanity; nor did a flattering history of me in a public print: I desire "*that* honour which cometh from God only."

Sunday, August 26.—By the mercy of God I am permitted to write once more. Lord, grant that my life, thus graciously spared, may be spent more vigorously to thy glory.—On the 13th, after two days severe head-ache, fell down in a violent fit—dashed my face against the wall, and lay long seemingly dead—much bruised and disfigured; have lain by above a fortnight almost useless; violent pains in my head, loss of sleep. Grant, Lord, that as my outward man decays, I may be renewed in the spirit of my mind. I have lost all this time from my book, and have redeemed too little of it by serious thought. Oh! for that happy state, where is neither sorrow nor crying.

A fresh proof of human depravity has, I hope, brought me nearer to God. I have been driven

nearer to him, and have had more comfort in prayer; but still I am not enough renewed in the spirit of my mind. Lord, perfect what is lacking in my faith and love, and let me "possess my soul in patience." Refine my zeal, purify my motives, lead me to act with a holy simplicity, leaving the event to thee who doest all things well. Oh for purer, holier converse; more disentanglement from the world! more heavenly meditation.

Saturday, September 22.—Head seldom free from pain.—Suffering does not yet purify my heart, though my gracious Father purposes it for that end.—Lord, sanctify pain to me: make me as willing to *suffer* thy will as to *do* it.—Company *every* day, *all* day; chiefly good people, but so much company unspiritualizes my mind, and swallows up time.—Book goes on slowly.—Cheap Repository is closed. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" that I have been spared to accomplish that work! Do thou, O Lord, bless and prosper it to the good of many, and if it do good, may I give to thee the glory, and take to myself the shame of its defects. I have devoted three years to this work. Two millions of these tracts disposed of during the first year!—God works by weak instruments, to show that the glory is all his own.

Sunday, September 30.—Have had more communion with God lately—especially in the night-watches.—Thoughts more called off from worldly things, and less vexed by disappointments; still I find it hard to fix my mind on God and eternity by day; I had rather *work* for God than *meditate* on

him; yet this divine communion is the work of heaven, and how shall I be prepared but by this?

Sunday, November 18.—Returned from Bath in an improved state of health, as I thought; but health being doubtless not good for me, had a return of my head-ache.—I might turn the time lost from more active duties, to good account, by secret communion with my God and Saviour, but alas! this is too little the case—partly, indeed, that the intense pain in my head deprives me of the free exercise of thought, and gives an involuntary gloom and depression to my spirits, but more, I fear, from a habit of not sufficiently watching over my thoughts at other times. It is a grievous truth that I am in general least religious when I am sick.—Lord, do thou give me grace to improve these seasons!

December 2.—Vain thoughts discompose my own mind, and evil tempers show me the emptiness of that flattery with which I am at times overwhelmed. Lord, I hope I can say that I derive little pleasure from such praises, while my heart tells me how little I deserve them.—I compare myself with the purity of thy law, and then I see my own sinfulness too plainly to be pleased by flattering words.—Heard of a silly and humiliating history of myself just published, and can truly say it gave me little or no mortification; nor did I feel any desire to contradict it.

Sunday, December 23.—Ill above a week with violent cough—blistered, &c. By the grace of God I am resigned to pain, but my thoughts, which ought at such times to be devoted to heavenly things, are not always in my own power—they wander amidst

the vanities and cares of earth, instead of being directed straight forward to the goal to which I am tending. Lord, raise my grovelling affections to thyself—disperse these earthly vapours which obscure my faith—increase my desires after that world where sin and sorrow will be done away!

An awful dispensation! the curate of —— visited with sudden blindness for three days—It seems to have been a supernatural awakening. Lord, do thou perfect this work; do thou call this man out of darkness to thy marvellous light, for his own sake, and the sake of those many souls over whom he is set!

Heard of the dangerous illness of Mr. Cecil. Lord, I bless thee that thou hast enabled this faithful servant to bear his agonies as a Christian, and that his sufferings have not slackened his faith. Raise him up, if it be thy will, for farther usefulness; but if not, sustain him in his last conflict, and enable him to bear his dying testimony to thy faithfulness and truth; and do thou supply his place so that his people shall not miss his services.

December 31.—I am now, by the great mercy of God, brought to the end of another year. Lord, enable me to consider this mercy as I ought to do, and do thou strengthen my memory to recollect the numberless favours I have received at thy hands during the course of it. Enable me to call to mind my trials, and to lament my sins of the past year. Lord, forgive whatever fresh guilt I have contracted. O wash me clean in the blood of the everlasting covenant; forgive whatever I have done amiss—whatever I have neglected to do. Supply

all my wants out of thine abundant mercies. Strengthen my weakness, subdue my pride, heal my self-love, root out my evil tempers, deliver me from open anger, secret resentments, and discontents; deliver me from myself, from the corruptions of my own evil heart, from the suggestions of unbelief; and do thou sanctify to me the mercies and deliverances of the past year. Thou hast preserved my colleague and myself from many dangers. Thou hast preserved our going out and our coming in at unseasonable hours. Thou hast carried us through much labour of body, and much anxiety of mind. Thou hast blest in no common degree, our unworthy labours in thy cause—thou hast in some degree owned our endeavours.

About this time, 1799, the 'Strictures on Female Education,' issued from the pen of Hannah More; her third ethical publication in prose, and one of the most powerful pieces of her artillery, from whose calibre were sent those bolts which shattered the towers and arsenals of fashionable abuses and follies. The testimonies which were borne to the value of this admirable performance were so numerous, that room can only be spared for a comparatively small part of them. A few of them shall be offered to the reader, who will not be sorry to see spread before him some specimens of cordial and well-deserved eulogy, proceeding from a variety of distinguished persons, and bearing the impress of their several peculiarities of phrase and sentiment.

From the Rev. Thomas Robinson to Mrs. H. More.

Leicester, 1799.

DEAR MADAM,

I am glad of the opportunity of addressing a few lines to you by the young lady who delivers you this—on two accounts; that I may commend her to your kind attentions, and acknowledge my own obligations to you. As she is one of my charge, in whom I have seen much to encourage a pleasing expectation of solid and consistent piety, I feel solicitous that during her stay in the contagious atmosphere of Bath, her principles may be preserved and established by some occasional interviews with you, for which I am confident she will be truly grateful.

I am ashamed that I have not yet offered you my best thanks for your 'Strictures on Female Education.' I was unwilling to obtrude myself upon you by the formality of a post letter, and was disappointed in the expectation of writing to you by a common friend. Permit me now, though late, to say that I was gratified by your remembrance of my name among those who were favoured with your publication; and that I am only one out of many who are obliged by your labours, so admirably calculated to check the progress of vanity and irreligion, and diffuse the principles of Evangelical truth in those circles, where the preachers of the gospel can scarcely expect to be heard. *We* especially, who are parents, *concerned* for our

daughters, that "they may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace," are much indebted to you for your charitable aid. Our gracious Lord has honoured you with remarkable acceptance, and I know you will humbly render to him the glory of whatever good may be effected. I can have no doubt but that he who has given you favour with the public, designs to accomplish his own purposes of mercy by your services; and amidst all the gloom of the present dark and cloudy day, it is consoling to observe that books of such a tendency are read by thousands with avidity and delight.

May your life be preserved and your health invigorated, for still further usefulness in the church of God! I commend you to his care, and pray that you may enjoy much of his presence and blessing.

I am, dear Madam, with sincere regard,

Your faithful friend and servant,

THOMAS ROBINSON.

From the Rev. R. Cecil to Mrs. H. More.

Great James Street, March 26, 1799.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I thank you very kindly for the excellent work I have just received; and though I cannot with propriety speak of it now, as I know I shall when I have gone through it, yet, from a glance, I have no doubt but it will prove of immense use to the rising generation.

When I have read it twice over, and have the pleasure of meeting you again, I will tell you all

I think, especially if I should be so wise in my own eyes as to think I have found a fault; at present I will only say, thank you, and thank you again!

The great pain with which I move, and the great anxiety I had to secure every day, prevented me from coming over to see you at Cowslip Green. I knew you would impute my not making the attempt to the true reason: none can make allowance for invalids like an invalid, which, I am sorry to learn from different quarters, you have been, in a considerable degree, for some time. I hope, however, you have not mentioned it in your book, lest fools should mistake your just views for sickly ones.

I knew you would wish to hear of my health; of which I can only say, that I am better, though with my complaint still upon me. Three months ago I had no expectation of being long here, but last Sunday I made an attempt to read a sermon in public: whether I shall be able to go forward He alone knows, whose I am, and whom I serve. My dispensation is a dark, but I hope (from what has past through my mind) not an unprofitable one. With my kindest respects to your whole family,

I remain, dear Madam,

Your grateful humble servant,

R. CECIL.

From the Countess Cremorne to Mrs. H. More.

Stanhope Street, 1799.

I almost scruple intruding upon you, my dear Mrs. More, knowing as I do with sorrow, that you

are so very far from well; and also knowing how many letters are pouring in upon you from all your friends and correspondents; but I cannot help wishing to tell you, how gratefully I feel your kindness in sending me your most valuable book: I wish I could give you the satisfaction of knowing with what sort of pleasure I have been reading it. I wish you could have seen me reading it, as I do the letters of a few beloved friends,—slowly, for fear of coming to the end; and reading those parts over and over again, which most delight, and I hope, mend my heart. You know, my dear Madam, that I do not deal in compliments: in sincerity and truth let me assure you, that I do not think I ever read a book which interested me quite so much. It will, I hope and trust, do extensive good, in these most perilous times. I hear our dear Bishop of London mentioned it in his sermon last Sunday, at St. James's Church, in a manner the most honourable (if I may be allowed the expression) to himself, as well as to you. Will you allow me to tell you, that I could not read the eighty-sixth page of the first volume with dry eyes; but my tears were tears of joy and gratitude: I felt that I had not (to make use of your own beautiful words) 'blotted out the spring from the year,' by robbing my dear little girl (when she was lent to me) of the 'simple joys, and the unbought delights which naturally belonged to her blooming season;' her pleasures were, gathering for me, or for her father, the first cowslip; watching the bees at work; or, full of raptures, bounding before us at

the first singing of the cuckoo, or the nightingale; she never was at a *play*, or *opera*, or *baby ball*, and I believe there never was a happier child. Our son too, was brought up in the same simplicity. But I am interrupted by a kind visit from Mr. Gisborne, and I am ashamed to see how I have been writing about my children; but I will not make an apology, I am sure your kind heart will make it for me. I shall rejoice sincerely in hearing that your health is restored, and in seeing you, before it be very long, at Fulham and at Chelsea. I trust you are very thankful to God, for being enabled to be such a bright light in this dark bewildering world. May He give you every real comfort here, and crown you with everlasting blessedness hereafter. Pray believe me, my dear Mrs. More, to be your affectionate and grateful

F. CREMORNE.

From Mr. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Wimpole Street, 1799.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It has usually been my practice to thank any author who has done me the favour of sending me his book, before I could be supposed to have read it, that I might not be under the necessity of saying anything of its contents; but I knew that there would be no necessity for such prudential caution with respect to the charming work of your's which I have been reading, for which you are entitled, not to my thanks only, but to those of all mankind.

The profusion and brilliancy of imagination, displayed in it, united with such wonderful consistency of metaphor, cannot fail of captivating even those who would perhaps have but little relish for the same exalted truths detailed in a dry syllogistical manner; and I really flatter myself, that though few, and perhaps none, will have humility enough to acknowledge fairly their obligations, yet that many will feel the good effects of such a book upon their practice and habits.

With respect to conversation, I cannot help telling you the observation which my eldest son made, viz. That it was a pity so much fine writing should have been bestowed upon that which no longer exists; for that the very *subject matter* of your regulations, and the *thing itself* which you are so anxious to improve, is, alas, no longer to be found! However, as it is well known that such a thing as conversation *has* existed, there is no physical impossibility but that it may again revive, and if it ever should, I am persuaded it is never likely to receive its ultimate improvement so soon, as from those regulations. After what I have said (and very honestly too) upon the work itself, I must beg leave to put in a word of commendation for its readers, under which description I must include all my acquaintance, as well as myself. Now I do think, that to feel greatly humbled in one's own esteem, to be much mortified at such a glowing representation of what one ought to be, in comparison with what one is, and not only to take all this wholesome castigation patiently, but to

break out in praise and admiration of the kind friend who inflicts it, is a symptom of some remaining sparks of goodness, which (I insist upon it) it is your duty to fan and encourage, from time to time, by further writings of the same kind and excellence.

I have heard but of one lady who is determined not to read your book, and the reason which she gives, is, that as she has *settled* her habits, she does not want to be *reasoned out* of what she cannot alter. This puts me in mind of a stupid judge, who had hastily laid down the law before he had heard a word from the counsel; and, as he found, while one of them was pleading against it with great force of argument, that his opinion was gradually slipping away from him, cried out, 'Mr. ——, I will not be argued out of my opinion in this manner.' That you may not, however, be inconsolable, I can tell you of another, who says that she will read over your book *twice* this year, and *once* every other year as long as she lives. As you must be quite exhausted by writing letters upon this occasion, and are still, as I hear from our excellent friend Mr. Bowdler, tormented, at times, by your old head-ache, let me intreat you not to put yourself to any inconvenience with respect to me; but give me sometimes a place in your remembrance, when you offer up your prayers to heaven; which, if those of any mortal can be so for a fellow-creature, must be surely efficacious.

Your's affectionately,

W. W. PEPYS.

From Mrs. H. More to her sister.

Fulham Palace, 1799.

I have been rather royal lately; on Monday I spent the morning at the Pavilion at Hampton Court, with the Duchess of Gloucester, and yesterday passed the morning with little Princess Charlotte at Carlton House. She is the most sensible and genteel little creature you would wish to see. I saw Carlton House and gardens, in company with the pretty Princess, who had great delight in opening the drawers, uncovering the furniture, curtains, lustres, &c. to show me; my visit was to Lady Elgin, who has been spending some days here.

'For the Bishop of London's entertainment and mine, the Princess was made to exhibit all her learning and accomplishments: the first consisted in her repeating the 'Little Busy Bee,' the next in dancing very gracefully, and in singing 'God save the King,' which was really affecting, (all things considered) from her little voice. Her understanding is so forward that they really might begin to teach her many things. It is perhaps the highest praise, after all, to say, that she is exactly like the child of a private gentleman; wild and natural, but sensible, lively and civil. I am really anxious that you should be using the new chaise, and will immediately take measures for having it conveyed.

Fulham Palace, 1800.

I find that the Chapters in the 'Strictures' on Human Corruption and Baby Balls, are the two which give most offence. My time is so short (as I did not dare risk staying more than one night in town, finding my head-ache come on) that I had only time to call on the Montagus and a few others. It gave me great pleasure to hear what my venerable diocesan, the Bishop of Bath and Wells,[1] had been saying of me to Mrs. Boscawen: he expressed great satisfaction at my late legacy from Mrs. Bouverie, and then said, (adverting, I suppose, to some of our enemies in Somersetshire,) they come and tell me things sometimes, but I only answer them, 'It is Mrs. More: I never make any inquiries: I ask no questions when I know it is Mrs. More: I know she is doing right, and that it is all as it should be.' It showed great warmth in a man near ninety.

Dear Mrs. Boscawen was looking very poorly: when I was coming away from her the other morning, I said, 'God bless you, my dear Madam,' 'That is very well,' said she, holding me by the hand, and looking most stedfastly in my face, 'but you must do more: you must pray for me; I am going gently off.' In order that the next visit might be consistent with this, we went to Mrs. Carter, and found her at home, at eighty-three, just returned from the *city*. She was quite rejoiced to see us, and was agreeable and interesting.

H. More.

[1] Dr. Moss.

From Mrs. Martha More to one of her sisters.

Grafton Street, 1800.

Lady Waldegrave was drinking tea here the other evening, when the butler came in and told us that there was a report that the King had been shot at in the play-house; the gentlemen flew for information, and found, alas! that it was too true. The pistol went off just before the Queen entered the box. The King quietly said 'Keep back, there has been one squib, perhaps there will be another;' he thought of this at the moment, as she is remarkably fearful of them. Sheridan met the Princesses, and apologized to them for not lighting them himself, but he was looking for a constable to take up a fellow; this he said to prepare them for some bustle, but they could not long be kept in ignorance. They were a long time recovering Princess Augusta. One of the Lords in waiting was near making an abrupt communication from fright and agitation, but the King kept him, and every body else, from being indiscreet: such self-control is astonishing: every body is of opinion, that it was one of the grandest and most interesting scenes ever witnessed. The King was wonderfully great and collected through the whole; but when the house continued shouting for an unreasonable length of time, he appeared much affected, sat down and looked for a minute on the ground. When he got home, he said to the Queen, 'As all is safe, I am not sorry it has happened, for I cannot regret

anything that has caused so much affection to be displayed.'

Lady Cremorne and Mrs. Carter yesterday told us, that the King's confidence exceeds all belief. Were you not delighted to see that all the opposition attended at the levee? The bishop says that both that and the drawing-room were so full, that it was complete mobbing and trampling.

Nothing is more talked of than Robert Hall's Sermons. Our bishop makes every family of every description possessed of money, buy that and 'The Strictures;' and speaks of both as grand engines to reform the times; but of all the admirers of the latter, every one falls short of Mr. Cecil; his words to us were, yesterday, 'It is one of the most perfect works, of its kind, in all its parts, that any century or country has produced.' Adieu.

MARTHA MORE.

I forgot to mention that the Bishop of Durham and his lady breakfasted with us at Fulham Palace last Thursday. The Bishop was kind and condescending as usual, he talked over all the Blagdon business: bid us not be afraid; they could not injure our useful schemes. He is steady and warm in his approbation. He fully feels the importance of instructing the poor, as the grand means of saving the nation.

CHAPTER X.

THE schools continued to be very full, and very prosperous. It had been the great object of Mrs. H. More and her sister Martha, to lead the children to a spiritual apprehension of Scripture truths, and the practical application of them to their hearts and their conduct, and they had often witnessed the success of their labours in the production of many pious and moral characters, which grew out of these institutions, from among whom they were able to select persons well qualified for becoming masters and mistresses of their various establishments. Many of the scholars carried the principles they had there imbibed, into their daily practice, and became sober and industrious heads of families. An edifying volume might be composed of anecdotes, displaying the beneficial results of these institutions; but this is not the place for such a record.

Among the expedients for improving the habits and characters of the poor, the institution of female friendly societies had been a great object of Mrs. More's solicitude since the second year of her

residence in this neighbourhood. Innumerable were the difficulties they had to contend with in their endeavours to make these ignorant people comprehend the nature and usefulness of such establishments; which were, at that time, as rare as schools for the poor. Many were the meetings, and contests, and reasonings which they were obliged patiently to sustain and encounter, before mistake and prejudice could be softened into acquiescence. By perseverance, however, and every fair art of persuasion, this object was also obtained, and these societies, wisely framed and regulated, became the source of much contentment, comfort, and improvement to these remote villages; particularly to one which was miserably destitute of any other kind of aid.

After these beneficial plans had been carried on for several years, the curate of Blagdon, the parish in which Cowslip Green was situated, waited on the sisters, to request they would open one of their schools in his parish. This they absolutely declined; declaring that neither their health (which had already greatly suffered by their exertions) nor their time, nor their finances, would allow them to extend their personal superintendence beyond the range it had already taken. The application was however renewed by a deputation from the churchwardens and overseers of the parish, sent by this clergyman, who came with an earnest request that 'they would be pleased to come and do *their* parish a little good.' They acknowledged that it was the great reformation wrought in some neighbouring parishes which 'made them bold to come,' as the notorious profli-

gacy of the place was exceedingly deplored by the better part of the inhabitants.

The sisters at length yielded, and removing thither an approved master from one of their other schools, they soon collected near two hundred children, whom they found deplorably ignorant. Things, however, soon put on a new face, and a rapid improvement rewarded their efforts. The beneficial effects which had resulted from the establishment of Sunday readings in the other villages, induced them to make the experiment in the parish of Blagdon. The poor adults as well as children, resorted to them in crowds, and the minister and his wife generally attended. In the course of two or three years from this auspicious beginning, it appeared, from a letter received by Mrs. More from the wife of the clergyman of Blagdon,[1] that 'the two sessions and the two assizes were past, and a third was approaching, and neither as prosecutor nor prisoner, plaintiff nor defendant, had any of that parish (once so notorious for crimes and litigations) appeared. Warrants for wood-stealing and other pilferings were becoming quite out of fashion.'

We find the following singular and interesting little incident recorded in the journal of Mrs. Martha: 'On our return to the country, we found Blagdon in a steady uniform course of improvement, in morals, and in religious knowledge. The evening reading was very affecting; the whole people stood up; and with the modesty and simplicity of chil-

[1] Mrs. Bere.

dren, suffered the schoolmaster to state to us the particulars of their behaviour during our absence. It was an extraordinary proceeding, for the parish officers were among their number. It was at the desire also of the justice himself, (the curate of Blagdon, before-mentioned) that we were publicly informed of the very decorous behaviour of the men on the day of their club-meeting.'

After the above account the reader will be surprized to learn that it was in this very quarter that a violent persecution arose against Mrs. More, promoted by the curate of the parish; of which, without unravelling too much of the details of this disgusting history, it may suffice to say that the charges brought against her were so preposterous as to conduce only to the defeat and disgrace of the fabricators. Some few features of the case will be developed in the following letter from Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Cowslip Green, Sept. 11.

MY DEAR SIR,

I had intended to delay the history of the Wedmore prosecution, until I saw how it would end; but your kind sympathy in our trials and difficulties leads me to trouble you with it as far as we have gone. Our hostile farmers do not present us under the Conventicle Act, of which probably they know nothing; but on some old, and I believe obsolete statute, which requires every school-master to take out a licence. I dined by invitation with my

diocesan, as I passed through Wells in my way home. His reception of me was highly cordial, and even affectionate; but he told me Wedmore was not under his jurisdiction, being a peculiar under the dean, in whose court we had been presented. Dr. Moss, however, (the Bishop's son,) at my request, had picked up the charges that had been exhibited against us. Among these were, that my school-master had called the bishops, dumb dogs; that he had said all who went to church, and did not come to hear him, would go to hell; and that he distributed books called 'A Guide to Methodism.' Could you believe that such impossible stuff could be seriously carried to a bishop, through the channel of some of his own chapter? One or two of these canons, (poor creatures!) say that I carry everything before me, having *bitten* all the country clergymen, and secured the ear of the bishop. But the mischief lies deeper. A clergyman in my own neighbourhood, where we have a flourishing school, has turned Socinian, and is now enraged at the doctrines *we* teach. He is doing all possible injury to us and our schemes. This cause too, *has a cause*—and this man's malice is inflamed by the Anti-Jacobin Magazine, which is spreading more mischief over the land than almost any other book, because it is doing it under the mask of loyalty. It is representing all serious men as hostile to government; and our enemies here whisper that we are abetted by you, and such as you, to hurt the establishment. This is only an episode, for I must talk to you more at large, and see if no means can be

employed to stop this spreading poison. I hear that the author is ——, who having been refused some favour by the Bishop of London, exercises his malignity towards him in common with those whom he calls Methodists.

But to return to Wedmore. There is a new Dean of ——. I had no avenue to this man, who, I found, had been greatly prejudiced against us by the following means. He is not rich—has a large family, and when he came down to take possession, passed his time at the house of his agent, who happened to be the very attorney who was employed to appear against us at the visitation, when we were presented. Now this attorney breathes out threatenings and slaughters against my school; he being also the agent of the Wedmore farmers. I conceived the bold measure of telling my story to Mr. Windham, with whom my acquaintance was too slight to justify such a step; and knowing as I did, that the cause was prejudiced against me in his mind; that is, I knew that every Anti-Abolitionist in the world, was of necessity an enemy to religious instruction at home. His answer, however, was highly obliging; written, as it was, amidst all the bustle of public successes. You will be pleased with Windham's conduct in this business. What effect his mediation will produce, I have yet to learn.

Some farmers in a parish adjoining, where there is also a school, have been to the fortune-teller, to know if we are Methodists, and if our school is methodistical. The oracle returned an ambiguous answer, and desired to know what reason they

had for suspecting it; the farmers replied, it was because we sung Watts's hymns. The sage returned for answer, this was no proof; had they no better reason? 'Yes,' they answered, 'for if the *hymns* were not methodistical, the *tunes* were.' The Pythian asked why they were so, the reply was, 'because they were not in Farmer Clap's book!' I thought this fact ridiculous enough to amuse you. Yet these people are our judges; and there are not wanting those, who, though better taught, will listen to the representation of such accusers. In the midst of this clamour, poor Patty went down to the place two Sundays ago. The farmers called a vestry, (to which she could not get admittance,) to sign a paper to abolish the school. With great calmness she went on teaching the whole day. At night, about two hundred orderly people assembled as usual, but just as she was going to begin, two farmers came to the door, very tipsy, loudly vociferating that they would have no such methodistical doings, for that the sermon they had had in the morning was quite enough—their intoxication, however, did not give a very favourable evidence of its good effects. After they had spent their violence, Patty told them it would be a serious thing if they should die that night, after having attempted to disturb a people who were solely met for religious purposes. One of them said, 'How can you put such melancholy things in one's head, ma'am,' and ran out. She quietly went through her business to a most respectful audience, whose solemn attention rewarded her for what she had gone through. On Sunday, we

are going, if I am able, again; whether the violence be found to be abated or inflamed, you shall know. I hope it may please God to endue us with a proper temper, and quiet perseverance, and that these trials may help to purify our motives. I am better myself, but we have much domestic sickness and sorrow. May all work together for good! God bless you and yours.

Yours affectionately,

H. MORE.

As the imputation of fanaticism was among the means employed at this time to depreciate the character of this estimable lady, and embarrass her efforts in the cause of God and the soul, her general correspondence might be referred to as affording a sufficient defence against a charge so malicious and groundless; but a letter written by her a little while before this aggression was made upon her time, her peace, and her character,—to a young curate recently settled in a parish which was one of the most busy scenes of her benevolence, offers itself as peculiarly suited to our present purpose. The biographer, in carrying her through this stormy period, has only to fling around her a mantle taken from the rich fabrics of her own wardrobe.

Bath.

DEAR SIR,

I have had the pleasure of receiving both your letters; the latter by Mr. Downing yesterday. We had a little conversation. He seems to have the

good of his parishes at heart, as far as I could judge by that little. I was sorry I could not comply with his wishes of allowing the children of Bleadon to meet ours at the annual festivity. The immense distance indeed would preclude it, independently of other objections.

I think your account of Axbridge schools encouraging on the whole; but you do not mention their best advantage; I mean, the instructions they receive from you: this comfortable circumstance alone reconciles me to the *moderate* teachers they have, and will, I doubt not, be of importance to them through their whole lives. Our school-mistress gives me great pleasure by telling me of the affectionate regard which the serious people of Cheddar have for their minister, and of the good effect your exhortation at Christmas had on many of them. It is pleasant, in a religious point of view, to consider that their value for you seems to have increased in proportion as your preaching has been more strict and evangelical. I believe it will be generally found, with some exceptions, that no men are so loved and respected as strict gospel ministers, whose lives are consistent; *for consistency is everything;* while the worldly clergy lose their great aim, and do not even please worldly people; so far, I mean, as to be respected and venerated by them; however frequently they may be associated with them in their parties of pleasure or their schemes of dissipation.

I think your definition of faith not an inaccurate one. Your track seems to be right; you have only

to pursue it,—to press on ; not to count yourself to have attained ; to trust in Christ, and to preach him, not as our *Redemption* only, for that would be a cheap way of being religious, but as our *Sanctification* also. Frequent and fervent prayer for a greater conformity to the will of God, and a nearer likeness to Christ ; a self-denying and a self-renouncing spirit ; as much zeal in holiness and good works as if we had no Saviour to trust to, with as absolute a trust in his merits and sacrifice, as if we did nothing ourselves ; earnest supplications for His grace and for the illumination of his Spirit—these seem to me to be a sort of general outline, in all which, however short we may come, yet by having it in our eye as the great object of pursuit, the thoughts and desires of the heart being bent on the attainment, in spite of all our frequent failings and great deficiencies, we shall, I doubt not, find that the light within us will grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Some spiritual difficulties and partial blindnesses obstruct, I doubt not, every true believer, on his being first awakened, and greatly retard his progress. All this is necessary to keep us humble and lowly,—that temper of mind which alone can enable us to resemble our gracious Redeemer. An humble self-distrusting soul, which casts all its care upon him, is, I venture to think, far more acceptable to God than many who appear, to human eyes, to be more strong in faith and more confident in security.

I am so very conscious of numberless defects in my own practice, and of feebleness in my own faith,

that I feel deeply how little it becomes me to be a preacher. Want of time too, I fear, will prevent my answering your question as fully as I could wish, on the subject of 'saving faith, and the most effectual way of preaching it to others.' I may, perhaps, resume the subject at some future time; at present, instead of talking of the *thing*, I will only say a word as to its *effects*. It is certainly the only doctrine which attracts hearers, or which can possibly convert them,—I will not say from one system of opinions to another, for I do not call that conversion, but from sin to holiness, and from the power of Satan to God. If I had not observed that the preachers and the hearers of these doctrines were in general more exemplary in their conduct, and less conformed to the world, than what are called *moral people*, I should not so anxiously recommend them; for after all, *holiness of life* is the only true evidence of a saving faith, and where that best evidence is wanting, I hold a hollow professor, who raves about faith and salvation by Christ, to be no better than a spiritual cheat, who deceives himself, and labours to deceive others; and such as these have sometimes disgraced serious Christianity; but the abuse of a thing is no argument against its use. The profession may be right, though the professor is wrong.

I heartily wish your application to the Bishop may be successful. Humble as your request is, how can it be refused? But God Almighty, in giving you a moderate mind, has given you a richer gift than a mitre. He has also given you a prudent

and sober-minded partner. You will, I trust, help each other on in your Christian course. I rejoice that her health is better, and desire to be affectionately remembered to her; as do my sisters.

I am carrying on a scheme to raise money for shoes for our Somerset militia. Out of kindness I make it a point not to send my plan to you, because you should not be laid under the painful obligation of soliciting favours by asking subscriptions of your parishes. Mrs. S—— has subscribed handsomely, and your bishop has sent me five guineas; I enclose his letter.

I am, dear Sir, with great regard,
Your sincere friend,
H. More.

Disaffection to the church and state was a charge brought against Mrs. More, from which the preceding narrative of the exertions and sacrifices made by her in the service of both, is so complete a vindication, as to render a formal defence worse than useless. Through all these attacks, she preserved the dignity of silence, and when advised by Lord Chancellor Loughborough[1] to prosecute the author of a scandalous pamphlet against her, she declared her resolution

[1] It may be recorded here, that she was induced at different periods of her life, to apply to Lord Chancellor Loughborough, in behalf of two clergymen of great merit, who were unprovided for, and that her request was on each occasion immediately granted. In the latter instance, the presentation was sent directly to herself, that she might have the pleasure of conveying it with her own hands to the friend for whom she had interested herself.

never, upon any provocation, to embark either in controversy or litigation—a passive pertinacity which tended notoriously to increase the effrontery of her assailants.

For three years this persecution was carried on with unabated virulence, and that too at a time when she seemed to be sinking under the pressure of a severe illness,—an ague of seven months. It was not in accordance with her respect for the church and its ministers, or her strict ideas of propriety, to continue her efforts in a parish where duty and consistency placed her in reluctant opposition to the resident minister; her school at Blagdon was therefore, of necessity, relinquished; notwithstanding the support she received from the Rector, who resided at a distance, and the most respectable part of both clergy and laity, with whom religion was precious, and truth sacred; and who shared with her the honour of being attacked by the same malicious combination. Mrs. More's own admirable letter to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. Beadon, contains a clear exposition of the malignant aim of this conspiracy, to destroy at once the influence and the peace of one whose feeble frame was sinking under her efforts to promote the happiness and improvement of her species. When this and the other letters to which this disgraceful affair gave occasion, shall come under the observation of the reader, he will regard it as an evil out of which good was brought, in the display it produced of Christian kindness, gentle friendship, and virtuous sympathy.

1801.

MY LORD,

It is with deep regret that I find myself compelled to trouble your Lordship with this letter, though your known liberality gives me more courage in taking a step which I should in any case feel it my duty to take. For, however firm my resolution has been, never to answer any of the calumnies under which I have been so long suffering: yet to your Lordship, as my diocesan, I feel myself accountable for my conduct, attacked as it has been with a wantonness of cruelty which, in civilized places, few persons, especially of my sex, have been called to suffer. To the defenceless state of our sex, and to my declared resolution to return no answers, I attribute in great part this long and unmitigated persecution. I am not going to make your Lordship a party. Nor am I going to clear myself by accusing others. Of my assailants I will speak as little as possible. I wish I could avoid naming them altogether.

It will be out of my power to enter on a full vindication of myself against charges with which I am not fully acquainted. A wish to keep my mind calm, in a dangerous illness of seven months, was a reason with me for reading but very little of what has appeared against me; I can only notice such of the more material charges as have come to my knowledge.

I had so fully persuaded myself, that I had for many years, especially in the late awful crisis, been devoting my time and humble talents to the promo-

tion of loyalty, good morals, and attachment to church and state among the poorer people, that I was not prepared for the shock, when the charge of sedition, disaffection, and a general aim to corrupt the principles of the community, suddenly burst upon me. In vain have I been looking round me for any pretence on which could be founded such astonishing imputations.

Mr. Bere thought so well of my principles, as to importune me to establish a school in his parish; lamenting its extreme profligacy, and his own inability to do any good to the rising generation. There were witnesses present when he repeatedly made these applications, which I refused, pleading want of health, time, and money. I also declared my unwillingness to undertake it, unless it was the wish of the parish. He then sent his church-wardens as a deputation from the parish; and I yielded at last to these repeated intreaties, which I trust, will acquit me of the charge of *intrusion*.

As to connection with conventicles of any kind, I never had any. Had I been irregular, should I not have gone sometimes, during my winter residence at Bath, to Lady Huntingdon's chapel, a place of great occasional resort? Should I never have gone to some of Whitfield's or Wesley's tabernacles in London, where I have spent a long spring for near thirty years successively? Should I not have strayed now and then into some methodist meeting in the country? Yet not one of these things have I ever done. For an answer to the charge of my having ever made any application to get Mr. Bere

removed from his curacy, I refer your Lordship to Dr. Moss and Dr. Crossman, in case you are not satisfied with the declaration of both in Dr. Crossman's printed letter to Sir A. Elton.

Mr. Bere's letter to me, dated Jan. 4, 1799, complaining of Young's Monday Meeting, which I was prevented answering by a long illness, was, in fact, virtually answered immediately, by my sister's writing to Young to put a stop to the irregularities complained of; which was done. A proof that this ground of complaint had ceased to exist when Mr. Bere made his first attack on me in the beginning of April, 1800, is afforded by a very friendly letter which I have by me, from Mrs. Bere, dated March 8, 1800, only about three weeks before Mr. Bere's open attack, and near a year and a quarter after the complaint had been made and redressed. Mr. Bere's affidavits, taken by himself, in his own cause, which were flatly contradicted by counter evidence, and which having no dates to the facts which they attest, would never have been admitted in a court of justice, have all a retrospective reference to one, two, four, and even six years back. I should add, that having heard that Mr. Bere had thrown out from the pulpit some insinuations against the school, I went to him, and assured him that I was ready to withdraw the school, if it had not his entire approbation. Again he implored me not to deprive his parish of such a benefit.

When Mr. Bere sent me his hostile letter, menacing the schoolmaster, April, 1800, I was in London, and being unable at that distance to inquire fairly

into the complaint, I wrote twice to Mr. Bere, earnestly requesting him to refer the whole to Sir A. Elton, as a respectable and judicious magistrate in the neighbourhood, and begging they would investigate the business together. This Mr. Bere twice positively refused. I could have no partial motives in the reference, for I knew so little of Sir A. Elton, that he had never been in my house; whereas he had been long known to Mr. Bere, and I could not have suggested a more fair and peaceable mode of setting all to rights.

The ground on which human prudence, especially judging *after* the event, may most reasonably condemn me, is, that I did not instantly dismiss Young the schoolmaster. I grant that it would have saved me infinite distress. But I not only thought myself bound to protect an innocent man, whom I still consider to have been falsely accused; but I was also convinced that, as the event has proved, the object in view was not merely to ruin *him*, but to strike at the principle of *all* my schools, and to stigmatize them as seminaries of fanaticism, vice, and sedition. I was highly displeased with Young when I found he had allowed two or three of these silly people to attempt extempore prayer. That vulgar people will be vulgar in their religion, and that illiterate people will talk ignorantly, who will deny? But this had nothing to do with my very large Sunday School, where I never heard that any impropriety was complained of. No such complaint had ever reached me from any of my other schools. Young profited so well by my reprimand for this

injudicious measure, that his conduct was ever after perfectly correct. Nor should I have overlooked this fault had not his morals and industry been exemplary, and had I ever in the course of ten years found him at all fanatical. Allow me to add that he now gives the highest satisfaction to the opulent and very respectable family of the Latouches, near Dublin, who received him to superintend their large charitable institutions, after having read all the charges against him, and whose attestation to his good conduct, together with that of Lady Harriet Daly, and Baron Daly, I shall trouble your Lordship to peruse. To remove prejudices, however, I had resolved to place him elsewhere, had I continued the Blagdon school, which, together with its master had been restored (after I had dissolved it) at the earnest request of Dr. Crossman, and with the consent of Dr. Moss. But after Mr. Bere's restoration to the curacy, no intreaties of Dr. Crossman could induce me to continue it. I took a journey to Dr. Crossman's house in the west, on purpose to assure him that I did not withdraw my school from resentment, but that I was afraid the continuance of it might be considered as an act of opposition to Mr. Bere; whereas by putting an end to the school, I thought I should disarm him of every plea for further hostility. This sacrifice to peace proved ineffectual. I abolished my school with regret (full and flourishing as it was) for the second time, on a Sunday in September, 1801; and on the Wednesday following, the most hostile of all his pamphlets against me was advertised. 'May I be

permitted to add that Dr. Maclaine, who spent great part of the two last summers at Blagdon, knew much of the school and its master. Allow me to refer your Lordship to him. In the learned and venerable translator of Mosheim, you will not expect to find an advocate for fanaticism.

It has been repeatedly said, that, being a Calvinist myself, I always employed Calvinistic teachers. I never knowingly employed one. As to Calvinism or Arminianism, I should be very sorry if such terms were known in my schools: it never having been my object to teach dogmas and opinions, but to train up good members of society, and plain practical Christians. I have discharged two teachers for discovering a tendency to enthusiasm, and one for being accused of it, without discovering such tendency. One experiment was made, for I shall be perfectly ingenuous. An inferior teacher being wanted under an excellent mistress, the clergyman ventured to employ a poor man of the parish, from having observed his constant attendance at church, and his good moral conduct, though he went to the Methodist meeting. He earnestly hoped that from the man's soberness of mind, and regularity at church, he might become entirely detached from the Methodist societies, and be the instrument of detaching others also; but not finding this to be the case, the minister who had engaged him was convinced of the expediency of his removal, and dismisssed him with my full concurrence. The Methodists are in general hostile to my schools, for attracting as they say, the people from them

to the church, and I have been assured that some of their preachers have inveighed against me by name in their sermons.

As to myself, I had hoped that the numerous occasions which have occurred in eight printed volumes, of expressing my sentiments, both religious and political, might have precluded the necessity of a formal confession of faith. I refer your lordship to those volumes. The last chapter of Vol. VIII. (p. 272—320.) contains my full and undisguised view of the leading doctrines of Christianity.

Those doctrines I conceive, (for I am but a poor divine,) to be equally embraced by pious Arminians and Calvinists. Lest this should be thought evasive, I have no hesitation in declaring that I do not entertain any tenet *peculiar* to Calvinism. Let me not, however, in stating my own opinions, lose sight of that candour towards good men who think differently in a few points from me, which I have always so sedulously cultivated. I admire many, especially of the old writers, of that class, such as Hooker, Bishops Hall, Hopkins, and many others; but I admire them, not for their Calvinism, but for their devout spirit, their deep views of Christianity, their practical piety, and their holy vigilance. While they inculcate faith as the principle, never do they lose sight of purity of practice as the necessary result.

I had hoped that my zealous attachment to the church must have been inferred from a multitude of incidental passages in my writings, particularly in the sixth volume; more conclusive perhaps from

being incidental and frequent, than a specific and elaborate declaration would have been. For it is not so much from an insulated passage, as from the general tenor and spirit of his writings, that an author's principles may be deduced. Having observed, from the beginning of the French revolution, the arts used by the jacobinical writers to alienate the people from the church, by undermining their respect for its ministers, I made it a leading principle in the multitude of little tracts which I wrote purposely to counteract their pestilent pamphlets, to introduce into almost every one of them, an exemplary parish minister. As works of imagination had been employed to induce a contempt for the clerical character, I thought these fictitious characters the most popular vehicles in which to convey an antidote to the reigning disease, and that by assiduously infusing this spirit into the very amusements of the lower classes, I might thus lead them insensibly to the habit of loving and reverencing the clergy.

Nor was I less amazed to find my *political* principles stigmatized by my accusers. Besides their general tendency, some of my tracts go directly to the defence of the constitution. Whether they were of any use in the moment of danger, it becomes not me to say. My enemies being judges, I should hope they were; as I can produce several letters of undeservedly high praise from those who are now loudest in the cry against me.

It has been broadly intimated, that I have laboured to spread French principles; and one of my schools

is specifically charged with having *prayed for the success of the French.* Am I seriously to defend myself against such charges? I plead guilty to having written an answer to Dupont, the atheistical orator of France, and of having devoted the profits of this slight work, amounting to considerably above £200. to the relief of the French emigrant clergy. To perversions of this sort I am almost daily accustomed.

When I first established my schools, the poor women used to send crying infants of two or three years old, to the great disturbance of the rest, while they kept at home children of a fitter age to learn. This led us to make it one of the rules, not to receive any under six years old. I told the mothers our's was a school, and not a nursery. On this simple circumstance has been built the astonishing charge, that I did not want to instruct children, but to pervert grown people. There is no end to instances of this sort, but a few may serve as a specimen. Not only are conversations printed which never took place, between me and persons whom I do not know, but about persons whose names I never heard. I am accused of being the abettor, not only of fanaticism and sedition, but of thieving and prostitution. To all these accusations or inuendos I have never answered one word; though some of my best friends advised me to answer them by a prosecution. This I declined, though I confess that the charge of murder could scarcely have shocked me more than that of disaffection or sedition.

Allow me to quote one passage from another

letter from Mrs. Bere which I happen to have by me: 'The school goes on well. There seems to be a serious spirit working for good among the common people. Mr. Bere desires me to say, and he thinks it is saying a great deal, that two sessions and two assizes are past, and a third of each nearly approaching, and neither as prosecutor nor prisoner, plaintiff nor defendant, has any one of this parish, once so notorious for crimes and litigations, appeared. And warrants for wood stealing, pilfering, &c. are quite out of fashion.' Your lordship will have the goodness to compare this passage with the antecedent accusations.

I am assured by those who have carefully read the different pamphlets against me, that whilst I am accused in one of seditious practices, I am reviled in another as an enemy to liberty; in one of being disaffected to church and state, in another of being a ministerial hireling and a tool of government. Nay the very tracts are specified for which 'the *venal* hireling' was paid by the administration (by Mr. Pitt, I think). In one I am charged with praying for the success of the French, in another of fomenting, by my writings, the war with France, and savagely triumphing at every victory over those whom the author calls 'those friends to the general amelioration of human society.' I am accused of delighting in a war, 'which we madly carried on—which began in iniquity, and ended in disgrace.' In one place, 'of not believing' one word of Christianity; in another of idolizing the Athanasian creed, which 'complicated piece of metaphysics' the

author declares the church might spare, and which he advises me, when expunged from the Liturgy, 'to order myself to be wrapped in as a winding-sheet.'

But to return to my schools. When I settled in this country thirteen years ago, I found the poor in many of the villages sunk in a deplorable state of ignorance and vice. There were, I think, no Sunday schools in the whole district, except one in my own parish, which had been established by our respectable rector, and another in the adjoining parish of Churchill. This drew me to the more neglected villages, whose distance made it very laborious. Not one school there did I ever attempt to establish without the hearty concurrence of the clergyman of the parish. My plan of instruction is extremely simple and limited. They learn, on week-days, such coarse works as may fit them for servants. I allow of no writing for the poor. My object is not to make fanatics, but to train up the lower classes in habits of industry and piety. I knew no way of teaching morals but by teaching principles; or of inculcating Christian principles without imparting a good knowledge of scripture. I own I have laboured this point diligently. My sisters and I always teach them ourselves every Sunday, except during our absence in the winter. By being out about thirteen hours, we have generally contrived to visit two schools the same day, and to carry them to their respective churches. When we had more schools, we commonly visited them on a Sunday. The only books we use in teaching are two little tracts, called

'Questions for the Mendip Schools,' (to be had of Hatchard.) 'The Church Catechism,' (these are framed, and half-a-dozen hung up in the room.) The Catechism, broken into short questions, Spelling Books, Psalter, Common Prayer, Testament, Bible. The little ones repeat 'Watts's Hymns.' The Collect is learned every Sunday. They generally learn the Sermon on the Mount, with many other chapters and Psalms. Finding that what the children learned at school they commonly lost at home by the profaneness and ignorance of their parents, it occurred to me in some of the larger parishes to invite the latter to come at six on the Sunday evening, for an hour, to the school, together with the elder scholars. A plain printed sermon and a printed prayer is read to them, and a psalm is sung. I am not bribed by my taste, for, unluckily, I do not delight in music, but observing that singing is a help to devotion in others, I thought it right to allow the practice.

For many years I have given away annually, nearly two hundred Bibles, Common Prayer Books, and Testaments. To teach the poor to read, without providing them with *safe* books, has always appeared to me an improper measure, and this consideration induced me to enter upon the laborious undertaking of the Cheap Repository Tracts.

In some parishes where the poor are numerous, such as Cheddar, and the distressed mining villages of Shipham and Rowbarrow, I have instituted, with considerable expence to myself, friendly benefit societies for poor women, which have proved a

great relief to the sick and lying-in, especially in the late seasons of scarcity. We have in one single parish, an accumulation of between two and three hundred pounds (the others in proportion); this I have placed out in the funds. The late lady of the Manor of Cheddar, in addition to her kindness to my institutions there, during her life, left, at her death, a legacy for the club, and another for the school, as a testimony to her opinion of the utility of both. We have two little annual festivities for the children and poor women of these clubs, which are always attended by a large concourse of gentry and clergy.

At one of these public meetings Mr. Bere declared that since the institution of the schools he could now dine in peace, for that where he used to issue ten warrants, he was not now called on for two.

I shall take the liberty of sending your lordship the rules of my school, which have never been altered, and of referring you to the testimonials (printed in the public papers) of the churchwardens and principal inhabitants of some of those parishes where my conduct has been most attacked, to ascertain whether I have been used to act in concert with the minister, and whether my schools have been of any use in improving morals, or attracting the people to church.

My schools were always honoured with the full sanction of the late bishop; of which I have even recent testimonials. It does not appear that any one person who has written against them, except Mr. Bere, ever saw them. I am not accustomed

to refer to others for my character; I am not accustomed to vindicate it myself; but it is natural to wish that it should not be taken from avowed enemies, or total strangers. My friendships and connections have not been among the suspected part of mankind. My attachment to the established church, is, and has ever been, entire, cordial, inviolable, and, until now, unquestioned. Its doctrines and discipline I equally approve. I have long had the honour of reckoning many of its most distinguished dignitaries amongst my friends.

I am too deeply sensible of the infirmity and evil of my own mind not to allow readily that much error and imperfection may have been mixed with my attempts to do a little good. But it would be false humility not to say that the whole drift and tendency has been right to the very best of my power. Mine is so far a singular case, that I not only feel myself guiltless of the motives and actions imputed to me, but I am conscious that all my little strength has been employed in the very contrary direction. Your Lordship's enlightened mind will give me credit for studiously abstaining from what would, with ordinary judges, have best served my cause; I mean a resentful retaliation on the conduct and motives of my adversaries.

I would appeal to any candid judge whether in an undertaking so difficult and extensive, while I was living far from all the schools, five, ten, and even fifteen miles, it would be wonderful if I should have been sometimes (it has not happened often)

mistaken in the instruments I have employed; and if the most vigilant prudence could do more than discharge such as were proved to be improper. In a few instances, where none could be found properly qualified on the spot, I have employed strangers; but in general the teachers have been taken from the parish, on the recommendation of the minister, or the principal inhabitants, or both. All the under teachers at Blagdon were recommended by Mr. Bere. The obnoxious Wedmore schoolmaster had notice to quit as soon after I came from London as the complaint was made, and was actually removed as soon as his wife recovered from her lying-in. I thought nothing could be more promising than this man. I found him carrying on a little trade in Bristol, after having failed in a greater, and he was an active member of the volunteer corps, and a tax-gatherer of the parish.

I need not inform your lordship why the illiterate when they become religious, are more liable to enthusiasm than the better-informed. They have also a coarse way of expressing their religious sentiments, which often appears to be enthusiasm, when it is only vulgarity or quaintness. But I am persuaded your lordship will allow that this does not furnish a reason why the poor should be left destitute of religious instruction. That the knowledge of the Bible should lay men more open to the delusions of fanaticism on the one hand, or of jacobinism on the other, appears so unlikely, that I should have thought the probability lay all on the other side.

I do not vindicate enthusiasm; I dread it. But can the possibility that a few should become enthusiasts be justly pleaded as an argument for giving them *all* up to actual vice and barbarism.

In one of the principal pamphlets against me, it is asserted that my writings *ought to be burned by the hands of the common hangman.* In most of them it is affirmed, that my principles and actions are corrupt and mischievous in no common degree. If the grosser crimes alleged against me be true, I am not only unfit to be allowed to teach poor children to read, but I am unfit to be tolerated in any class of society. If, on the contrary, the heavier charges should prove not to be true, may it not furnish a presumption that the less are equally unfounded? There is scarcely any motive so pernicious, nor any hypocrisy so deep, to which my plans have not been attributed; yet I have neither improved my interest nor my fortune by them. I am not of a sex to expect preferment, nor of a temper to court favour; nor was I so ignorant of mankind, as to look for praise by a mean so little calculated to obtain it; though, perhaps, I did not reckon on such a degree of obloquy. If vanity were my motive, it has been properly punished;—if hypocrisy, I am hastening fast to answer for it at a tribunal, compared with which all human opinion weighs very light indeed; in view of which the sacrifice which I have been called to make of health, peace, and reputation shrinks into nothing.

And now, my Lord, I come to what has been the ultimate object of this too tedious letter—a request

to know what is your Lordship's pleasure? I have too high an opinion of your wisdom and candour to suspect the equity of your determination; and I know too well what I owe to the station you fill, to dispute your authority, or to oppose your commands. If it be your will that my remaining schools should be abolished, I may lament your decision, but I will obey it. My deep reverence for the laws and institutions of my country inspires me with a proportionate veneration for all constituted authorities, whether in church or state. If I be not permitted to employ the short remnant of my life, (which has been nearly destroyed by these prolonged attacks,) in being, in any small measure and degree, actively useful, I will at least set my accusers an example of obedience to those superiors whom the providence of God has set over me, and whom next to Him, I am bound to obey. I have the honour to be, with the highest respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

H. More.

From the Bishop of Bath and Wells (Dr. Beadon), to Mrs. H. More.

Stanford Rivers.

Dear Madam,

I had yesterday the honour of receiving your letter of the 24th instant, and am very sorry you should have thought it necessary to give yourself the trouble of entering into so long a vindication of your political and religious principles, against the

malicious and groundless attacks which have been lately made upon both. I wanted no declaration or evidence of either your faith or your patriotism, more than what may be derived from your numerous and avowed publications; and I can only say, that if you are not a sincere and zealous friend to the constitutional establishment both in Church and State, you are one of the greatest hypocrites, as well as one of the best writers, in his Majesty's dominions.

With respect to Sunday Schools, established upon the principles, and conducted upon the plan which you describe, I have no hesitation in saying, that I think them admirably calculated to improve the morals of the lower classes of the people, and as such, entitled to the approbation and support of every friend to religion and good order. Do what we can, abuses will make their way into the best institutions, as, notwithstanding all your care and vigilance, you have found, and acknowledge to be the case of your own; but where the abuses are corrected as soon as discovered, they will not lessen the credit of the institutions themselves, in the opinion of any candid or considerate person. So far, therefore, from desiring that your remaining schools should be abolished, I heartily wish them success; and so long as they continue to be under the inspection and guidance of yourself, and the several parochial ministers where they are established, you may assure yourself they will have my protection, and every encouragement I can give them.

Mrs. Beadon desires your acceptance of her best compliments, and I have the honour to be, with great truth and respect, dear Madam,

Your most obedient
and faithful humble servant,
R. BATH AND WELLS.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Priory, Monday, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,

You are so kindly sympathizing, that I am led to tell you my troubles. The farmers at Wedmore have formally presented me at the Archdeacon's visitation last week, for teaching the poor without a license. They say they will never rest till they have worried me out of the parish, and as they have employed an attorney of bad character, they will, I fear, be able to give me a good deal of trouble. I have embarked at a great expence in this scheme, in which there is such a prospect of doing good, that I think it would be conferring with flesh and blood to give it up, especially as it would be too much consulting my ease. This, together with the bad accounts I get from home, comes rather heavily upon me: but God's will be done. My chief concern is, lest it should prejudice our cause in the other parishes, in which there is a combination of two bad clergymen, who I suspect are at the bottom of this.

Poor Patty, in bad health herself—fights manfully, and combats well with these domestic sorrows.

She is holding our annual club-feasts, and feasting six or seven hundred each day with outward cheerfulness. It puts me in mind of poor actors, who play their comic parts gaily on the stage, when, perhaps, they have all sorts of miseries at home. You will be pleased to hear that —— was so much affected at one of these meetings, which he attended, that *he* declared he would not have missed it for fifty guineas.

I shall be really obliged to you for 'Saurin,' whom I greatly admire.

May God bless you and your's here, and to all eternity. H. More.

From the same to the same.

Cowslip Green, 1801.

My dear Friend,

In Blagdon is still "a voice heard, lamentation and mourning," and at Cowslip "Rachel is still weeping for her children, and refuses to be comforted because they are not" instructed. This heavy blow has almost bowed me to the ground. It was only last night I began to get a little sleep. My reason and my religion assure me that it is permitted by that gracious being, who uses sometimes bad men for his instruments; but religion and reason do not operate much upon the *nerves*. I doubt not but that he who can bring much real good out of much seeming evil, will eventually turn this shocking business to his glory; and even already, a *little* light seems to be springing out of this darkness,

as some eyes which seemed to be judicially blinded begin to open. Though I knew that B—— and his adherents had spread abroad the most flagitious reports respecting my political and religious principles, yet I own I was inexpressibly shocked the other night at Patty's receiving from the Bishop of London a most ambiguous and alarming note, expressing the utmost terror on my account; yet refusing to explain himself; saying, if what was reported were true, she would understand what he meant. All we can collect from this obscure giving out, but which out of tenderness he seems to have half concealed, is, that this *mock* trial has been exaggerated by B——'s emissaries into a *real* one, and that I am found guilty of sedition, and, perhaps, taken up and sent to prison. Remember this is mere surmise. Have you had any communication with the Bishop, or have these strange reports reached *you?*

I mean to re-read, for the fiftieth time, your chapter on the overvaluing of human estimation. I have perhaps been too anxious on that head. Yet few people have cared less about *general* opinion, except as it has attacked me in that vital vulnerable part, on which one's usefulness depends. We received a kind letter from Mrs. H—— during my illness, for which pray thank her. It is a great comfort she goes on so well.

I have had a return of my complaint, and am still very poorly. Patty behaves nobly, and only works the harder for all these attacks. She has been, in all this weather, on a three day's mission to Wed-

more, where things look very smiling: our persecutors have become our admirers, now they say they have seen our goings on, and that we are not *methody people;* and that rich farmer who presented us at the visitation for *teaching French principles,* sends his own family to the school and the reading, both of which are very full; but I greatly dread B——'s success at Blagdon will induce a second visit to Wedmore, where he first stirred up the opposition. My wounds are still fresh and raw, and want much wine and oil—this your kind letters never fail to administer, but I hope I strive to look for higher and better consolations; and that these may be granted me I am persuaded I have your prayers.

H. More.

I have some good things to tell you as to the increase of religious clergymen among us.

From the same to the same.

Cowslip Green, 1801.

You will see by the inclosed that things are not yet ripe for the execution of any of your pious purposes in Westmoreland.

It is now all over with us at Blagdon. I struggled hard to keep my footing, and would not have regarded any obloquy on my character while the least chance of doing good remained; but when I considered the dreadful prejudices which my perseverance was every day exciting, I could no longer answer it to my conscience to persevere. Among

B——'s affidavits, which are 'as plenty as blackberries,' one was taken from a lunatic, whom as such I have helped to maintain. People start out of ditches and from under hedges to listen to the talk of our poor pious labourers as they are at work, and then go and make oath, and Mr. B—— (having doubtless set them to listen) receives their depositions in his own cause. I really did not take the pains to read them through, they consisted of such wretched stuff. Six, I think, went to prove that Young was a *Calvinist;* several that he was heard to pray extempore in *private;* and one accused him of the heavy sin of having done it on the public nights.

Mr. Whalley has done himself great honour by writing a strong and very spirited account of the case to the Bishop, expressing his strong conviction of the moral benefit to the country from all my schools, his firm belief in the integrity of the Blagdon master, and describing at large his having witnessed, together with Dr. Maclaine, Mrs. Holroyd, and many other equally respectable testimonies, the conduct of the school for a whole Sunday, the practical and useful mode of instruction given there, and the regularity and good order of the parish. I own I did think *his* testimony would have been of use. But, *the man had prayed extempore*—he might be a *Calvinist! The church was in danger!*

My dear friend, I have prayed and struggled earnestly not to be quite subdued in my *mind*—but I cannot command my *nerves*, and though pretty

well during the bustle of the day, yet I get such disturbed and agitated nights, that I could not answer for my lasting if the thing were to go on much longer; this is such a specimen of the state of religion, that *I* too, really think the church *is* in danger, though in another and far more awful sense.

Sir A. Elton is devoted to our cause, and only waits B——'s recovery from a fit of the gout, (as he would take no advantage of him) to re-examine those *oath-takers*. He is still sanguine that good will arise out of all this evil. A volume of letters has been written—happily for *me*, he will not allow *me* to write any, it affects me so much. "How shall I give thee up Ephraim," is my frequent exclamation, as I walk in my garden, and look at the steeple and the village of Blagdon. I know if I had a lively faith, I should rejoice at being thought worthy to suffer in the cause of Christ; but I cannot help mourning for our Jerusalem—I mourn to see that nothing is thought a crime, but what they are pleased to call enthusiasm. I heartily wish I were a greater enthusiast in *their* sense of the word.

May God bless you!

Your's very affectionately,

H. More.

From the Rev. R. Cecil to Mrs. H. More.

Dec. 1801.

My dear Madam,

Mr. William Hoare, who has never visited me lately without giving me pleasure, has, in his last

visit, given me pain. He tells me you are very ill. I took comfort however in recollecting you could not *die*, nor be even *wounded*, whatever change your mortal frame might be appointed to undergo. Mr. Hoare also brought two or three copies of a pamphlet entitled 'The *Contrast*,' (the only thing I have seen on your subject) which could not but fill me with indignation at the insolence and falsehood of a man of my order—but *Hæc novimus esse nihil;* I have lived just long enough to wonder at nothing. I have met with things of this kind myself, which however they might surprise me at the moment as possibilities, or irritate me as unprovoked insults, a little time helped me to contemplate as ridiculous dreams. "A lying tongue," my experience (as well as the Scriptures) assures me, "is but for a moment." But you, it seems, are to suffer with a weak and greatly afflicted frame; and at such a time one should not be disturbed, even by comments on malignity and nonsense. On sickness and pain, however, I can also speak from experience. I find God has something to teach his people quite distinct from any thing that they can learn from books or preachers,—something more interior and sanctifying.—"*Behold, I will allure her into the wilderness*, and speak FRIENDLY TO HER HEART" (as the margin reads). I shall not attempt to open this passage to *you*. I need not. I trust we both know the peculiar kind of instruction conveyed in this path; and which can be learned in no other. A stubborn dog like myself, and persons of the finest feelings and tenderest sensibilities like

you, must each be led by "a way which the vulture's eye hath not seen," and which I would as soon undertake to explain to the wise men of this world, as I would to an oyster. 'This fellow,' one of them would say, 'is stark staring, and he would persuade Hannah More that she is as mad as himself;' to which I should probably reply, 'Pray Sir, what news to-day—is the definitive treaty likely to be signed soon?'

But 'procul este profani;' we know we speak but words of truth and soberness when we assert, that

> 'By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears,
> We trace the sacred road;
> Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares,
> We make our way to God.'

Nevertheless, I fully agree with you that these people are to be spoken to in their order, and have enclosed you a little attempt I have just made: perhaps 'Memoirs' are as good a vehicle of such instruction, as we can adopt in a superficial age.

Now, my dear Madam, I have one request to make, and that is, that you would *write no answer to this letter*. I hope I need not say that hearing of you, and especially *from* you, is at all times very gratifying to me, but I am deeply persuaded that your present state should lead your real friends to forbid such gratifications.

With my best wishes for your recovery, and kindest regards to Miss Patty and the ladies,

I remain, most truly and affectionately your's,

R. CECIL,

About this time she thus writes to one who entered much into her cares and sufferings, in the following terms:

Barley Wood, 1802.

In answer to your kind hint about my coming to town, I ought to tell you that I have long resolved not to come at all. Battered, hacked, scalped, tom-a-hawked as I have been for three years, and continue to be, brought out every month as an object of scorn and abhorrence, I seem to have nothing to do in the world. I have indeed many kind friends who anxiously press my coming, especially at Fulham, but I shall be better at home; for though it has pleased God to give me great resignation to this long-protracted trial, yet it is a still, passive submission, and I want active courage to leave my retirement, and my round of quiet employments. I try to indulge neither resentment nor misanthropy. I pray for my enemies, who are very low and very wretched. I have learnt the true value of human opinion; and I have learnt much of the corruption, not of the world only, but of my own heart. I have gotten stronger faith in the truth of Scripture. I feel a general spirit of submission; and there are *times*, but not often, when I can even *rejoice* that I have been counted worthy to suffer in this cause. From long habit, it will seem odd, after never having once omitted going to London, for thirty years, to discontinue it, but I think I am *right*. I have in that long period been spoiled for ordinary

society, but am not nice as I used to be, and there are always duties enough to do if one will but do them. I have, I fear, been too much inclined to choose the pleasantest. My remaining domestic duties threaten to be of a more trying kind ; pray for me, both of you, that my faith fail not.

Yours, my dear friend,

Very affectionately,

H. More.

In a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, after alluding to a virulent pamphlet from the pen of Mr. Bere, she thus writes :—

'I hope I shall bear these deep schemes for the destruction of my usefulness, by this attack on my reputation, with humble patience; but alas this frail body is neither hero nor Christian. The school, thank God, is going on with hearty concurrence. *I* shall certainly not answer the book, should it accuse me of all the crimes committed since the murder of Abel ; but some of my friends may think it their duty, and this may detain me here a little longer than I wish, for I long to get away. I am sadly worried with company, and I am worried with refusing as well as with seeing them.'

Mrs. More formed a right opinion of her friends, in expecting her justification at their hands. All the good part of society joined in the reprobation of the treatment she had been so long exposed to, and her enemies were signally overthrown and disgraced.

The excellent Bishop of Durham, (Dr. Barring-

ton,) whose sentiments on this subject had been wickedly misrepresented, alludes in the following letter to the approaching triumph of truth and virtue.

Auckland Castle, Feb. 1802.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Though involved in all the pressure of business which a visitation occasions, yet I cannot defer for a single post, to thank you for your valuable inscription on my beloved brother, which will not be deemed by the best judges inferior to your other compositions of the same kind.

I perceive with real pain the impression which certain unfounded and infamous calumnies have produced on your mind. With whatever eagerness they have been circulated to serve the worst of causes, yet rest assured they will obtain little or no credit with those whose opinion is worth having. Let me entreat you for your own sake,—for that of your most attached friends, among which I trust you will always number me,—and for that of the public, to treat them with the contempt which they deserve. Remember the vantage ground on which you stand, compared with your wretched antagonist. In a contest like that in which you are engaged, your character must and will have its weight, and truth will, ere long, prevail. Can a falsehood so gross as that which has been fabricated respecting my patronage of Mr. B. be believed? Can it be supposed, not only by those who know me, but by the world at large, that I should countenance the man who has vilified and traduced a person to

whose talents, virtues, and merits, I have borne the most public testimony? Leave the issue to the recent declaration of the Somersetshire clergy in the neighbourhood of your schools, and all will be right. God bless you, my dear Madam. The post summons me to finish, and may he give you all that comfort of mind which the consciousness of having discharged your public and your private duties in so exemplary a manner must administer.

Believe me, with the truest esteem and affection, your sincere friend and faithful servant,

S. DUNELM.

A passage in a letter from Mr. Gisborne, dated in January 1802, bears upon the same subject very feelingly and characteristically.

'The recent pamphlets respecting yourself which you name, it may be needless to say that I have never read. Mrs. Kennicott, in a letter to Mrs. Gisborne or myself, employed some few lines in noticing one of them; and her account was in some respects satisfactory to me. When accusations attain a certain pitch of virulence and improbability, they secretly undermine themselves; and when they become flatly contradictory to anterior charges, one set must speedily give way, and neither is likely to survive long. I am very glad that one of your accusers has directed his subsequent attack against a person, in whose case no peculiar circumstances exist to check the legal course of self-defence, and the legal punishment of calumny. It is my earnest

wish, my dear Madam, that you may be enabled to pass through all trials with placid cheerfulness. Our great master is never at a loss for instruments, nor will his work suffer, though he should permit one which he has long employed to be injured or broken. But I trust that he has still much service for you to perform.'

In addition to the testimony which was borne by the clergy of the part of the county which was the principal scene of Mrs. More's benevolent activity, and to which allusion was made in the letter of the Bishop of Durham, the churchwardens and overseers of the parishes which had experienced the benefit of her zeal and industry, put forth a printed declaration with their signatures, of the decided proofs coming within their own knowledge of the happy results of her charitable labours.

Nor were these honourable endeavours unattended with the success they merited. The convictions of all who were not pre-engaged on one side of this controversy, or prejudiced against the cause of piety, were settled in favour of a person, who, for the promotion of the happiness of others, had sacrificed her own health, gratifications, and repose. Towards the middle of the year 1802, she may be said to have emerged out of the dense and tainted atmosphere in which her health had nearly yielded to its suffocating influence, into a region of quiet, where her honour and integrity found their proper element, and enjoyed their true elevation.

Part of a letter from Mrs. Martha More to her sister during her visit at Fulham Palace,

will shew, that besides the highest of all supports, Mrs. H. More had the greatest earthly consolation and encouragement under this trial.

Fulham Palace, King's birth-day.

We arrived here Thursday afternoon, and found Mrs. Kennicott, who had just been reading to us a sweet letter from Mrs. Barrington;—she says, 'So Hannah More has again been persecuted; but she will indeed receive our Saviour's blessing, "blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake."' The Right Reverends are all expected, and the half-hour bell is just ringing.[1] I met this morning with one who heard Bishop Horsley himself express his surprise at any persons attending to a syllable of B——'s accusations, after seeing that a clergyman and magistrate took affidavits himself in his own cause. Our friends say the business will have a good ending, even in this world. Nothing can exceed, and few things equal the behaviour of the Bishop and Mrs. Porteus. I cannot express to you the very marked attentions which are paid to Hannah from all ranks and descriptions of people: they say such a persecution of such a woman is unexampled. Sunday, as we were sitting at breakfast, an old lady was announced; many rose to greet her, but she hobbled through them all to Hannah, whom she fervently kissed; I presently found it was Lady Elgin.

[1] It was the custom of Bishop Porteus to receive at dinner the Archbishops and Bishops on the King's birth-day.

From the Bishop of Durham to Mrs. H. More.

Mongewell, June 24, 1802.

I cannot too speedily congratulate you, and your whole family, my dear Madam, on the turn which affairs have taken at Blagdon. Triumph you do not want on any other ground than the vindication of your own conduct, and the innocence of your vilified schoolmaster. You will more easily imagine than I describe, the pleasure which I feel at the relief which your mind experiences, and, as I trust, the consequent improvement of your health on this occasion. Mrs. Barrington charges me with her best wishes, and I am, my dear Madam, with the truest regard and esteem, your faithful servant,

S. DUNELM.

MEMOIRS.

PART IV.

FROM A. D. 1802 TO A. D. 1828.

PART IV.

CHAPTER I.

A VARIETY of considerations had for some time been preparing the way for Mrs. More's determination to quit her little residence at Cowslip Green, which, though very pretty, was in many respects inconvenient. The purchase of a piece of ground was offered her at about a mile distant, in a singularly picturesque and healthy situation, combining every possible advantage for a dwelling. Having selected the most advantageous spot, she built a comfortable mansion upon this ground, which afforded ample scope for the exercise of her taste, and formed around it a delightful territory, planted and disposed with admirable skill and contrivance. The sisters soon became so attached to this place, called Barley Wood, and found it at once so cheerful and salubrious, that they soon afterwards parted with their house at Bath, and made this

their constant residence. Here Mrs. H. More hoped to enjoy that retirement and leisure for which she had long sighed; but her talents for society, and the literary and spiritual advantages derivable from her conversation, were too well appreciated to allow her propensity to be gratified. The world broke in upon her from every quarter, and as the greater part of her visitors resorted to her for improvement and advice, she felt it her duty to be free and accessible towards all who sought her society. The disposition of grounds, the embellishments of rural scenery, and even practical gardening, as far as her fragile frame could permit, were her favourite pursuits—pursuits which were exalted and refined by those high associations by which all that she put her hands to were invariably characterized.

All her doings, little and great, from this epoch of her life, in which her time and her talents were consecrated to the highest service, were stamped with a divine impress that sufficiently denoted to whom they belonged, and to what they were directed.

It is somewhat to be regretted that her celebrity occasioned such an unceasing influx of letters as to require the sacrifice of too large a portion of her time to the necessity, (for her courtesy and kindness made it a necessity,) of answering them. The world wanted her, and the world interrupted her—the world used and abused her—honoured her by its calumnies, and humbled her by its caresses—attempted to spoil, to affright and to allure her equally in vain: its virtues made her weep for its vices, and its efforts to seduce her into conformity

with its practices fixed her more firmly on the safe side of that barrier which separates between earthly and heavenly-mindedness, between the children of disobedience and the subjects of grace.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. T——.

Barley Wood, 1802.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have lately heard with much concern, repeated accounts of the poor state of your health. The long continuance of your indisposition makes it become serious—but without falling into the false, flattering way of those who soothe their sick friends by unfounded hopes of better days—I have really and truly the most sanguine expectation that by the divine blessing, a genial spring will completely restore you; especially as you do not, and I thank God for it, seem to have those obstinate symptoms which will not yield to change of seasons. I should have answered your kind letter sooner, but have been myself confined with a troublesome cold and pain in my throat (a common symptom, it seems). I held up wonderfully while I confined myself to my double hose, and, wrapped up in a bale of cloth, defied almost any weather; but by way of experiment I would *walk* to see a neighbour, and after sitting by her large fire in my wrappings, on coming out the cold air struck me! I tell you this for your edification, that you may avoid a like error when you are able to get out. I am much better again.

And now, to that which is the immediate object of

this letter, and which is the concurrent wish of the whole family, as well as of myself. As I certainly owe the great improvement in my own health, under providence, to my present habitation, though perhaps *partly* to my habits of life, so different to what they have been all preceding winters, it is our earnest wish that as soon as the spring is fairly set in, and your strength a little recovered, you would pack yourself up in your post-chaise, and travel hither by slow journies. If Mr. T—— cannot (as I presume is the case) accompany you, you may bring M—— to amuse you, and your maid to take care of you on the road: a fortnight, I dare say, would set you up, and at Easter holidays Mr. T—— might come and fetch you home. It is the driest house in the country. You will have a south room, which even now in a snowy day is very warm, and which, I am sorry to say, in summer is intolerably hot. The glare of light I am studying to abate, but heat and light are no such great calamities in February. You will have a fine airy hill to walk upon, with many a seat on which to rest, and on which you will twice a day be visited by a fresh sea-breeze. It is but a moderate journey, and it is not cold like your northern pilgrimages. You shall follow your own devices, and do as you please.

I have not given you a very brilliant account of the scenes I wish you to visit. If it pleases God, however, it may be brightened by the arrival of that spring which is to cure you. Our exterior is not much brighter. The fields look as brown as gravel walks, and the evergreens are quite withered by

the frost, but to-day we have some rain, and if it continues we shall soon beautify.

I have fagged hard at good old Bishop Reynolds, a fat folio of near 1200 pages, which I have almost got through. Such solid Christianity! and such deep views of sinful man! And as to tediousness, I rather like it. I never can pick up any sustenance out of your short scanty books. As to new books, I know nothing, for I am not in the way here of borrowing or hiring, and I cannot afford to buy, because I have spent all my money on trees. Of books, however, it may in general be said, that 'the old are better.'

My old friend Lady Aylesbury is gone. Cadell, with whom I set out twenty-eight years ago in literary connexion, is gone! He, very healthy, taken—I, very sickly, spared! Owen Cambridge, Bennet Langton, all lately dead: besides numbers of less note, but younger and more promising, who have been dropping on the right hand and on the left. Yet, how hard it is to bring the mind seriously, earnestly, and practically to prepare for one's own call. When disappointments, sufferings, and trials drive one off from one refuge, the vain and deceitful heart snatches at another. There are so many *shades* of worldliness, that it is easy to have renounced the ball, and the play, and ambition, and extravagance, and dissipation, without having made much, if any real advance towards God; and it is easy to wish for heaven, and yet very hard to get a heavenly mind.

Mrs. Kennicott is very poorly, she has had so bad a cough as to have consulted Dr. Heberden. She

has been at Acton, but I believe is now gone into Oxfordshire.

Your's, very affectionately,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood, 1802.

My dear Sir,

I was so much better for a day or two, that I had hoped every day to be able to write to you on the next, but I have had many relapses, and am still very poorly. The fever has in a good measure subsided, but has left something of the old complaint; and the bad nights I get keep me back. I was promised to be quite well when I got to this elevated situation, but have been confined to my bed or room ever since I came to it. It puts me in mind of the old remark, that the first spot of earth of which Abraham took possession in the land of promise, was a *grave!* It is a salutary reflection. It is a little trying to me to know that you and Mrs. W. are so near, and not to be able to see you. I hope the waters strengthen and do you good, but so short a course I fear can do but little towards winding you up for a winter's labour. Blessed be God, the most painful parts of that labour will be mitigated by the restoration of peace and plenty! How utterly undeserving are we of such blessings! "Not for any works of righteousness which we have done," &c. I agree with you in deploring the dark prospect as to religion. It is as connected with the reign-

ing temper and spirit of the times that I chiefly lament the Blagdon business. Alas! it is not me individually; I am only a petty victim. Could such a man as B——, with principles equally hostile to the church and state, be supported by men professing themselves warm friends to both, if they were not judicially blinded, and if a general hostility to serious religion were not a common rallying point to two descriptions of men who are opposite enough in all other respects? As to myself, I bless God, that though broken down in nerves and health, my mind is in general quiet and resigned. "It is enough for the servant if he be as his Lord." I resolve not to defend myself, let them bring what charges they may. If it please God to put an end to my little (how little!) usefulness, I hope to be enabled to submit to his will; not only to submit because I cannot help it, but to acquiesce in it, because it is holy, just, and good. B——'s threats of a pamphlet were suspended by a fit of the gout, but Shaw was at work with him, and he had emissaries in all the villages, who were sent to pick up any stories they could against me; his object being to destroy my remaining schools. I had hoped to mollify him by silence; far from it; he has ventured ten times greater lengths from the certainty of not being contradicted.

My love to dear Mrs. W. and tell her to give all the babes a kiss for me. God bless you, my dear friend; pray always for

Your very faithful,

H. More.

Mrs. H. More renewed again during the progress of this year, her secret controversy with her own heart, and her solemn pledges of service in the work of edification and practical piety. Her diary of this year presents to us the mirror of a mind gathering strength daily from its increasing conviction of its natural weakness, and from the succours of grace conceded to prayer and self-abasing confession before the throne of grace.

She commences it in the following terms;—

Jan. 1, 1803.—Since I have been in some measure drawn off from the pursuits of the world, and have laboured, though in a most imperfect manner, to assist others in the knowledge of the truth—my life being active and my health bad, I find I have neglected my writing; but being now, through the will of God, brought to a life of more leisure and retirement, I resolve through grace, to resume it. And do thou, O Lord, grant that I may be more fixed in my thoughts, more frequent in self-examination, more heedful of the emotions of my own mind, more mindful of death from thus marking the progress to it. O Lord, I resolve to begin this year with a solemn dedication of myself to thee: Thine I am; I am not my own; I am bought with a price. Let the time past suffice for me to have lived to the world—let me henceforward live to Him who loved me and gave himself for me. Lord, do thou sanctify to me my long and heavy trials. Let them not be removed till they have answered those ends which they were sent to accomplish.

I have this day had an awful admonition—heard of the death of Mr. Cadell, my bookseller for twenty-eight years; only a few years older than myself! born in the same village! In many respects we were alike prosperous, and went on with great amity in all our literary concerns. He abounded in the wisdom of this world, and his counsels to me were profitable. He was a useful man to literature. His friends Gibbon, Hume, Robertson—where are they?

Jan. 3.—Lord, let me see more and more the reason of this late visitation,—yet in some measure I *do* see it. "I said, in my prosperity, I shall never be moved." I set too much store by human opinion, though I did not then know it. May these trials lead me to look to Him, who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again—who endured the contradiction of sinners against himself."

Jan. 5.—I fear I am become more intent on reading Scripture and cultivating retirement, than willing to bestow time on others. I have hitherto erred on the other side; the danger now is, lest the slanders I have met with should drive me to too much caution and silence.

Jan. 7.—Various trials acting on a nervous frame and keenly feeling temper have disturbed my peace and health,—I fear to the discredit of religion. Blessed be God my mind is not only placable, but is become serene. Instead of being disturbed by every petty event, I now endeavour not to think very much of any thing which is to end when this life ends.

Jan. 8.—Have been frequent in prayer for poor Mr. —— who is supposed to be dying; Lord, lay not to his charge, his offences against me. I forgive him as I hope to be forgiven.

Sunday, Jan. 9.—Formerly I was glad when they said unto me, "Let us go up unto the house of our God." Now I endeavour to submit cheerfully to be detained by sickness from church; yet it is a great hindrance to spiritual improvement, and I ascribe it partly to this, that I have scarcely ever known any one person who has lived long abroad, retain much serious piety. Lord, I thank thee that my lot was cast in a land of light and knowledge, where the name of Christ is publicly professed, and Christianity preached in its purity. I bless thee for thy day, thy word, thy Spirit. Lord, grant that my advantages may not one day appear against me; and that while strangers are called from the north and the south, from the east and the west, *I* with all my means, may not be shut out of thy kingdom.

January 10.—Heard to-day of fresh persecution; new attacks from the old quarter, after frequent promises of silence. Lord, grant that I may bear this with a holy resignation to thy will. If reputation be the sacrifice thou requirest, thy will be done. I try daily to look less to human applause, and more to thy favour, which is eternal life. Grant that I may not be content with *saying* this, do thou enable me to *do* it.

January 12.—Finished reading 'Halyburton's Life.' It is so ill-written, so full of Scottish idioms

and vulgarisms, and so uncouth, that together with the gloomy state of his mind, it was a heavy labour to get through the first half; but the second made rich amends, it exhibits the most consolatory view of a soul which has struggled with and conquered habitual sin; all ending in such a vigorous unshaken faith, and such a triumphant death-bed, as must animate the coldest heart, and leave the most cheering impression of the truth of Christianity. It would be well worth while to abridge, polish, and re-print this ill-written but striking testimony to the truth of religion.

January 13.—I was struck at hearing read one of my own stories,—'Tis all for the best!' meant as an answer to Voltaire's ridicule of Optimism. The story goes strongly to the vindication of every dispensation of Providence, and inculcates unqualified submission in the warmest terms. I blushed to think that I had not acted up to my own views—"Thou that teachest another, teachest not thou thyself?"

Saturday, January 15.—Petty worldly turmoils ruffle the temper and take off from spiritual-mindedness. Against these I resolve to be more on my guard. Captain and Mrs. —— left us. While they were here we kept up a constant system of useful reading: nothing so good for hindering family talk from degenerating into mere useless trifling.

January 19.—A delightful letter from my dear ancient friend, Mrs. Boscawen, at 84;—her praise of me too exalted, but kindly meant to support me under my strange attack;—she desires my

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prayers—how many do this, who little know how much more I need their's, and what a poor, erring, sinful creature I am.

January 20.—I try to adopt into practice this remark: If I get repentance by affliction, it is not so much a trouble, as an advantageous traffic; it is a voyage which has pain in the way, but treasure in the end. No affliction can hurt him that is penitent and believing; if we escape, it will make us more thankful; if not, it will bring us nearer to God.

January 24.—Seeing that evils which I feared have been graciously withheld, and mercies which I despaired of have been granted, I would learn to trust God more, to commit myself to Him, to throw aside all anxiety, and neither to fear remote evils, nor to look for distant good.

January 25.—With sorrow I find, that though it has pleased God by various trials, both in my health and fame, to wean me from what is called the world; and I have, through grace, obtained a considerable deadness to honours, pleasure, and human applause, yet it is easy to detect the same spirit still at work on nearer occasions, and in the daily petty affairs of life. I am discomposed by trifles which I despise, and feel inequalities of temper at trifling faults in others; am impatient at their follies, weaknesses, imprudences; forgetting how often I myself offend, not only against them, but against infinite mercy, and inexhaustible patience. Blessed be God for Jesus Christ!

January 27.—I am thankful to say, that my thoughts in the night, in which my waking hours

are many, are for the most part on serious subjects; but I grieve to find, that though my reins chasten me in the night-season, yet when the light of day restores cheerfulness and gaiety, and objects are alive about me, I cannot get back altogether to that spirituality which the night encouraged.

January 28.—I find it hard, nay impossible, to acquit myself during the day, of the promises and resolutions made in the night-season; this furnishes fresh, constant reasons for flying "to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness;" it serves to keep the heart humble, by shewing its constant need of pardon, mercy, and the pleading of the divine Intercessor.

February 2.—My birth-day! How slender was my prospect this day twelvemonth, that I should live to see it. I would enumerate some of the mercies of the past year: Raised up from a long and dangerous sickness—from a broken state of nerves and spirits, restored to a serene and resigned frame of mind, able to thank God, not only for amended health and spirits, for the many comforts and alleviations of my long and heavy trial, but enabled to thank him for the trial itself: it has shewn me more of the world, more of its corruptions, more of my own heart, more of the instability of human opinion; and it has weaned me from many attachments which were too strong to be right. Among other mercies, I have been preserved from injury, when my horse twice fell under me. My schools are not only continued, but God has raised up a powerful protector in the new bishop. He has enabled me to

meet, without resentment, those whom I knew to be my enemies. He has given me a new and delightful habitation, and continued to me many friends; "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" May I seriously renew my repentance for the sins of the past year, and enter upon a new course of holy obedience. I would also reckon it among my mercies, that I have escaped the bustle and worldliness of a Bath winter, and have so much time at my disposal. Oh! that I could spend it to the glory of the great Giver.

February 6.—In the night I had much comfortable intercourse with my Heavenly Father, and felt resigned to his will, whether it decreed that I should pass through honour or dishonour, evil report or good report, life or death;—but when the business of the day returns, the unsteadiness of my own heart, and the frivolous conversation of others sadly diminish these good impressions. Oh! for more permanent spirituality of mind!

February 10.—Poorly to-day in body, and inactive in mind; an indifferent, feverish night, and in the wakeful intervals not disposed to think seriously. Lord, enable me to glorify thee in my body and my soul, which are thine.

February 13.—Confined all the week by my cold. I fear I have not gone forward in the past week; have read Scripture, &c. as much, but with less feeling, less attention;—found it very difficult to compose my thoughts, and to fix them with comfort upon serious subjects: even the night has been less favourable to pious meditation, than has lately been

the case: it is, I am willing to hope, partly from nervous restlessness that I have found it difficult to keep down intruding unpleasant thoughts.

February 14.—I find it hard to keep up near views of eternity when alone, and the more hard as these subjects are banished from company. Oh Lord! take away the heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh; tender, impressible to the good motions of grace.

February 17.—A sleepless night, but, I thank God, no great pain. I did not indulge my gloomy thoughts: nor did lamenting recollections obtain power over my mind, but I was enabled to repeat larger passages of Scripture, and to pray.

February 18.—Another month has past over my head. I have to be thankful for its mercies. No calamity hath befallen, nor any evil overtaken me; but such as is common, and to be expected in a life frail, uncertain, and suffering. Oh for warmer aspirations after a life that shall have no sorrow and no end!

February 27.—I am grieved to find on this Sunday, that though I have leisure, I have not the right relish for serious objects. I find it impossible, alas! to confine my thoughts to any devout contemplations for any length of time. "Who shall deliver me from this body of death and sin?" I thank my God through Jesus Christ, that my mind kept up a sense of devotion for a blessed interval on first awaking this morning.

March 2.—This day finished Paley's 'Natural Theology.' It is a very able work—evinces the

author's acquaintance with anatomy, and almost all science. All these endowments are made subservient to the grand purpose for which the book is written. But the work is still deficient in some essential points.

March 8.—Heard of the death of Mr. John Stonehouse; how can I help feeling for him as the son of my faithful and most attached friend, Sir James, my counsellor, physician, and divine; who first awakened me to some sense of serious things! The young man was brilliant, but unsteady. That God, who knows the creatures of his forming hand, knows what of their defects are to be imputed to bodily infirmity, or mental irritability. It is the consummation of his mercy, that he has reserved us all for his *own final* judgment by Christ Jesus; who cannot but be touched with the feeling of our infirmity; who was in all things like ourselves, sin only excepted.

March 12.—Poor Captain ——, has been spending some days with us. I think it has pleased God by the trial of his sickness to work a material change in his heart. There seems to be in him a growing delight in spiritual things, and a tenderness of conscience. I bless thee, Lord, that that exemplary servant of thine, his serjeant, was one of our first scholars at Cheddar, and that thou hast graciously preserved him in faith and virtue, in a station so full of temptation. With thy grace a camp may become a sanctuary, and without it the holiest place may be converted into a scene of iniquity.

March 15.—Finished this day, for the second time, Bishop Horne's Paraphrase of the Psalms.

A work of great edification, and of a sweet and devout spirit. I do not know any book that has greater unction and savour of piety. Only one thing surprises me, that this excellent man falls into the common error of mistaking baptism for regeneration. Surely it is confounding the outward and visible sign with the inward and spiritual grace.

March 24.—I feel in finishing my garden that I have too much anxiety to make it beautiful; that it occupies too much of my attention, and tends to give worldly thoughts a predominance in my mind. How imperfection mixes itself with all we do and are!—This innocent relaxation, which Providence seems kindly to have provided for me so seasonably in the time of my distress and depression, is in danger of becoming a snare, by fixing me too much to that world from which I am in other respects trying to free myself. May I ever remember, that whatever keeps the mind from God,—or that stops the heart short of heavenly things, however harmless in itself, becomes sinful by drawing the time and thoughts and affections from their proper and legitimate objects. I have, perhaps, too strong a passion for scenery and landscape-gardening.

Sunday, March 27.—By the great favour and goodness of God, I have this day been enabled to go to church. Adored be thy holy name, that I am again restored to this privilege. O may it be sanctified to me! May I lift up my heart in gratitude for every spiritual blessing; for Sabbaths, for ordinances, for ministers! May I be less unfruitful under these multiplied advantages! Every oppor-

tunity increases my responsibility. Let me awfully remember that it was to the *professors*, to the *instructed*, to those, who because they had the *means*, made sure of salvation, that the Lord said, "Depart from me, I never knew you." Better to have been a pagan, a blind ignorant idolater, than a disobedient Christian, or an unfruitful believer.

Good Friday.—May the awful transactions of this holy day sink deep into my heart, and may I resolve with more effect than I have hitherto done, to live henceforth to him who died for me. May all my reading and meditation this day respect that great event on which my own salvation, and that of the whole world depends. Lord Jesus, hasten thy great work, and grant that the knowledge of thee may cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea. Bring in the Gentiles, convert thine ancient people the Jews, and finally accomplish the number of thine elect.

April 13.—A fresh call to repentance and preparation, in the death of one of my oldest friends, Mr. L——. Our acquaintance began when I was eighteen; we were both then devoted to poetry, literature, and intellectual amusement; his was a singular character; about the middle of life he renounced worldly society and reading, yet persisted in a close application to business. He fell into the habits and opinions of the mystics—was much given up to secret devotion, devout meditation, and a thoughtful intercourse with his Maker. I have no doubt of his sincerity—but he was a character rather to be admired than imitated. He left off at last all public worship. Taking no active part in society, he

brought little glory to God, and was less useful to mankind than his talents, his virtues, and his fortune ought to have made him. He was, however, one of the most amiable, gentle, and self-denying of men, and with all his peculiarities, was, I doubt not, a sincere Christian *in his way*. May I be found watching, as I doubt not he was!

April 19.—On Sunday I was enabled to go twice to church, through the goodness of God. Shipham in the morning; the first time of my visiting the schools. I hope I was thankful for being restored to my poor children, and for finding a very full and flourishing school, well informed in the Scriptures. We can only put Christianity into their *heads:* do thou, O Father of mercies! put it into their *hearts*, and sanctify our labours.

April 22.—Mr. Whalley passed a day or two with us. I am always edified by his highly devotional spirit. He seems more dead to the world, and to realize the invisible things of eternity more than almost any man I ever knew. We conversed much on serious subjects, and read largely in Bishop Reynolds. I have to lament that the impression of such reading and such conversation is so soon effaced. Last night having lost my feverish symptoms, I was enabled to keep up devout thoughts and prayers during all my waking intervals. Oh! that I could carry them more into the intercourse of the world!

May 4.—Indisposition of body and mind has prevented my writing. Things the most trivial and contemptible, occupy, distract, and indispose the

soul for its proper work. I fear I have gone back in religion this week. My waking nightly thoughts have been less voluntarily pious. I find with sorrow that I stand in need of continual calls and awakening; for when all goes on peacefully, I easily degenerate into sloth and deadness.

May 5.—One ill consequence I experience from my long trial is, that whereas I used to watch for all occasions for introducing useful subjects, I am now backward to do it, from the idea that all I say may be called enthusiasm. Alas! it is a difficult case;—I know not how to act—Lord! direct me by thy Spirit. The low tone, too, of common conversation is very unfavourable to a spirit of devotion. I seize, however, what time I can to be alone, and that is the time I most truly enjoy. I do not get weary of holy reading; but meditation and prayer too soon fail. Just finished Hayley's Life of Cowper. Cowper's letters are interesting, as they present to view the genuine, affectionate, benevolent heart of the incomparable author. I was disappointed to find so few of his religious letters printed. The biographer seems to forget, or not to know, that religion was the grand feature, the turning point in the character of Cowper. It was difficult to write his life truly, and yet tenderly. Hayley has very judiciously sunk some circumstances which might have been misunderstood; and he has treated his insanity with great tenderness. The whole is written in a good temper, and much favour is shown to religious people. As to the composition of the life, by way of preface, it is in a bad taste, florid and incor-

rect. It is however, with all its faults, a pleasing work, but might have been made far more useful. The letters wind about the heart, and captivate the affections, by their natural feeling, truth, elegance, and simplicity.

June 18.—A long pause. P. and I. have been absent a month at Cheltenham to drink the waters. However I may be as to bodily improvement, I fear my soul has not prospered in health. With fewer impediments than I have almost ever had; fewer trials; more leisure for reading and meditation, I am not more spiritually-minded. I read with little improvement, I fear, though I read much. O Lord, do thou root the spirit of worldliness out of my heart. It flourishes there, because it finds a congenial soil.

July 8.—Have been looking at one of the answers to Overton. My very soul is sick of religious controversy. How I hate the little narrowing names of Arminian and Calvinist! Christianity is a broad basis. *Bible* Christianity is what I love; that does not insist on opinions indifferent in themselves;—a Christianity practical and pure, which teaches holiness, humility, repentance, and faith in Christ; and which after summing up all the evangelical graces, declares that the greatest of these is charity.

July 20.—I had hung my harp upon the willows, never more to take it down, as I thought; but importunity on the one hand, and supineness on the part of others, have driven me to write a popular song on the dread of invasion. What a state of things must we be in, when the most immediate way of doing good that occurs, is, for *me* to *write* a

song! I was driven to make it merrily loyal; had it been serious it would have been scouted.

July 29.—Heard to-day that my enemies had been undermining my character, among those of the highest rank. I am anew accused of disaffection to those whom my humble talents have heartily supported, and whom it is one great business of my life to support. Blessed be God! I heard this with little emotion. O how thankful am I, that I can now hear such charges with patience! May I more and more learn of Him who was meek and lowly; may I with humble reverence, reflect that even that divine and perfect Being was accused of sedition, and of stirring up the people.

September 30.—I find it easier to pray that others may be weaned from the world than to be weaned myself. I have spent nearly all this week in my garden; too much occupied by amusement without doors, and company within. I am now through the mercy of my God come to the conclusion of another month. Great have been my mercies—great my undeservings. I would especially be thankful for a letter from the Rev. ——, acknowledging the good done in his parish by my tracts—and to his own soul by one in particular—that on bringing religion into the common business of life. May my heart be filled with gratitude for that goodness which has vouchsafed to work by so worthless an instrument.

Sunday.—We were all at Wrington church, and at sacrament. This last is a blessing I have so rarely enjoyed the last two years, that I cannot be thankful enough for any such opportunity. O Lord, hear

and confirm the vows I offered up to thee at thy table; strengthen my faith, animate my hope, influence my charity. I was not well; I hope that may partly account for the coldness of my heart. When shall I be dead unto sin and alive unto God?

Saturday, Oct. 6.—While watching over the vineyards of others, "mine own vineyard have I not kept." Professing to have given up in a good measure the world, and to be careless of human opinion, was I not too much pleased at the high esteem professed for me by the Duke of —— to various persons. I hoped I had learnt to value praise and reputation only as an instrument of usefulness.

Tuesday night, October 9.—At home for reading and prayer; but a cold heart and dead affections. Lord! prepare every heart, and especially my own, to confess with deep contrition and self-abhorrence our great and numberless transgressions; and may we say in the view of our great military preparations, "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and departeth from the living God."

October 13.—What a miscellaneous world! What different scenes occupy successive days! Yesterday Patty and I dined at Clevedon, to meet the Duke of ——, though our hearts were fresh bleeding with the recent wound of Drewitt's death. I thought it right to go, as a desire had been expressed for my acquaintance, which, under any other circumstances than those of my late trials, I should have thought of no importance. But neither the compliments, nor the splendours of the day,

could make me forget my dear departed friend. We staid all night.

Friday 14. My beloved friend, Mr. Wilberforce, and his family, came to pass a few days. I bless God that we were permitted to meet once more in this tempestuous world, in tolerable peace and comfort. I hope to profit by this fresh view of this excellent man's faith and holiness; his superiority to worldly temptation and worldly censure; his patience under provocations, and his lively gratitude for the common mercies of life.

Monday 17.—After breakfast the Wilberforces departed for Bath, and Patty and I for Cheddar, to pay the last sad duty to Drewitt. When I saw the poor widow, there were no tears, no murmurs, no complaints, it was the most heroic piety and exemplary fortitude. We attended the widow with her three young children, to take her last leave of the body, before it was carried out of the house. She leaned in a praying posture for a long time over the coffin, embracing it—her little ones beside her—but not a groan escaped her, she was solemnly silent, but her heart was praying.

Mr. B—— preached a most interesting funeral sermon to above two thousand weeping auditors, and it fell to his hard lot to read the prayers, and to bury the friend of his heart. After sermon, the widow quietly walked out of her pew, took her babes by the hand, and went to the grave, over which she stood without indulging any emotion during the last sad ceremony. When all was over she walked with her children back to the house, to

which the mournful procession all returned. The sight and sorrow of R——, the beloved friend of her husband, at length forced a flood of tears from this heroic mourner. If I am not the better for her example on this occasion, it will be among the number of my sins. Lord, sanctify to us all, and to me in particular, the solemnities of this day; and grant that the sight of youth, genius, and virtue consigned to the grave, may quicken my preparation for it. Such were the last honours paid to an obscure country curate, whose talents and acquirements would have adorned the highest station; but whose humility and piety eminently fitted him for that which he filled.

October 20.—Yesterday, the 19th, was the public fast. It appears to have been not only decently, but solemnly observed every where. O Lord, accept the prayers which thy sinful, but in many instances, I trust, thy repenting creatures, have offered up at the throne of thy grace: and grant that sorrow for sin may be an abiding principle in the hearts of all those whose lips yesterday confessed it. Accept the prayers which were offered up for our king and country. Avert the stroke which we have most righteously deserved; and grant that, renouncing all dependance on ourselves and on an arm of flesh, we may place it solely on thy tender mercies in Christ Jesus. Unite the hearts of this nation, as the heart of one man, both in their allegiance to the king, and especially to thee the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords; and grant that whatever may be the event, we may be taught by it a deeper submission to thy

will; and if in anger thou hast decreed that national peace should be deferred, as a punishment for our sins, grant that we may individually have peace with Thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

28th.—Mrs. J—— came from London to pass three days here—the object of her visit most important—to gain hints and assistance towards a plan for educating young ladies. Patty and I have spoken largely and fully on the grand subjects of religion, and the infinite importance of Christian instruction. To teach a teacher, is laying out knowledge on the best interest; such seed may be re-productive of much fruit. God grant it! but the world she will have to deal with, will oppose those doctrines, or rather the practices they involve; for the world's hate is not so much directed against the *opinions* as the *conduct* of real Christians.

November 1*st.*—Another month is begun. I have been negligent, but God has been gracious. He has multiplied his mercies, but I have been cold and dead under them. Even in writing this confession, I do it with an unfeeling, unbroken spirit. The country, though increasing in danger, has been preserved from invasion, and internal peace has been preserved. A public fast and humiliation looks like an acknowledgment of that God whom we have so much offended.

November 3.—We have had the comfort of two days of the company of our dear friend H. T. His mild, peaceful, subdued, holy, cheerful spirit, does honour to religion. May God spare him to a world not worthy of him. I forgot to record that on nearly

the same day with Drewitt, B—— was called away to answer at the bar of God, for a life spent in opposition to the light of knowledge and education. He was one of the worst calumniators of poor D. Both called into eternity together! O how different the account they had to give of their respective talents.

Some petty vexations from a friend convinced me too sadly how much I am still in the power of trifles, and how little after all, the world is crucified to me, and I to the world. Oh, that I had the wings of a dove!

November 25.—Being able to do little or nothing to serve our country, it occurred to us as a sacrifice it would become us to make, that I should write and offer to give up Barley Wood to the commanding officers at Bristol, to be entirely at their disposal in the event of the French actually landing at Uphill, eight miles distant; or a partial use of our house in the meanwhile;—a kind letter of thanks and friendly refusal for the present, but of acceptance in case of an invasion, has satisfied our minds that we did right in making the offer.

Sunday, 27th of November.—Too damp and wet for schools or church. Tried to improved the solitude thus afforded me. Read Baxter's Funeral Sermon, and some of the more serious passages of his life, and found them striking, and in some respects appropriate; but how sadly do I fall short of him, particularly where he speaks of his calumnious assailants. Fifty books were written against *him*; about twenty-three, I think, were written *for* and against *me*; besides three years monthly attack

from the Anti-jacobin; but while Baxter blessed God that none of these things disturbed him, I have to lament that through my want of his faith and piety, they had nearly destroyed my life. In one thing only I had the advantage, I never once *replied* to my calumniators. In this one thing his trial was less than mine—that his calumniators did not hinder him in the service of God, by diminishing his estimation as a writer; whereas I believe that the false witness borne against me, has caused my works to be much less read and more condemned: but God can carry on his own work, though all such poor tools as I were broken.

November 29th.—I am much more sensible than heretofore of the breadth, and length, and depth of the radical sin of selfishness, and of the excellence and necessity of self-denial and public spirit and charity.

30th.—Lord! grant me more patience and watchfulness, and forgive my numberless sins, known and unknown, for the merits, and sacrifice, and intercession of my Saviour Jesus Christ.

I have been much humbled in reading an account of the death of good Mr. K—'s son. What resignation to the divine will, what trust in Christ, what love of God *under* trials and *for* trials, at the early age of nineteen! At three times that age, how cold, how dead, how slack am I in preparation for that eternity, which is so rapidly advancing.

December.—Letter from Mr. Pearson declining Cheddar. This is a great grief. Lord, let it be a sanctified grief. Teach me a complete acquiescence

in thy holy will; the work is in thine hand; to thee I would commit it. Deliver my soul from all sinful anxiety, and let me not be anxious about *thy* work, but my *own*. Oh, for more faith in the promises—more renunciation of my own wisdom—my own will—my own way.

Sunday, Dec. 11.—Patty is gone to take leave of Shipham. It grieves me, whose health is better than her's, thus to put the labouring oar on her—but the fear of being laid up for the winter, deters me. I have spent this Sabbath morning in my own room, with much peace of mind: I never do this voluntarily; public worship is God's ordinance, and ought never to be omitted, but on very strong grounds. Without public worship all private religion would soon decay.

December 26.—In the midst of my pain I have secretly been trying to reconcile friends whom trifles had set at variance. Oh, what an imperfect world it is! Good people quarrel for very nothings! For my own part I feel so much sinfulness in my own nature, that it makes me lenient to the faults of others. I say this now with more truth, from having felt sinful tempers rise in my mind to-day about trifles. Shall I not then forgive my fellow-sinner his hundred pence: I who have a debt of a thousand talents to be forgiven? May we bear one another's burdens; and may I prepare for that period of pain, and weariness, and imbecility, which must be found in that old age which is approaching.

From Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. H. More.[1]

1804.

Yes, my very excellent and dear friend, I must send one word sooner or later, in return for the kindest of letters, which was a *cordial* to me; that *one word* must express the truest gratitude for such a remembrance, the most constant affection, and the sincerest satisfaction in the news of your better health; so happily provided for by your own wisdom and activity in removing from the vale below, and planting yourself so delightfully on a hill, from whence you can discern your magnanimous defenders. I am much pleased, too, that you do not go to Bath, since Mrs. Martha is of the same mind. To the absent ladies, I desire to be kindly remembered. From you, my dear friend, I desire the continuance of your prayers. For oh! what it is to live so long! It is, you will answer, the will of him "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

My health, since the last sad stroke, declines, but is better than it was. I do not go off this floor; my son comes to see me daily, and I have seen Lady Cremorne looking charmingly, and she is, I hope, well; Mrs. Carter less so within these few days; she was taken ill while dining with Mrs. Iremonger, but is better to-day. Adieu, my dear friend. Do not forget your very affectionate

F. B.

[1] 'The last letter I ever received from this excellent friend.'—H. M.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood. Sept. 10, 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,

The enclosed letter from my diocesan you will be so good as to return. I think you will agree with me that I could not have expected a more handsome or more unqualified answer to my letter. I shall, however, be cautious of availing myself of it. It may be more prudent to wait till next month, when he is to come to Wells, to see if his conduct corresponds with his professions, and to let him be a volunteer, if he is so disposed, in his good offices in that land of enemies. I feel thankful for such an honourable support and sanction; but after what has passed, I hardly depend on anybody.

It is from no kindness to *me* that the Anti-Jacobin has changed its note; but they are frightened for themselves, now that the world has found out what are the real principles, religious and political, of the party they have so zealously espoused: but even jacobins and infidels are to be upheld, if by doing so, Methodism, (or what they call so) may be crushed. Peace be with them! Their repentance comes too late to do me any good. I am sorry you did not read it, because you would have seen how I was in love with an *actor, and two officers*, &c.

I observe attentively all you say about the importance of lending a little spirit and vigour to the periodical you mention. But in order to give a thing one must *have* it, and there is no affectation in

my saying I feel as if I should never be able again to write what any body would read. Besides, the soil, naturally meagre, is exhausted, and must lie fallow before another crop can be hoped for. But foolish metaphor apart; my nerves are far from being sufficiently strong for me to write. I have acquired such a dislike to it, that I hesitate and procrastinate for days, even when I have nothing but a common letter to write. I used to defy mere pain and sickness, and found little difference, when any thing was to be written, whether I was ill or well; but the late disorders of my body have introduced new disorders into my mind,—listlessness and inapplication, (two words of which before I hardly knew the meaning;) yet as to general health I have gained much ground lately. It would grieve me sadly if my want of power should produce in you a want of will to take it up. My inability should rather stimulate your zeal. I see how important it would be. I know what strength you gave to the first number by a striking essay. It is certainly a valuable miscellany, written in an excellent temper—sensible, judicious, and in general, candid and moderate; but it wants a little essential salt, a little sprinkling of *manners* as well as *principles*. Good people will like it as it is; but we do not so much want books for good people, as books which will make bad ones better. Do write without once thinking of such a pigmy associate as I should be—a dwarf in my best estate, and now a dwarf crippled. Love to Mrs. W.

Your's ever,

H. More.

Her diary for 1804, is the last of those interesting impressions of her mind found among her papers, in which her thoughts flow in a consecutive series; and which, while they indicate the progress of her self-searching piety, and its beautiful surrender to divine discipline, exhibits an instructive specimen of the great gain of godliness in the settled serenity and happy confidence in which it lands us at the last.

"*Sunday, Jan.* 1, 1804.—I am now, through the great and undeserved mercy of my God, brought to the beginning of another Sunday and another year. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thy sins and pardoneth all thine iniquities." O Lord! give me grace on this day solemnly and seriously to repent of the sins of my whole life, and especially of the sins which the past year has added to the sins of my former life. And do thou touch my heart with a deep and lively sense of thy continued, renewed, and increased mercies. Enable me this day to pass over in review these particular mercies; among others, a considerable restoration of my health and spirits; personal and family comforts continued; family misfortunes averted; opportunities of doing some good—our schools continued; kindness of friends; ability to enjoy my sweet place; escape from the turbulent life of Bath; increased opportunities of reading and retirement. I have, too, to be thankful, amidst grievous alarms and dangers, for many public blessings; for an unusual

degree of domestic peace and unanimity; for the cordiality with which all ranks have come forward in defence of the country; that a foreign invasion has been mercifully kept off, and that we have had time for preparation. So blind and ignorant are we, that perhaps even those very winds and tempests which have made us tremble for our safety, have helped to insure it. We know not, as to temporals, what we should ask for; let me therefore implore earthly blessings with entire submission to the divine will: but in praying for spiritual mercies no reserve, no caution, no limitation is necessary. Lord, pour out the grace of thy Holy Spirit on me and mine, without measure; teach us to love *thee* with *all* our hearts, minds, souls, and strength, and to devote the remainder of our lives to thy service, and to the glory of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Jan. 7.—Intense pains in my head and face continue. Lord, give me more patience: "Shall a living man complain?" Oh! how much fewer are my sufferings than my sins; how much less do I suffer for my sins than my Saviour suffered for them!

Jan. 14.—Blessed be God for an interval of ease for two days. I call myself to account for my late deadness, and hardness, and worldliness; disturbed with petty cares, and my heart much alienated from prayer by those very sufferings which ought to have drawn my soul nearer to God. "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ." A visit from Mr. A——; he declares that

the country is in a complete state of defence and the foe hourly expected. Lord, strengthen our arms and prepare our hearts. Alas! what preparations are the great of my own sex making! Balls, routs, masquerades: such was the preparation Belshazzar made, when Cyrus burst the brazen gates, and Babylon was lost in a night. O Lord, awake this sinful, sleeping land. Death and eternity! impress these two awful words on all our hearts.

Mr. and Mrs. and Miss H—— came for a week; thus my solitary hours are abridged; we read together one or two sermons of Gisborne's every day, and a portion of general history in the evening. May I be rendered useful to these pleasing friends, by being enabled to make such remarks as may lead this young person to read common books with moral and religious advantage.

My greatest loss in giving up the society of my distant friends is that I have fewer to stimulate me to the love of God. Lord! let this deficiency lead me to look more to the fountain.

Long habits of vexation and disappointment, to which I am now inured, make ordinary trials light to me. Impatience has been one of my besetting evils; it is still too ready to break out, even on occasions too small to record; but it is less so than it was.

Some painful occurrences. May we pity the errors, weaknesses, failings, and evil tempers of each other. Teach us, O Lord, to cultivate a spirit of Christian charity, and to bear with each other, especially as the days of age and imbecility advance.

Let me be thankful that I have a comfortable evidence of growth in grace. I have lately heard of new enemies, and of the malignity of old ones, with composure, and, I trust, with submission to the divine will. Oh! that I may be entirely delivered from the fear of man, and the desire of human praise!

I was tempted to a piece of levity, of which I have rarely been guilty; in writing a loyal paper I had approached too near to a parody on the Church Catechism. I am thankful that I felt my error, and altered the piece, even to its injury, to avoid giving offence to the serious, or any example of lightness to the vain.

My religious reading has been much abridged, but I have in general kept up my hour of reflection at the close of the day; a retirement I much enjoy and labour to secure. If religion has lost ground in my heart lately, a day or two of pain, through grace, may help to restore it. I had this morning in bed more comfortable intercourse with my Maker than of late.

Sunday, 15*th*.—Ill-health detains me from church: —have been awakened to-day to more than usual fervour in prayer, in which I have been lately so dead. God grant there may not be more servile fear, than filial love in it. O Lord, I have not loved thee as I ought, and therefore I have not served thee devotedly. I know not how much unbelief may be at the root of all this deadness. The Miss S——'s here for some days—a painful breach healed—no misunderstanding ought to subsist for a day be-

tween Christian friends; life is too short—peace too precious—we must "bear one another's burdens." Christ bore *all* ours.

Lord! look upon Cheddar—suffer not the work begun there to fail.

Lord, I come to thee persuaded that all thy ways are perfect wisdom, and all thy dispensations perfect goodness.

Sunday, 22nd.—After a week of too much worldliness, my mind has somewhat recovered its tone in devout prayer in the night. I have also to-day prayed with more affection. I have endeavoured to check my own spirit, by placing death before my eyes, and carefully reading Doddridge's last chapter—the dying scene. While I read, the impression is strong, and my mind serious; but when the book is closed, the heart grows cold, and the world rushes in. Some worldly trials in the week have given me less vexation than usual, but that may be, not because my resignation is greater, but my animal spirits better.

25th.—I bless God for the holy example my friend N—— is giving of the power of religion—under tedious, painful, and dangerous disease—she is divinely supported—her children and servants are grown serious through her means; divine grace has made her to be willing to die, and resign her numerous children into the hands of her heavenly parent.

Sunday, February 19th.—How uncertain are all sublunary things! Just as the delay of the invasion was lulling the country into a false peace, it has

pleased God to afflict us with an awful visitation—the sudden and alarming illness of the king. Into what new calamities may this sad event plunge this unthinking nation! O Lord! in mercy remember us. Avert, if thou seest fit, this heavy stroke. Though we have rebelled against thee, and our national iniquities cry aloud against us, yet do thou spare us, or do thou over-rule this event to his everlasting salvation, and for the public good: comfort and bless the royal sufferer, support and strengthen him under every trial, especially under the last great conflict. Sanctify it to his family, and grant that it may bring us all to a more serious temper; to a closer personal apprehension of the vanity of life; and a constant preparation for another world.

February 27.—I have been hindered from writing, by an application to compose the address from Lloyd's committee for the Patriotic Fund; I thought it my duty to contribute to that good work, though they might have found another pen. Lord, let not a foolish vanity be the consequence of the compliments received on this occasion.

28*th*.—Our Bath house is sold. I am thankful for an event which fixes us to this place for the short remainder of life, without the turmoil, care, and expense of a divided dwelling and bustling town. Lord, grant that this may prove a blessing to us all, and draw us nearer to thee. Make us thankful that our own lot has fallen in so pleasant a place,—that we have a goodly heritage; but let us not take up with so poor a portion as this life, or any thing in it.

March 7.—My diary is here interrupted, and may be so for a long time; the idea has been suggested to me, to write a pamphlet on the education of the princess. I am unequal to it, yet they tell me it is a duty to attempt it; I feel reluctant, but no irksomeness in the task should prevent me, if I dared hope I could do any good. Lord, if it be fit that I should undertake it, do thou strengthen me for the work; fill me with a holy boldness,—with prudence and wisdom; and if I really set about it, let thy blessing, without which all is nothing, attend it. Have been reading the lives of Pascal, Cranmer, Hall. Few things so profitable or so pleasant, as the lives of eminent and holy men: the last is not impressively written—does not enter into those domestic details so interesting in the lives of good men. Cranmer seems faithfully delineated by Gilpin, and is of all characters the most interesting to me; partly from a corresponding weakness: but a more religious use might have been made of it by Gilpin.

12*th*.—A visit at last from Mrs. ——, ardent, amiable, pious. I am humbled at her assuring me, that my writings have been the honoured instruments of bringing her to the knowledge of the truth, for, alas! how little power have they on my own heart and life!"

Here her diary is suspended by the new call made upon her exertions, to which she has above alluded.

CHAPTER II.

In 1805 she produced her 'Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess.' It was written at the earnest request of a dignitary of the church. She undertook it with reluctance, as being in her own estimation wholly unequal to the task; and it was only from the consideration that the Princess[1] was at this time solely under the care of ladies, no preceptor having been yet appointed, that she suffered herself to be engaged in this delicate task. When she had nearly finished the work, the appointment of Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Exeter, (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury) to that important office, made her for a time resolve to desist from prosecuting the undertaking; as she thought it might be deemed at once intrusive and superfluous to interfere in a vocation which had now been authoritatively confided to a learned and able man. After some scruples, the mildness and urbanity of the Bishop's character determined her to proceed in the work. It was to be anonymous, and a profound secrecy

[1] The late Princess Charlotte of Wales.

was observed respecting it. She conceived the design of meeting objections, by dedicating the book to the Right Reverend Preceptor himself. The work was kindly and politely received by him; and on her sending his lordship a copy, without any intimation from whence it came, a correspondence was naturally opened between them, in which the bishop addressed her as a gentleman. The internal evidence, however, as usual, soon betrayed the secret, and the discovery gave birth to an acquaintance and intercourse with the bishop of Exeter, which was equally agreeable to both the parties.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Knox.

Fulham Palace, June 3, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

I hope you were clever enough to make out, that when I wrote to you last, I had not received your kind letter, which only *could* account for my not answering any part of it. I have been continually hindered from writing by change of place, by indisposition, and chiefly by company; my old friends being assembled about me, and leaving me little time to myself.

I ought to beg of you, in the first place, to dismiss from your mind any anxiety on the subject of the imprudent disclosure of my having written *the Princess*. I am almost sorry I ever mentioned it to you, as it gave your feeling mind so much pain. If I had known that Dr. Woodward still remained

in the neighbourhood, I would have found him out, in order to have set his mind completely at rest; for I do not like the idea, that that amiable and worthy man should feel uncomfortable for a momentary indiscretion, especially as the event has been such as to render it less important; for I must tell you, that to my great regret, the secret betrayed itself; and from internal evidence, the author was discovered, as soon as the book was read. I declined the avowal, however, as long as it was possible; but the suspicion became so strong and so general, that it would have indicated not only affectation, but deceit, to persevere in silence. A curious correspondence has passed between me and the Bishop of Exeter. His candour and politeness to the *anonymous* author, whom he naturally addressed by the appellation of 'Sir,' did him credit. He presented the work, at my request, to the king; also a copy to the queen; and to the Prince and the Princess of Wales. He let me know, that the queen alone had *then* found time to read it; that she was very warm in her commendations, and as anxious as himself to know the writer. As he so highly approved the book, I thought it handsome, when the secret *could* be maintained no longer, to compliment him with the first avowal, and I am expecting a visit from him, in order to talk it over. I believe the work is in the hands of most persons of high rank in London, and it has had the good fortune to please. I almost question whether it will become so popular with persons of the second class, as they may fancy it is exclusively addressed to royalty.

Since I sent the three copies by Mr. Butterworth, I ordered another set, through him, to be sent for Mrs. L——. I sent it at that time through you, to guard against suspicion; but your tongue is now untied.

We were disturbed from our Kentish visit, by our worthy host being called to be first Lord of the Admiralty, by the title of Lord Barham. Patty and I often say, what a comfort it is to have a cabinet minister, who, we know, *prays* for the success of his measures; and whose professional knowledge, industry, and integrity cannot, I believe, be surpassed. We were amused with the terms he made before he would stir from his retirement; that he would not change his dress, give or accept of cabinet dinners, or attend levees or drawing-rooms; and they were glad to accept him on these uncourtly conditions.

We have been spending the last fortnight with my excellent friend the Bishop of London. He is going on well in the best sense, and has done himself great honour by the stand he has made against Sunday concerts. He has written an admirable letter, very strong and very pious, but temperate and well-mannered, to all the great ladies concerned in this unchristian practice. The effect, I trust, will be such as could be wished; they have in general behaved well, and promised amendment. He is at present engaged in carrying a bill through Parliament for improving the incomes of curates, which will draw on him the blessings of the inferior clergy.

We have also spent a little time with the Clapham party, Lord Teignmouth, the Wilberforces and Thorntons. They all regret much that they saw nothing of you when you were in England. We have been disappointed at your not having sent any of those admirable papers you read to me, to the Christian Observer; a fault I hope you will soon repair—it will really assist them much.

On Wednesday we propose taking leave of our kind friends here, and setting our faces westward. I long to salute my household gods, and to return to privacy and quiet.

Do not forget to mention your health when you write; and believe me, with every sentiment of esteem,

My dear Sir,
Your very faithful and truly grateful,
H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Waldegrave.

Battersea Rise, 1805.

MY DEAR LADY WALDEGRAVE,

As to *the secret* which I was desirous to communicate to you as a mark of my confidence and friendship, it is this—I had been for many months busily employed (at the earnest desire of some friends) in preparing a work which might assist in forming the principles of *her,* who in all probability will be our future queen. I should have desired your acceptance of a copy as soon as it was published, which was more than a fortnight ago, but I

wished you to be able to say, if questioned by the Duchess, or any other person, that you had not received it *from the author*. As I do not, however, feel satisfied at keeping you in the dark any longer, I write this little history. In spite of all my secrecy, I was soon found out, not from its having been betrayed, but from the style, and other internal evidence. I did not, however, avow it, and I even corresponded with the Bishop of Exeter, who seemed highly to approve the work, without putting my name, and he addressed me by the appellation of *Sir*. I have not yet sent a copy to Princess Sophia, but intend to do it soon. It is a disadvantage at first to any work to appear without a name, as it causes it to be slowly known. In speaking of it, however, you may say with truth, that though written for royalty, it was meant to be useful also to all young persons of rank and liberal education.

But it is high time I should advert to you. In my judgment one of the best proofs that sorrow has had its right effect on your mind is, that it has not incapacitated you for business, *your* businesses being duties. I well know that under the pressure of heavy affliction it is more soothing to the heart to sink down into the enjoyment of a kind of sad indulgence, and to make itself believe that this is as right as it is gratifying; especially while it mixes some pious thoughts with this unprofitable tranquillity. But who can say, even after the severest loss, I have no duties, no cares in life remaining. Much less can a tender mother say it, who has still so

many looking to her advice, and what is almost more, to her example. It is not the smallest part of the good you may do them, to let them see what effect great trials have upon your mind, and that Christianity enables you to bear up against such a heavy stroke. It is an excellent sign, that after the cares and labours of the day, you can return to your pious exercises with undiminished attention. This will be a good criterion by which to judge of your state.

I pray God you may be able to keep your hold upon the minds of those important young men. While they continue to make you their chief friend and confidante, I shall feel the less anxiety for their safety. Mutual grief, however, is so endearing a tie, that you must perhaps expect it will slacken a *little*, when time and the society of the world shall have weakened the sense of sorrow. I do not mean that they will love you less, but perhaps the frankness and fulness of communication may in a small degree diminish; and that imperceptibly to themselves. Your good judgment and knowledge of the world will, I am persuaded, lead you to mix so much kindness and prudence with your moral and religious lessons, as to make them palatable, and of course useful.

Remember you are to thank not me, but Mrs. H. T—— for *the book*. I shall, however, be glad to know how you like it, and what you hear respecting it. Adieu, my dear Lady Waldegrave. That God Almighty may bless, support, and comfort you, is the hearty prayer of

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Waldegrave.

Barley Wood. Feb. 1, 1806.

MY DEAR LADY WALDEGRAVE,

While I was reading your kind and affecting letter last night, so strongly picturing human calamities, Patty interrupted me by reading from the newspaper an event which I fear must nearly have overwhelmed your heart, already bowed down with such a succession of trials and sorrows. I truly sympathize in *your* heavy portion of this fresh and great public loss. What a calamity for British India! I do think that the sudden removal of three such public men as we are now deploring, is a token of divine displeasure against this long favoured country. For Mr. Pitt's death we have felt all the regret which is due to talents which have seldom been equalled, and integrity which has never been surpassed. I agree entirely with you, that we must not, however, overvalue the instrument, but look up to the hand that employs, directs, and removes it at his pleasure. Yet when I contemplate the public losses we are now groaning under, I cannot help thinking that when the master of a fabric takes away its support, it looks as if it were intended that the building should fall. In the more *recent* instance, you, my dear Lady W. are not confounded with the common mourners of an empire, but have to lament the loss of an attached and valuable friend. May God give you the consolations of which you stand so much in need! You

have clearly one of the most decided marks of his own children, that of the frequent visitations of his afflicting hand. Yet a little while and how will the scene be changed to those who love and serve God! Tears shall be exchanged for joy, darkness for light, doubt for certainty, and faith for fruition. I tremble for the life of H. T.—he seems to be hastening to that blessed state for which indeed he is so ripe. I really fear he is fast declining.

My own health has been bad the whole winter; and within the last month I have had several alarming attacks. Had I been tolerably well I would have come to you for a night or two, for I really long to see you. It is too probable that my physician will send me to Cheltenham early in the spring, about the time of the usual London journey. But if it please God, I will not leave the country without seeing you; and will if possible make you a visit, if it should be inconvenient for you to come hither. Our horse is still lame, so that I have not been beyond the gate these three months.

When you have five minutes leisure I shall beg a line to say how you do. Be assured, my dear Lady W. of the cordial esteem and fervent prayers of your very

Faithful and sincere,

H. More.

In the year 1806, Mrs. H. More was attacked by a dangerous and tedious illness, which appeared to have originated in a cold, caught in returning from one of her schools. A pleuretic fever succeeded,

of so inveterate a kind, as for many months to resist the strongest remedies. Under her protracted sufferings, her composure and placidity of temper was so remarkable, as to make those around her exclaim, 'Would that her enemies and traducers could be in her sick room!'

A year had nearly elapsed before her pulse could be materially reduced, or a change effected on which any hope of her restoration to health could be reasonably founded. It was a sad interval of suspense to all who felt her worth, or had lived within the warm influence of her benevolence or friendship. The poor seemed to lose all care for themselves, in their concern for their benefactress; and the great, and even the gay, joined with the humble and virtuous, in a common partnership of sorrow. No class of society had escaped her searching philanthropy, and all seemed to have an equal interest in the prolongation of her existence. The letters which were received by her sisters, upon this occasion, amounted to some hundreds. They were destroyed; but had they been preserved, their one subject would have excluded the variety to which letters owe their interest.

It was nearly two years before her recovery was sufficiently established to enable her to turn her thoughts towards any literary objects; but with her returning health, her mind rapidly resumed its energies, and was advancing in its forward march, while her body followed with a languid progress: and her friends were not a little surprised to find her pen, in spite of her infirmity, actively engaged

in executing a scheme which had long occupied her mind, of presenting Christian principles and duties in the dress of narrative, in the colours of character, and with the breathing vivacity of dialogue and discussion. But some letters and transactions which belong to this interval must have place, before we say more of this work.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood, July 30, 1808.

The sight of your hand-writing, my dear friend, rejoiced me; and I thank God there was nothing in your letter to diminish the pleasure the subscription gave me. A vague rumour had reached us that you were coming to Clifton: to be sure it would have been more profitable to *us*;—I hope East-Bourne may be better for *you*. To Weymouth I owe, under God, a considerable increase of strength, but I could not bring myself to stay more than a fortnight. Though we only went one stage a day, travelling disagreed with me. I am certainly much stronger, but I suffer great pain, and my nights are restless. I do not sleep even tolerably above once a week. At the end of nearly two years' confinement, God in his great mercy enabled me to go to church, and I have since been twice to the schools, which are very flourishing. Though we are neither of us very competent, we hold on. In October, we shall keep our twentieth anniversary of the opening of Cheddar-schools. We have very many children of those who were heretofore scholars,

and within the last eight or nine years above one hundred are gone out to service (well instructed and promising,) from Cheddar only. Do you remember John Hill, our first scholar, whose piety and good manners you used to notice? He afterwards became a teacher, but war tore him from us. Judge of our pleasure to see him at Weymouth in full regimentals, acting as paymaster and sergeant-major! There was a sort of review. Everybody praised the training of eight hundred men, so well disciplined. The officers said they were fit for any service. One of them said to us, 'All this is owing to the great abilities and industry of Sergeant Hill—he is the greatest master of military tactics we have. At first he was so religious, that we thought him a Methodist, but we find him so good a soldier, and so correct in his morals, that we now do not trouble ourselves about his religion.' He will, probably, be adjutant on the first vacancy.

I did feel for you on leaving Broomfield, but still more, I confess, for those you left. Clapham seems coming to nothing. By the way, we never had so good a meeting as this year at Shipham. I did not dare venture. Poor Patty, though ill able, entertained near a hundred gentry at dinner, among whom were about twenty clergy. It was a fatiguing and expensive day, but I trust it has had its uses. Many similar institutions have sprung up in consequence. We had a young Irish nobleman there, who talks of setting up something of the sort. He is lately settled in this neighbourhood, and seems

fond of visiting us. He has been spending seven years amidst the seductions of infidelity on the continent, but now seems remarkably well-disposed. He rides here to breakfast, ten miles, before eight o'clock; that he may not lose prayers.

A letter this moment from the Ville de Paris. B—— says things now look very promising from the Spaniards—a week ago we were rather desponding.

Pray give my love to Mrs. W. in which my sisters join. Patty desires to be very particularly remembered.

Your's, my dear friend,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

Barley Wood, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

No! I cannot express to you a tenth part of the pleasure which I felt on reading your most kind and interesting letter. The delightful family picture was so pleasing to my mind, that I was never weary of contemplating it, and I am in love with all the portraits individually and aggregately. Every change of this very capricious season brings on a fresh attack of fever,—and though the calendar tells us it is April,—my own feelings corroborate the testimony of the leafless shrubs, and the brown grass, that it is December. I confess I have had intervals in which I *could* have written, but it is so unpleasant to be always speaking ill of oneself, that I deferred my letter from one week to another,

in the hope of being able to tell you that I was emancipated from my long imprisonment. I thank God, however, that I continue to bear it cheerfully; and when the *rigours of the month of May* are past, I trust I shall again experience the blessings of fresh air—

> He does not scorn it who has long endured
> A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs.

How have I felt, how have I *tasted* these lines of Cowper! I remember it was said more than twenty years ago, that I was the only one of the old school who strongly relished Cowper: but then he had not published the Task, which, I am sure, must have converted *you;* though, I think, our friends, Mrs. Montagu and Lord Orford, were never brought over. Beattie came over to us, but slowly, and I took the credit of his conversion to myself: I believe I rather frightened him into it. And so you agree with me that conversation is absolutely extinct. The classic spirit has, I think, declined with it, and I should think poetry extinct also, did it not in Walter Scott give signs of life. I have not read 'Marmion,' but hear it is not unworthy of the author of the 'Lay.'

I would have given something if I could have drank tea with your family party the evening after I had finished '*Corinne,*' which your account led me to read. There never *was* such a book! such a compound of genius and bad taste! such a fermentation of sense and nonsense! The descriptions of Italy are the best, and the descriptions of love

the worst I ever met with. There is no shading. As there is little nature, it excites little interest; and the virtuous hero is to me a gloomy specimen of frigid sentimentality. Corinne herself gave me too much the idea of Dr. Graham's Goddess of Health, or the French Goddess of Reason, or the English Attitudinarian of Naples, for me to take a very lively interest in her. Yet let me acknowledge, that though like Pistol I swallowed and execrated, yet I went on swallowing: and I must own it is a book which requires great knowledge, and very considerable powers of mind, to produce. She never stumbles so much as when she attempts to introduce Christianity, as there is no subject on which she appears so completely ignorant. You see, evidently, that she drags it into play, as a creditable novelty, having, I am told, tried Atheism without success in Delphine, which I have never read.

I have been reading through two books sent me by the authors, my friends, both clergymen of Bristol. One, the life of Thuanus. One felt glad to be introduced into such respectable company as the authors and statesmen of the days of Henri Quatre, the Sullys, the l'Hospitals, the Casaubons, the Heinsiuses, and the Grotiuses. I counselled the author to translate the huge works of Thuanus, but he says their irreclaimable prolixity must ever prevent their being popular. The other is a pamphlet, 'Latium Redivivum.' The object is to repress the universality of the French language, that provoking criterion of the ascendancy of France, and to restore the popular use of the language of Rome;

at least, to make it the colloquial tongue of schools and universities, and the medium of our communication with foreigners; and especially that ambassadors shall negociate in Latin. And why not as well now as in the days of our once 'right-lerned' queen? Though I fear some of our corps diplomatique would not be very Ciceronian.

But it is time to revert to your kind letter; and allow me to say, that from no part of it did I derive such heart-felt satisfaction as from the evidence it afforded me of the pious feelings of your heart, and your devout recognition of the merciful hand whence your multiplied blessings flow. O, my good friend! there is no other stable foundation for solid comfort, but the Christian religion; not barely acknowledged as a truth from the conviction of external evidence, (strong and important as that is,) but embraced as a principle of hope and joy and peace, and felt in its suitableness to the wants and necessities of our nature, as well as in its power to alleviate, and even to sanctify, our sorrows. Little as has been my own progress in this school, yet that little was an unspeakable support to me on the bed of sickness; and in my weak and helpless state, I often thought, what would have become of me, if I had then had to begin to learn the elements of religion!

You have doubtless heard that I have had far greater trials than any which sickness could inflict. I will only say, in a few words, that two Jacobin and infidel curates, poor and ambitious, formed the design of attracting notice, and getting preferment,

by attacking some charity schools, (which, with no small labour, I have carried on in this county for near twenty years,) as seminaries of vice, sedition, and disaffection. At this distance of time, for it has now ended in their disgrace and shame, it will make you smile when I tell you a few of the charges brought against me, viz. that I hired two men to assassinate one of these clergymen;—that I was actually taken up for seditious practices;—that I was with Hadfield on his attack on the king's life: one of them strongly insinuated this from the pulpit, and then caused the newspaper, which related the attack, to be read at the church door. At the same time, mark the consistency! they declared that I was in the pay of Mr. Pitt, and the grand instigator (poor I) of the war, by mischievous pamphlets; and to crown the whole, that I was concerned with Charlotte Corday in the murder of Marat!!! That wicked and needy men should invent this, is not so strange as that they should have found Magazines, Reviews, and Pamphleteers to support them. My declared resolution never to defend myself, certainly encouraged them to go on. Yet how thankful am I that I kept that resolution; though the grief and astonishment excited by this combination nearly cost me my life. I can now look back, not only without emotion, to this attack, but it has been even matter of *thankfulness* to me; it helped to break my too strong attachment to the world, it showed me the vanity of human applause, and has led me, I hope, to be *more* anxious about the motives of my actions, and *less* anxious about their consequences.

I am happy in the esteem of my neighbours, and my schools flourish. I have a sister whose associated labours supply my lack of service. I had intended to have said more in answer to your letter. Your two eldest sons I well remember, and Miss Pepys. I rejoice they are all such blessings to you, and to their excellent mother.

I beg my most affectionate respects to Lady Pepys. How glad I am at your honourable and profitable retreat from your professional labours. May God bless your clerical son, and make him an instrument to his glory!

Your's very sincerely,
H. More.

Some check was given to the alacrity with which Mrs. H. More was addressing herself to her new literary undertaking, by the death of Bishop Porteus, who finished his course with Christian joy, and with the hope of the faithful, in the year 1809, and in the seventy-eighth of his beneficial life. A few months before his departure, he appears to have paid a visit to Barley Wood, where he passed some days in much languor of body, but with a mind cheerfully expecting the approaching summons. His decay was very gentle and gradual, and he seemed to pass out of existence with the same peace and cheerfulness which had accompanied him through it. It would be difficult, perhaps, to produce another instance of zeal and urbanity, dignity and humility, decision and candour, so exemplified in a single character. His death was to Mrs. More an irreparable loss. Their

minds were much alike. They were both equally unoffending and uncompromising, earnest and moderate, firm and affectionate. Their long friendship was begun in a correspondence of taste and sentiment, and was continued and strengthened by an identity of trust and hope. The interchange of letters between them had little intermission, and amidst all the varied entertainment afforded by her correspondence, we cannot but lament that so little of that which passed between her and this good bishop should be extant. It is well known that these letters from Mrs. More to her venerable friend, were composed with much care and spirit, sparkling with her brightest thoughts on manners and books, and rich in spiritual comments, and applications of religious truth. The Bishop had declared his positive will, that his executors should destroy his papers, and it is to be feared that the letters of Mrs. More, through inadvertence or a too literal compliance with the general injunction, were made to share a common fate with the Bishop's own documents.

Dr. Porteus bequeathed to Mrs. More a legacy of £100. and she consecrated to his memory in the plantation near her house at Barley Wood, an urn, with an inscription as unpretending as her sorrow was sincere. 'To Beilby Porteus, late Lord Bishop of London, in memory of long and faithful friendship.' The life of the Bishop by Dean Hodgson has recorded his last visit to Carlton-House, and the apostolical purpose of that visit; in relation to which it may be added as an interesting fact, that imme-

diately before the dying prelate sat out on his holy errand, Mrs. More received a note from him, requesting her prayers for the divine blessing on the arduous and delicate task he had thought it his duty to undertake, without further explaining his purpose; and in a few days afterwards she received a second note, with which their earthly communication closed for ever, informing her of the success with which it had been attended.

From Mrs. Kennicott to Mrs. H. More.

Fulham, May 24, 1809.

I have much satisfaction in writing to you, my dearest friend, because I think the account I have to give of our beloved Bishop is such as will afford you great consolation. After his fine mind had yielded to the infirmities of his weak body, his imperfect and wandering ideas still led him to exert his small remaining strength in whatever appeared to him to tend to the glory of God; and the foundation of those two distressing notes to you was a report he had heard, of the institution of a club under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, which was to meet on a Sunday. Under this impression he requested an audience of the Prince, to intreat of him to fix on some other day. The audience was granted. Can any thing be imagined more affecting? Supported by two servants, and hardly able to move with their assistance, he got to the apartment of the Prince; and with agitated earnestness conjured him to fix on some other day for this meet-

ing. The Prince received him most graciously, seemed much affected, said it was not a new institution, and that it was founded on charity, but that if the day could be changed to Saturday it should. It was during this business that he wrote those notes to you.

The last week was a most distressing one at the time, but now to be reflected upon with comfort. Pious zeal and true Christian humility were prevalent amidst all his rambling. On the Friday he was brought to Fulham; on entering the great hall he clasped his hands and said, 'I thank God for permitting me to come once more to this place.' The next morning he said the air refreshed him, and he admired the beauty of his lawn. He was carried down to dinner, and soon after was seized with something like a convulsion, was taken to his sofa, had a cordial given to him, fell into a quiet sleep for three hours, and only just opened his eyes to close them for ever on this world. He had frequently prayed, but always with devout submission to God's will, to be spared the pangs of death; and he was spared them.

In the drawer of a table at which he lately wrote, were found various little prayers and ejaculations written upon scraps of paper, even upon visiting tickets, anything which came to his hand as the pious thoughts rose in his mind.

Our dear Mrs. Porteus does not appear to have suffered in health, and I hope will not. For every thing else we must trust to time, which our merciful Father has ordained shall soften our greatest afflictions.

The last solemn offices were performed at Sundridge. He ordered that every thing should be done as humbly as was proper for his station. But it was impossible to keep it humble, so many of his numerous relations would attend.

Tell me about dear Patty. How continually I think of you both in this sad house.

My dearest friend, you know what a high opinion our beloved Bishop had of the effect of intercession, and particularly of our prayers. This awful week has led me to renew the resolutions I have so often made, and alas! so often broken, of amending my life; pray for me that I may keep these resolutions better than I have my former ones. The time, as you say, is short. I have now lived sixty-one years. A tremendous time to look back upon with so much wrong, and so little right in the dread retrospect. Mrs. Porteus sends her best love.

Your's ever most affectionately,

A. KENNICOTT.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Barley Wood, June 4, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your heart-breaking and heart-rejoicing letter was sent after me into Gloucestershire; but as we were on the move, I had neither time nor composure to answer it. We have been home three or four days, and were so fortunate as to have crossed the Severn in the only day in which we could have done it without storms.

After reading your most interesting letter once, I was obliged to put it away for several days before I could acquire fortitude to read it again. Most heartily do I praise God for the easy and peaceful departure of our ever-to-be lamented Bishop; but still more fervently do I bless the divine goodness for having given him grace and strength to exhibit a spirit so heroically pious, so near the end of his race, and for having made his closing scene so bright. As long as I live I shall derive comfort from the recollection that his naturally timid and modest mind was enabled to give such an evidence of the power of true religion, as to present his dying frame, sustained by his Christian spirit, before the Prince, who perhaps, struck by the remembrance, may be influenced by it many years after the affecting vision passed before his eyes. I honour him more for this difficult exertion of piety than for a hundred acts of charity: because *they* were a gratification to his nature, but *this* was a triumph over it.

I write on the *birth-day!* How many times, or rather how incessantly, have Patty and I thought of you and dear Mrs. Porteus this whole day. How many anniversaries of it have we passed together! What a blank will this day seem to you both! Yet our sorrow is mitigated by many alleviating, many soothing considerations. His life had been long and prosperous,—happy and useful, far beyond the common lot. Full of days, of honours, and of virtues, his death was without a pang, and he may literally be said to have fallen asleep. It gives me the most solid pleasure, that, considering his fre-

quent interruptions, from company and business, his mind retained so much spirituality as is manifested by the numerous scraps of prayers and ejaculations you speak of. Any particulars which may farther occur, of the state of his mind, I shall take a particular delight to hear.

I rejoice to hear that Mrs. Porteus's health has sustained tolerably this heavy blow. May it please God to sanctify the affliction to her, and to us all! May it quicken us in our preparation to follow him! For the dear Bishop's kind remembrance to me, I feel as I ought. I hope our sorrowing friend will not be displeased at my outwardly sympathizing in her afflictions, by putting on mourning. How do I mourn inwardly for the diocese of London! What a change! I think of the melancholy hours our friend is spending in preparing to quit a place so improved by their liberality, and so adorned by their good taste. I rejoice, however, that you are able to be with her; it will be no small mitigation of her painful feelings.

You said nothing about your health; pray repair this negligence, and let me hear how you bear these searching storms. They tear me sadly.

My sisters, especially Patty, join in every kind wish and remembrance to both.

Your's ever, my dear friend,

most affectionately,

H. More.

CHAPTER III.

THE work which next issued from Mrs. More's pen was an experiment upon which she did not venture without much anxious hesitation. She published it at first without her name, not entrusting the secret even to those very few who were usually in her confidence on similar occasions. It appeared in Dec. 1809, in two vols. octavo, under the title of 'Cœlebs in search of a Wife,' and excited such immediate and universal attention, that she received, in the course of a few days, notice from her bookseller to prepare for a second edition: but before this edition could be put to press, and in less than a fortnight after the first appearance of the work, it was out of print, and the booksellers all over the country became clamorous for copies. In nine months after its first appearance, she was followed to Dawlish, whither she had gone to try the effect of repose and sea-air, by the eleventh edition, which presently gave place to the twelfth.

In America, 'Cœlebs' found a proportionably favourable reception; four editions succeeding each

other with a rapidity almost unexampled in that country, where her works have been always duly appreciated. Thirty editions of 1000 copies each were printed in that country during the lifetime of Mrs. More. She continued for a long time after the publication of 'Cœlebs' to receive, to her no small amusement, letters from her intimate acquaintance, earnestly recommending her to read it, and giving a description of the characters, sentiments, and general tendency of the work. Others however, discovered her style before they had proceeded far in the perusal, and in letters of a humourous character, addressed her as its author. She stood firm, however, against all these attempts to draw a confession from her, till it had run through several editions.

From Mrs. H. More to W. Gray, Esq.

Barley Wood, August 14, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,

I cannot easily tell you how sensibly I feel your very kind and flattering attentions to me, as well in your very friendly letter, as its acceptable accompaniments. I have so many separate favours to acknowledge, that I should never have finished were I to enlarge upon each. I must however set them all aside till I have first thanked you and Mrs. Gray for that favour which I do not account the smallest—your very kind, but too short visit. It was one of the few visits of which I can with strict truth regret the shortness, having, since your

sudden and brief apparition been so overdone with a succession of company, that I have sometimes cried out with Cowper,

'O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!'

Yet an inhabitant of a great town like York might fancy our lone cottage sufficiently solitary. I thank you particularly, dear Sir, for the trouble you have taken in procuring for me the interesting circumstances preceding Mr. Burgh's death. They gave me heart-felt satisfaction; more indeed than even stronger evidences from a man of another cast of character would have done. They seem marked by the simplicity and godly sincerity, which will add to the satisfaction I shall feel in placing his portrait, (so kindly presented by you) among my worthies. If I am perfectly enchanted with the exquisite representation of your cathedral, what should I be in seeing the edifice itself? The engraving is really delightful, and I set a high value on it for its intrinsic merit, as well as for all the interesting associations which will naturally present themselves to my mind as often as I look upon it: among these, the recollection of the kind and Christian friends from whose hands I received it, will not be the least gratifying. You will be glad to hear that all came in perfectly good order. As to the little rustic temple, which had the good fortune to please you, I have not the vanity to think it will ever be engraved. Perhaps there would be still greater vanity in sending as a substitute, (whenever it may come out,) an engraving of an insignificant portrait,

the publication of which I have long resisted. I shall not forget, if that should happen, the direction to Mr. Clarke. I hope I did not say anything, in the hurry of the conversation to which you refer, which could be construed into disrespect to Mr. Overton, whose book I considered as possessing very great merit. Where that is the case, I make no drawback of esteem and admiration for a shade or two of difference in opinion. I have such a propensity to admire whatever is really good, (not only in the execution, but in the intention,) that I may sometimes appear a little inconsistent in warmly liking books, the authors of which dislike each other: this I conceive is one of the pleasures one gains by being moderate, which I profess to be, and by holding a middle place between two valuable descriptions of writers of opposite sentiments, each, I doubt not, strenuously seeking to promote the glory of God, and the best interests of mankind, though by means differing according to their different views. While I think a Christian writer should on no account temporize or flatter, or concede the smallest particle of truth, yet meekness and charity, and forbearance, do so much form a part of the *religion*, as they did of the *character* of Christ, that I always lament when I see good men ably defend Christian doctrines with a spirit not altogether Christian. Resentment is often the infirmity of noble natures, who justify their severity by its being exercised, not in their own cause, but in that of their Redeemer; I should however be glad to see this temper monopolized by the intolerant school

of Warburton, for in their hands right too often appears to be wrong, by their supercilious mode of defence, and still more virulent mode of attack. Mr. —— has certainly laid himself open to criticism in many parts, and I think has particularly erred in not drawing a broad line of discrimination between the truly excellent (a large, and, blessed be God! an increasing body) and the superficial, of the evangelical clergy.

I have not seen the ———; indeed I take no delight in controversy. To see others angry has such a tendency to make me angry, that I am afraid of getting my temper soured, and my heart hardened, by dwelling much on what even good people say against each other. It will be the glory of a better world, that the passions and prejudices, and different views, which alienated good men from each other on earth, will all be done away, and perfect love and harmony be the consequence of perfect light and knowledge. Perhaps, my own worthless self having been so frequently the object of attack has been of use to me in my judgment of others. It has certainly been of use to myself, in advancing the tranquillity and acquiescence of my own mind, under almost every species of assault. I have never written, and (by the grace of God) I never *will* write, one line in my own vindication, though Mr. C——— in his last Review talks of my 'suckling babes of grace,' and 'making *hell broth*;' advises the bishop against a book which is intended to overturn the church; that the deepest mischiefs lurk in every page of

'Cœlebs;' and as the book is in many hands, he feels it his duty to say, '*Caveat Emptor.*' My dear Sir, shall I not pity the poor man on the borders of fourscore, who *could* write such a criticism after having written a poem called '*Calvary?*' Alas! for poor human nature, that he has not forgiven, at the end of thirty years, that in my gay and youthful days a tragedy of mine was preferred to one of his which perhaps better deserved success.

With what delight do I turn from these petty grievances, to the information you gave me of the flourishing state of religion, not only in your neighbourhood, but in your *cathedral.* This is indeed a deep cause for thankfulness. For the character of Mr. Richardson I feel the highest reverence. He seems to have been an instrument singularly honoured—the sun of no inconsiderable system.

And now, farewell! Pray for me, my dear Sir, that I may be more detached from the world, more spiritually-minded, less engrossed by the things of time and sense, which my judgment despises, but which absorb too much of those affections which are due to superior and eternal things. What unspeakable consolation it is that I have a better righteousness than my own to trust to! May I trust to it more entirely, for I am sure there is no other trust! Believe me,

With real respect and esteem,
your greatly obliged,
and faithful servant,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir William Pepys.

Barley Wood, Dec. 13, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

I fear you will not do me justice as to the value I set upon your friendship, and especially upon your correspondence, from visible signs and overt acts. And yet your esteem is one of the few things on earth which I am anxious to preserve, and your letters gratify me more than I can say. But besides that I do not think it fair to break in upon you often, I have this year, I really believe, received more than twice the number, both of letters and of guests, than came to me in any former one; and writing is not now performed with the alacrity of former times.

It is so long since I received your last letter, that if I advert to it, you will have forgotten the circumstances that made it interesting. I hope it has pleased God to preserve to you all those domestic comforts and fire-side enjoyments with which your heart seemed so gratefully to overflow. For myself, I was so over-done with company, (almost all of whom I should have liked individually and separately,) that my good physician sent me off to the sea at the end of September, just as *summer* was beginning. I spent five weeks in exploring the beautiful coast of Devonshire. Exercise, quiet, liberty, and the revival of a few old friendships, sent me home much renovated.

I was very angry with you and the rest of the

world, for detecting the author of 'Cœlebs,' through a disguise I thought almost impenetrable. I wrote it to amuse the languor of disease. I thought there were already good books enough in the world for good people; but that there was a large class of readers whose wants had not been atended to;—the subscribers to the circulating library. A little to raise the tone of that mart of mischief, and to counteract its corruptions, I thought was an object worth attempting. Commendation and abuse have, I think, been *pretty liberally* dealt out to me. My early foe ——— has kept alive all that rancour which he exerted against me thirty years ago, because 'Percy,' with perhaps less merit, had more success than the 'Battle of Hastings.' Though I am not blind to the faults of my own book, and have always received just criticism thankfully, and adopted it uniformly, yet when 'Cœlebs' is accused of a design to *overturn the church,* I cannot but smile; and I own I felt the sale of ten large impressions in the first six mouths, (twelve are now gone) as a full consolation for the barbed arrows of Mr. S—— and Mr. C——.

Among our latest visitors, we have had a poet and a prelate; B—— the poet of urns and obelisks, and the excellent Bishop of St. David's, who is, perhaps, doing more for the intellectual and spiritual good of his fellow-creatures, than almost any of his contemporaries. He has undertaken the Herculean labour of raising the tone of morals, learning, and piety, in a large Welsh diocese, to

which he gives all his time and a large proportion of his income. I cannot speak of bishops, without recurring to the very severe loss I have sustained in the death of my zealously-attached friend at Fulham. I had spent the month of May with him for twenty successive years, and only my want of health prevented my being witness to the closing scene. 'No action of his life became him like the leaving it.' His hope was full of immortality.

I have read only four of a thick octavo volume of sermons which I think extremely striking. The author's name is Skelton. There is admirable sense compressed in remarkably few words; sound logic, and solid piety—I mean as far as I have gone: the work has a high character.

What an unaccountable world do we live in! And how providentially are we preserved out of the general wreck! What bright spots have we to illuminate our gloomy prospects, I mean as far as naval and commercial prosperity go! I had a letter last night from the best authority, which declares that our commercial revenue exceeded, during the last nine months, what it was estimated at in the last budget, by full three millions; that our exports exceeded all former example, and our imports are so great, that all the enormous new dock warehouses are overflowing, so that every private warehouse from Blackwall to Scotland Yard is put in requisition by our merchants. But while our ministers atone for the miserable failure of ill-concerted and ill-conducted enterprizes by fighting duels; and while the national frivolity

is so excessive, that stupid *O. P.-ism*, and the election at Oxford, swallow up the very remembrance of the Spanish war, and the miseries of Walcheren, I cannot take much comfort when I look at home or abroad. But if there is little support in looking round, there is always much in looking up. "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and to those who love and serve him, things cannot go finally ill.

Be better to me than I deserve. Write soon—write much—tell me what books you read. How your excellent young people go on—how Lady Pepys's health is, and whether your own maintains its ground;—whether you have read Lord Valentia; and whether you are in an intermediate state between the two reviews which I have been reading (the British and Quarterly); one of which elevates him, I should suspect above his real standard, and the other depresses him below it.

My best respects to your excellent Lady.

Adieu, my dear Sir William,

Believe me,

very faithfully your's,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Barley Wood, 1810.

My dear Friend,

I was absent when your kind letter came, or such was the impression its affecting strain produced on my mind, that I should have answered it immediately.

I am but just returned from a little tour among some good and agreeable friends in that beautiful part of Gloucestershire which is near Bristol. I have been rubbing up some of the friendships of my early youth, and making, I had almost said, *too many* new ones. I have been visiting with a soothing sort of feeling the scenes where we used to *gipsey*, and traced many a spot where I had picked dry sticks to boil the tea-kettle under a shady oak, or broiled a mutton chop on knitting needles. The companions of these harmless rambles are all dead, while our sickly family are all alive! One of my pleasantest visits was to Blaise Castle, where I mused on the spot over which our dear Bishop of London rode on his little horse.

Poor Mr. Windham! In this day of scarcity we could not afford to lose his brilliant talents. I greatly admired them, though I was not always satisfied with the objects to which they were directed. While great men are alive and flourishing, we think of little but the splendour of their abilities; —as soon as they are no more, how does the bright gold become dim, and with how little comparative delight do we reflect on anything connected with their talents, except the application of them! I think much of him, and of his many excellences. I hope he made his peace, through the Prince of Peace, with that Being who had given him so great a responsibility.

Pray, when you see the Bishop of Durham, express my gratitude to him, for his kindness in sending me his very admirable, informing, and con-

vincing pamphlet on the popish business. I learnt some things from it which I did not know before, and was confirmed in some which I did. I thought it would be doing his Lordship a favour *not* to write to thank him. How overwhelmed must *he* be with letters, when such a humble creature as I am sometimes ready to cry at the multitude which I really cannot answer, besides being ruined with postage.

Cadell and Davis have sent me my account. The cost of printing, paper, &c. is exorbitantly increased, and I had near £5000. to pay for expences, besides all the booksellers' profits; partly in consequence of my having given *more for* the money than any book that has lately appeared;—as you know, books do not sell in proportion to their intrinsic value, but to their size. I was vexed to see Miss Smith's fragments, excellent as they are, and Mrs. Montagu's letters, charged two shillings a set more than 'Cœlebs,' though there is not much above half the paper and letter-press. I do comfort myself that I have sold an honest, if not a good book. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, you will be glad to hear that I *cleared within the year* £2000. to be paid by instalments, £500. a quarter. I have had the first quarter. That Walter Scott's two guinea poem should produce £2000, is not strange; but that a trumpery twelve shilling one, so cavilled at and abused, too, should produce the same sum so soon, was what I had no reason to expect. The copyright is still in my hands.

This letter was written so far as soon as I came home. I brought with me a cold and sore throat,

which sent me to my bed, from which I have just risen: and the first thing I do is, to take up my pen to finish this scrawl. I had two more teeth drawn as I passed through Bristol, which make fourteen in little more than a year. Alas!

My bilious complaints have mended with the weather, so there is no talk of Cheltenham. Dr. Lovell wants me to go *somewhere* in the autumn, if only to escape the inroads of company. In such an uncertain world, and in so sickly a family, I cannot plan anything. The north I have never seen—I should like to be the *Lady of the Lake;* but shall hardly get so far. Sir J. and Lady C. Graham, who have been here, press me to go to Netherby, where they tell me my chamber window would open on Gretna Green. But *au jour la journée!* I have endeavoured to make my views short. I wish it were not so difficult to live in near views of the eternal world. In point of *retirement,* I have not gained much by giving up London and Bath. My eyes, I thank God, are better.

The good bishop of St. David's paid us a second visit. He drove over from Bath to breakfast, and as it was Easter-Monday, he desired after breakfast to read the whole church-service to us. It was so primitive, and so like all he does, it pleased me! With guests and work-folks, we mustered a decent congregation.

Do let me hear from you a little oftener.

Adieu, my dear friend,

Believe me, with true affection, sincerely yours,

H. More.

In 1811, she produced a work of two volumes, entitled 'Practical Piety,' which she had begun something more than a year after the appearance of 'Cœlebs.' Having announced it with her own name, the first edition was bespoken while in the press, and it ran on very speedily to a tenth. To be insensible to the testimony to her merit, implied in the success of her efforts, ought not to have been expected even in Hannah More, by those that most admired her; but those who knew her best, were satisfied that the result of her labours most gratifying to her mind, was the demonstration afforded by the great demand for her work, that the prayers with which she had committed it to God, had been answered in the blessing which had made it an instrument of touching and awakening many hearts. Of this she had proof the most convincing, continually coming to her knowledge to the end of her life.

From Lord Teignmouth to Mrs. More.

Portman Square, May 98, 1811.

MY DEAR MADAM,

From various causes, which it is unnecessary to detail, I have only had an opportunity within the last fortnight, to read your late publication with that attention which it merited; and I was unwilling to acknowledge my sense of the obligation conferred on me by your present, until I had in some measure appreciated its value. I can now more truly say, that the perusal of it has afforded

me the highest gratification, and it will be some proof of the sincerity of this declaration, when I assure you, that I mean to read it again and again, not for gratification only, but for improvement. With this disposition I willingly resign the task of criticism to reviewers, remarking only, that I should have been better pleased to have had four volumes of the same quality instead of two. Judging of others by myself, I feel that we all want to be reminded of our duties, and of our failure in the performance of those duties, especially those which we are every hour required to practise; of our neglect in watching our thoughts, emotions and tempers; of the too predominant indulgence of a selfish disposition and habit; of the absolute necessity of a holy life, and the extensive obligations implied in that expression; and, above all, of the great account which we must one day give. The public is therefore obliged to you, and I cannot but sincerely thank you, for a performance which has supplied so much matter for serious reflection, and self-examination; which has made me think and feel; which has instructed and deeply interested me; and from which by God's grace I hope to derive real benefit. Whilst I see with combined feelings of pity and sorrow, the numerous controversies which issue from the press, I have reason at the same time to rejoice, that it is not unproductive of books of 'practical devotion, for the increase of piety and virtue,' and that works of this kind readily obtain a general reception and approbation. You are eminently entitled to applause for your labours in this

line: the sentiments in 'Cœlebs' have made an impression on many minds, to which they would have had no access if they had been introduced under a more formal garb; and 'Practical Piety,' which is calculated to instruct the wisest, will, I doubt not, tend to inform many who are both ignorant, and unsuspicious that they are so.

In expressing my feelings with so little reserve, I am aware that I expose myself to a suspicion of flattering, but why should I on this account be silent? Indeed, my dear Madam, I should be gratified, if any thing I have said should tempt you to future exertions for the good of mankind. It is true that we have many excellent manuals of piety and devotion; but the public taste varies, and those productions only which are adapted to it, will stimulate it. Justin well observes, that 'the understandings of men are as the chords of musical instruments; when a string sounds, the strings which are unisons to it, if within proper distance, will vibrate,' and as you possess the talent of adapting your writings to *all* tastes, with very few exceptions, I trust you will continue to exert it, as long as it shall please God to give you health and strength for the work.

In all these sentiments, Lady Teignmouth most cordially concurs. We have both long been invalids, and for myself I can say, that I owe a very severe indisposition, under which I have suffered ever since the end of January, to application, and which for many weeks precluded the use of my pen, beyond absolute necessity. We have the greater occasion, there-

fore, for a manual of practical piety. A few years at the utmost will determine, whether religion has had 'that influence on our hearts, and on the conduct of our lives,' which it ought to have; and as we advance towards the period of our earthly career, we are more disposed to read those books which renew and fortify our conviction of this truth. Your whole performance, and especially the concluding chapter, is well calculated to produce this effect, and to lead to that heavenly meditation which Baxter describes as with a pen plucked from an angel's wing. If you have not the passage in your memory, you will thank me for transcribing it from mine.

'Other meditations are as numerous as there are lines in the Scripture, creatures in the universe, or particular providences in the government of the world. But this is a walk to Mount Sion: from the kingdoms of this world to the kingdom of saints; from earth to heaven; from time to eternity; it is walking on sun, moon, and stars, in the garden and paradise of God.'

Lady Teignmouth begs her most affectionate remembrance to you, and we unite in kindest remembrance to Miss P. More and your family. I am, my dear Madam,

Your obliged and sincere,

TEIGNMOUTH.

From Sir W. W. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Wimpole Street, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The state of my eyes, which is always rather weak, does not afford me a very near prospect of finishing this letter, which, however, I am resolved to begin, if I can do no more than merely thank you for your very kind remembrance of me, in sending me your last excellent work. I have read it with much delight, and much emotion; perhaps I might add, with much envy, for it places your indefatigable exertions in favour of virtue and religion (notwithstanding your frequent indisposition) in such a point of view, that I can find no other consolation for not attempting to imitate them, but the well-founded consciousness of not being able. To pay you compliments upon the brilliancy of thought and expression which occur in every page—upon the beauty and consistency of the metaphors, which are luxuriant (I had almost said) to redundancy; or even upon the intimate and accurate knowledge which you display of the human heart, would be but poor praise in comparison of what you deserve for your zealous and anxious solicitude for the salvation of souls. Whether it be because the impression is more recent, I cannot say, but it strikes me as being the best of all your performances, and as admirably calculated to terrify the wicked, to rouse the negligent, and to keep the most watchful upon their guard. There is, how-

ever, an impression which I find it makes upon some of the best and most religious characters, which is, that of despair of ever reaching such unattainable perfection; and a thorough disbelief that the generality of their friends and acquaintances, who have been virtuously and religiously educated, and seem to be in the constant habit of "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with their God," can possibly be in such a state of reprobation, as to incur the final displeasure of the Almighty, and be destined to everlasting punishment. These are, perhaps, you will say, self-satisfied Christians, and in greater danger, because their eyes are not open to their own corruptions. It is observed also, that you seem to have forgotten that our Saviour, when he says, that "he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," seems to admit that there were (at least at that time) some righteous; and that when it is said that "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons," it seems to be implied that even a considerable number might so live as to be acceptable to God. Upon the whole, they seem to think you have selected all the texts of an opposite tendency, without attending sufficiently to some of the above description; and that a more gloomy picture of human nature, with reference to a state of future rewards and punishments, is there exhibited, than upon a fair view of life, and all parts of the gospel taken together, should be impressed upon the mind, especially that of young persons who have been religiously educated.

You made me laugh at the consolation, which you say many people receive from the consciousness that they are neither Galatians nor Corinthians; but it was the only part at which I was at all inclined even to smile; for I am sure the tenor of the whole was to make the best of us look grave. May it have its due effect upon all who read it!

Farewell, my dear friend,

I am ever affectionately yours,

W. W. PEPYS.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

May, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Those unhappy wights who do not speedily answer such letters as you write, are, to adopt a vulgar phrase, no one's enemies but their own. Your letters always afford me so much gratification, both for their own value, and from certain associations inseparable from the recollection of pleasure never to be repeated, in society never to be again enjoyed, that I wonder at myself for not sooner entitling myself to hear from you. The truth is, I am condemned to receive, and conscientiously bound to answer, such a multitude of letters neither entertaining nor interesting to me, frequently from strangers, and on matters of business, recommendations, and applications, on which I can do little or nothing; that my attached, and valuable, and pleasant, and instructive friends, are precisely the persons from whose correspondence I am in a good

measure cut off. Having but little intermission from either company or bad health, my time does not turn to much account.

Your approbation of my book is very comforting and encouraging to me. My expectations from it were low. It is nothing to the public, that it was written in constant pain, and it is the worst of all apologies, that it was done in such a hurry, that it was very little longer in writing than in printing. But life is short; mine is particularly uncertain, and I had persuaded myself that it was better to bring it out in a defective state, than not at all. I now see many faults and deficiencies, which I have somewhat laboured to diminish. I thank you for telling me of the objections made to it. Your remarks would lead to a large field of discussion, which I would rather enter upon with you in conversation than in writing; because they would involve replies and rejoinders, which could not conveniently be made.

I am not aware of that excessive strictness, of which your pious friends complain. The gospel is strict: "The cutting off a right hand, and plucking out a right eye," though only used as metaphors and illustrations, is surely more strict than anything I have said. It is true, I invariably maintain the same opinion, that *the standard of religion should always be kept high.* The very best of us are sure to pull it down a good many pegs in our practice; but how much lower is the practice of those who fix a lower standard than the New Testament holds out! Your friends, who you say 'are in

the *constant habit* of doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God,' have indeed reached high attainments. I believe I do wrong to judge of others by myself, for I declare to you I have such a constant sense of imperfection in my best thoughts, words, and actions, that I continually need the refuge of a Saviour, and continually petition for pardon through him, and for the purifying and comforting assistance of his Spirit. I must have expressed myself very ill, if I have said, 'that, at the end of a long life, we are to remember every fault.' I am sure I cannot remember mine at the end of a month, or a week, which was my reason for recommending our spiritual accounts to be kept short. But we can, I think, all remember the particular sins and failings to which we are most addicted; and I meant that we should not content ourselves with *general* confession, except in public worship, but dwell on our personal and individual sins. The individual wrong propensity, besetting sin, and evil temper, is surely known to every serious inquirer into the truth of the gospel, and into the obliquities of his own heart, and this was what I meant by a specific repentance.

In a former very kind and pleasant letter upon Cœlebs, I recollect you wished I had contented myself with treating religion in a more general way, like Addison and Johnson, and had not entered into the peculiar doctrines of Christianity so much; which would have pleased more generally.

This I think was the substance of your remark—I will not stay to look for your words. Now, my

dear friend, I am afraid I am going to shock you, and to lower myself in your esteem. I love and honour those two men in a very high degree, though the term *love* rather belongs to Addison, *honour* to Johnson. Yet I am persuaded their writings would have done far deeper and wider good, had they not generalized their religion so much. The soundness of Johnson's principles is incontestible, but he scarcely ever enters on any evangelical truth. When he tells us himself that he had scarcely ever read the Scriptures through, and when we call to mind, besides, that he had some superstition and weakness mixed with his piety, we see the reason of his reluctance to dwell on these topics. Addison had a very devout spirit. His Saturday papers on the Evidences are admirable. Still he appears not to have entered into those deep views of evangelical truth which abound in Pascal, in Fenelon, in Baxter, Leighton, Bishop Hall, &c. His ideas and feelings of the Deity are sublime and elevating. If it were not the height of impertinence and conceit to refer to oneself, I would desire you to turn to 'The Hints to a Princess,' vol. ii. p. 149, where you will see I have endeavoured to do justice to those two noble authors, though I thought it would be invidious to say what I have here said, of my regret that they did not dwell more on the doctrines of Christianity, and on what distinguishes it from all other religious systems as a scheme of salvation.

I have been reading with pleasure, 'Bennet's Christian Oratory.' It is not a brilliant work, but

full of sound good sense, very spiritual, practical, and serious. I deal little in speculation, and never in controversial works, and like no devotion that is not sober-minded. Some of old Baxter's practical works, I think, you would admire. I have lately read his '*Advice to the Aged*,' his '*Dying Thoughts*,' and his '*Saints' Rest*.' One must allow for the style and diffuse manner of these voluminous old writers. They are, however, full of matter. I like them far better than our wordy moderns. I except Bishop Horsley and some few others.

A propos of moderns,—one of the most valuable has, with his amiable family, been passing some days with us—I mean Mr. Gisborne, with whose *Sermons*, *Duties of Men*, *Duties of Women*, and *Survey of Scripture*, I doubt not your family are well acquainted. It is hard to say whether he be a more sound divine or amiable man. His sermons are truly scriptural, without the least tincture of bad taste or enthusiasm. He lives like a patriarch, at the head of his nine children, with his estimable and amiable lady. I have thoughts of visiting him in his forest of Needwood, of which, as he draws finely, he has taken the scenery, before it was, alas, nearly disafforested. We had other authors, too, among our last week's visitors.

To-morrow I am expecting to see a grand-daughter of your old revered friend, Lord Lyttleton; I mean Lady Lucy Barry;[1] she is lovely in mind and

[1] Afterwards Lady Farnham.

person, and from being a little gay, is become very serious. She gives a pleasing account of the piety of the Dowager Lady Lyttleton, whom I used to meet at your house, and of whom I had lost sight.

I was equally grieved and surprised to hear of the loss Sir Lucas had sustained. I truly sympathise with him and you. Your Croydon epitaph is admirable and appropriate. It is in the manner of Crashaw or Fletcher, or some of our other old poets. I hope you have shown it to your afflicted brother. I do pity him from my heart.

As I have laid myself under no vow not to write oftener, I hope you will not punish me for my silence, by going out your full time. I have most self-denyingly exceeded mine.

Adieu! my dear friend. Think of me as one who is become neither a bigot nor a misanthrope. My spirits are good and even gay.

Your's truly,

H. MORE.

I believe *we* are the only existing correspondents who write letters of nine pages without once adverting to politics; without using the word bullion, Portugal, Wellington. I was a mad enthusiast for Spain at the beginning of things. I am afraid my enthusiasm for the country arose from my fondness for Don Quixote;—but *their* coolness has cooled *me*. I begin to fear that in the order of providence, such a religion and such a government *must* be overturned.

From the Rev. Dr. Magee to Mrs. H. More.

Trinity College, Dublin, Sept. 7, 1811.

DEAR MADAM,

The copy of your last excellent work, in consequence of some mismanagement in the transmission by the bookseller, reached me late: and, partly from my own illness, partly from the succeeding illness of other members of my family, I have been still later in offering my acknowledgments for so gratifying a mark of your remembrance and attention.

On the powers of thought and felicities of language, which characterize this as they do every other production of the author's pen, I shall make no observation. A tale so often told is too trite for repetition. And, although in one view the same might perhaps be said of the spirit of Christian piety and the zeal of Christian benevolence which animate the work, yet in another it will not apply. The commendation bestowed on the doing good is often the proof that good is done; and to the mind which, like superior natures, derives its happiness from contributing to the happiness of others, it is a tribute due in point of justice, no less than a testimony demanded in point of truth, to confess the admiration and the sympathy excited by the beauty of those virtuous and religious sentiments which it displays and recommends. In such cases praise is in some degree participation; and whilst it certifies the benefit, cannot be unpleasing

to the benefactor. Praise of this nature neither can I be ashamed to give, nor you to receive.

I have read your work on 'Practical Piety,' with real edification. My taste, my heart, and my understanding have all received their several shares of improvement; and I have risen from its study with a strengthened impression of what I have already felt on the perusal of your writings; that the life of the author has been a public benefit and a public blessing. For its continuance, and for its continuance with the enjoyment of health both bodily and mental, you have my most sincere wishes, as you must have those of all who wish well to the best interests of human mind.

This country seldom supplies much of literary intelligence. Dr. Hales is prosecuting his great work on Chronology, with his usual industry. He is on the point of bringing out his second volume, which, in the process of arranging, in their due places, the events of scripture history, will be occupied as much with sacred criticism as chronology. As to myself, with every disposition to labour in the vineyard of sacred literature, I find that I am altogether an unprofitable workman. The drudgery of the perpetual circle of academic employment which belongs to my peculiar situation, joined to a frequent recurrence of ill-health for some years, has essentially interfered with my meditated exertions in the way of publication. In the course of the winter, however, I hope, by God's assisttance, to bring to light a volume, which has now for nine years (a length of time demanded by the

poet for the poem) lain by me in a state nearly ready for the press. This volume I design as the forerunner of an extended work on the prophecies relating to the Messiah.

I am, dear Madam, with the most perfect respect and esteem,

Your much obliged
and very faithful servant,
W. MAGEE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. King.

Barley Wood, Nov. 6, 1811.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Your interesting letter written in August deserved earlier notice. I must defer to account for my silence, till I have requested you to stop your kind benefaction to Shipham Club, you being the only member that has not discontinued it, since sickness and infirmity have compelled us to give up the public meeting. Our friends regret losing their annual pleasant day, but we are no longer equal to the fatigue.

You will be surprised to hear what a rambler I have been. I, who never reckoned on going again out of my own little circle, took courage the beginning of August, to set out with Patty on a long promised visit to our excellent friend Mr. Gisborne at his forest in Staffordshire. The forest indeed is destroyed, at which I was disposed to be dissatisfied. But when I saw near ten thousand acres of yellow harvest, when I saw a beautiful new

church erected, and a handsome parsonage built and endowed, and my admirable friend preaching to a good congregation, in a place so lately the shelter of thieves, and poachers, and vagabonds, I gave up my romance, in favour of such solid improvements. Mr. Gisborne and some other gentlemen still possess a beautiful piece of forest about their respective habitations. Mr. G. spends his large fortune in a most liberal manner. His establishment is large, and his manner of living elegantly hospitable. We had an excellent society in the house, which is the abode of talents, piety, and benevolence.

We stayed a month with our friends at Yoxall, and then crossed the country to visit some old acquaintances at Shrewsbury, whence we took a peep into North Wales, and visited the celebrated ladies of Llangollen Vale. With the vale and the ladies we were much delighted. We paid a visit in our way home, to your valuable friend the Bishop of Gloucester, who received us most kindly. He spoke with affectionate concern of the domestic loss you have had the misfortune to sustain,

My journey was of service to me on the whole. The chief benefit I reaped from it, was that it improved my sleep, which I had never recovered since my great illness. Patty's complaint in her head continues. It has extremely affected her hearing, and her eyes are so weak and inflamed, that she can scarcely read or write: this is a great trial to her; and my two elder sisters are very infirm.

I am very sorry not to have had the pleasure of

seeing Mr. Collinson, but he was so circumstanced, that I could not reasonably expect it. I hope he received a copy of 'Practical Piety,' which I directed Cadell to send him. I should have ordered one for you, but I did not know where to find you.

Your future plan of life, my dear Madam, will, I trust, prove as comfortable as it is rational. I hope it will please God to sanctify to you every trial, and to make your remaining days, days of peace. Should you ever visit this part of the world, I hope you will not forget your friends at Barley Wood.

I must venture to direct at random. If you are at Gateshead, pray remember me kindly.

Your's, my dear Madam,

Very faithfully,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady O. Sparrow.

Barley Wood, Saturday, Feb. 1812.

My dear Lady Olivia,

I appear to you in a new character, that of a prompt and forward correspondent. Were you to give this representation of me to my friends, they would never suspect the portrait to be mine. But having occasion to send a request to Mr. Addington, though I wrote to you only two days ago by Lord Gambier, I could not resist the temptation of thanking you for your kind little volunteer letter, received last night. One gift is worth two payments,

to the latter justice obliges us, the former is more acceptable, as being the fruit of affection.

You are to understand that I have a particular notion about correspondence. I would not give much for what is called a *fine letter*, even from those who are most gifted in writing; if I want sentiment, or fine things, I can get them in books. What I want in a letter, is to know what my friend is doing, or thinking, or saying. Now this I cannot find in a book; nor can I by this mode get at the heart and mind of the writer, as I can by little unpremeditated details. This is one of my objections in general to the publication of letters;—if they are honest, and open, and faithful, the peculiar interest they excite is in the mind of the person to whom they are written; hints and details are nothing to the world, which is only looking for fine sentences and polished periods. Cowper's letters are all ease and kindness, and feeling and affection—they were written for his correspondents. What Miss Seward's are I need not say, except that good taste revolts at them; they were written for the public. But I did not intend to say a word of all this when I begun. I only meant to say how delighted I was with your dinner, and with your kindness in being impatient to make me in some measure a sharer in a society of which I should have been so happy to partake.

If you see Mr. Way again, have the goodness to ask him if he has received a letter from me. Not knowing his address in town, I inclosed it to the Bishop of St. David's, who had perhaps left Lon-

don; if so, it will follow him to Durham, and he will probably forward it to Mr. W. at Stanstead Park. He is a pretty sort of geographer to think that place compatible with Brampton!

I am once more going through my darling Archbishop Leighton's Commentary on St. Peter. It is a mine of intellectual and spiritual wealth. Each chapter would make a volume of modern theology. Nothing is superficially described. He always goes to the bottom, and without wearying the reader, hardly leaves any thing unsaid. He always catches hold on the heart.

Are you acquainted with Lady B——? I have not seen her since her marriage, but she promised to be a most interesting character. I saw some letters from her on her change of situation, full of such right views and Christian plans and resolutions, as tended to confirm my opinion that she would prove worthy of her father. He is now most conscientiously bestowing his patronage on none but exemplary characters, and is indeed a prelate worthy of the *olden time*. Adieu, my dearest Lady Olivia, I commend you and yours to your God and their God.

Your's most faithfully,

H. More.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER the lapse of another year, Mrs. More began to feel that she had not, in the two volumes of 'Practical Piety,' fully discharged her mind upon this copious and momentous subject; and when the usual interval she took for pausing between the publication of one work and the commencement of another had elapsed, she began a sort of sequel to it, which she entitled, 'Christian Morals,' and which the abundance and variety of ideas that flowed in upon her as she proceeded, induced her to extend likewise to two volumes. No sooner was it announced to the public, than the whole first edition, as in the former instance, was bespoken. We have said that her feelings were very frequently gratified by communications describing the benefit of which her labours had been productive to the souls of her fellow-creatures, which she truly considered as her brightest reward; and with respect to this latter work, as well as those which preceded and followed it, we might appeal to the knowledge of various

persons now living, for similar testimonies, which never happened to reach her ears.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Barley Wood, 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

If I live much longer, I believe I shall in time out-do you in the dilatoriness of my correspondence, and that is saying a great deal. Great languor of frame, (having been confined the last five weeks with a severe cough,) in addition to tormenting bile, and more tormenting company, make part of my apology. I should not, however, think it was treating you like the friend of my heart, if I did not name a still more efficient interruption to writing so many letters as I ought. Having been confined six months out of eight since Christmas, and foreseeing, or rather knowing, that I have not many Christmases to look forward to, I am willing to turn my imprisonment to some little account, and have been writing some more *last words*. You remember how frequently in the last century, fresh books came out under the title of 'More Last Words of Old Mr. Dodd.' This has been, I think, pretty much my case, but though I do not know that my writings do any good, yet I am led to say with Cato,

'While yet I live, let me not live in vain.'

The book is to be called 'Christian Morals.' I do not talk of it, except to one or two particular friends, because I do not like to have it discussed and to be questioned beforehand. I have not finished it.

Whether it is worth finishing I hardly know, but Providence sometimes works by poor weak instruments. If I had expected to be so overwhelmed by company, I believe I should have gone from home to write more at leisure; but it is now too late in the season. We had nineteen persons here yesterday, of whom I did not know six. I have, however, had much pleasure in seeing some old friends. H. Bowdler last week; and another day Mrs. Barbauld, an acquaintance of forty years. I greatly admire her talents and taste; but our views, both religious and political, run so very wide of each other, that I lose the great pleasure that might otherwise be found in her society, which is very intellectual.

You give me a reviving hope of seeing you here next year. A hope which I will not suffer the thoughts of an intervening winter to damp.

I long to know whether you have been able to establish your Bible Society in the teeth of so much opposition. I am vexed you are likely to lose those valuable persons you allude to. I was surprised to receive last week from the Bishop of Lincoln, his late charge to his clergy, entirely *against* the Catholic question, after having voted for Lord Grenville's motion.

I have so many things that I wish to say, that not knowing to which to give the precedence, I am obliged to forego them all. Two most amiable and interesting friends, the Rev. C—— H—— and his wife, are now staying with us. If all society was like theirs, I should be the last to complain of too much company.

When you write, do not forget to mention your own health particularly.

Do you get good accounts of the Bishop of Durham? How are Mrs. Porteus, Lady Cremorne, &c.? Tell me everything, and believe me,

Very faithfully and affectionately your's,

H. More.

From Mr. Stephen to Mrs. H. More.

Great Ormond Street, 1813.

My dear Madam,

Your 'Christian Morals' have produced one effect opposite to your general purpose; for your obliging attention to me in sending them, has, like former favours of the same kind, excited in me some vain emotions which I am too prone to indulge. But if vanity is a bad feeling, gratitude is a good one; and while you have made one person vain, you have made two grateful; for Mrs. S. feels not less sensibly than myself our joint obligations for your kind and valuable present. But here again you have occasioned some *wrongness*, as she calls it, for your books arriving when I was going out to dinner on Saturday, it was in vain that I asked her to practise a little self-denial, and not to open them till my return, that we might start fair together. She took advantage of my absence most contumaciously; and what is worse, it was hard to get a glance at the first volume yesterday, without looking over her shoulder. I hope, however, that before she gets to the end of the second, she will find some hints

about temperance in our favourite gratifications, and even a word or two about conjugal duty.

I was a little alarmed at what you say in your preface, of 'the art to stop,' till I found it did not end in the denunciation of which it seemed to be the prelude. You have not yet taken express leave of the public, and therefore are bound in decorum to appear again.

I admit that that same art to stop is a very important one; and well would it be for some of us parliamentary speakers, if we could attain it. But it is an art which every author and authoress in the present times may acquire in the easiest way imaginable. It is only to look at the balance of your bookseller's account. Johnson truly says, a bookseller is the author's best patron. I maintain that he is also in this case his best monitor; and had Horace dealt with Cadell, he would have had no need of that invisible friend who sounded in his ears *solve senescentem*, &c. if it had really been time for him to sing no more. I do not desire you to apply this commercial test on a commercial principle; but humbly submit that if it were irrational in your friend the Welsh clergyman to think he was mending the world by a sermon of which half a dozen copies only were sold, it would not be less so to suppose the public neither mended nor pleased by a work which it is buying by thousands. If you can make us better, your pen will be well employed, whether you please us or not. On the other hand, if you please us by a work like this, it will certainly be to our profit. I feel angry with those who

dissuaded you from bribing us with another novel. But some good comes out of that evil. They have made the criterion on which I still dare to rely, unequivocally sound.

For my own part I could almost venture to advise you, (were it not presumption in me to advise at all in such a case,) to continue to write, as long as you find the pleasure in doing so superior to the pain of the effort. I doubt much whether in works of that class to which your pen is now dedicated, age takes away from the qualifications of the author so much as it adds, until the decay of our intellectual powers is so sensibly felt by ourselves as to make the labour of composition overpower the wish to propagate our opinions. I regard that wish as instinctive; as a propensity implanted in us by the same benignant Providence which has given to the capsules of certain plants an explosive force at their maturity, to scatter their seeds extensively around them. It is felt the more strongly late in the autumn of life, before our vivid hue of intellect has faded, before the progressive accumulation of our thoughts, the foliage of the mind, has fallen; and it continues while we have still any useful lessons of experience and reflection to impart; nor wholly ceases until memory and our powers of communication are in a great degree impaired. Hence the characteristic of *narrative* old age. In minds that never were strong it becomes a foible. Yet even with them it is often a source of traditionary knowledge; which in the ruder stages of society, and in the humbler walks of life, is not unproductive of useful effects.

In minds of a superior order, framed for contemplation and discovery, and endowed with persuasive, or strong communicative powers, this propensity is, I believe, stronger in degree, and more durable in its influence, as well as more beneficial in its effects. I mean, of course, when religious or moral principle has given to it a right direction. And after all, how far does experience bear out that apprehension which you seem to have imbibed! I can remember several writers who have been discredited by beginning too early, but not, at this moment, any who have been so by stopping too late.

But I am trying your patience too severely, and shewing you that I hold cheap the art to stop, for a very common reason perhaps, because it is an art of which I am ignorant.

Mrs. S. desires me to send her grateful and affectionate remembrances to you and your sisters. Pray also give my kind respects to them, and believe me, with great respect,

My dear Madam,

very sincerely your's,

JAMES STEPHEN.

Soon after the publication of 'Christian Morals,' the family circle was for the first time broken, after the sisters had lived together fifty years, by the death of Mrs. Mary More, the eldest, who had been some time in a declining state, and who crowned a life of uncommon usefulness, integrity, and benevolence, by an old age of placid and dignified serenity, and a death full of hope and resignation.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. H. More to Lady O. B. Sparrow.

Barley Wood, April 22, 1813.

The solemn scene is closed. My dear eldest sister has passed from this world of sorrow, and is, I humbly trust, through the mercies of her God, and the merits of her Savionr, translated to a world of peace, where there will be neither sin, sorrow, nor separation. Her desire to be gone, (when she had the use of her reason,) was great. We had all of us the melancholy satisfaction to see her breathe her last. I thought it something blessed to die on Easter Sunday—to descend to the grave on the day when Jesus triumphed over it.

It is pleasant to see death without its terrors. We visit the cold remains twenty times a day, and I am dividing my morning between the contemplation of her serene countenance, and reading my favourite Baxter's Saints' Rest.

Your ever faithful and affectionate,

H. More.

In the summer of this year (1813) Mrs. More visited her friend, Lady Olivia Sparrow, at her seat in Huntingdonshire. It was now becoming an effort to her to make long journies, and her determination had been formed to desist from such undertakings. Repeated attacks of severe indisposition, although her mind resisted their effects, and seemed to come out from them a gainer in

strength, and more advanced in the Christian walk and character, had made serious impressions on her constitution, originally slight, and easily disordered. The attractions of this invitation induced her to venture from her home, with a frame for which home was the proper asylum. She reached her friend's house, but it was only to keep her apartment under a fresh seizure, which unfitted her for society during the greater part of the month she remained there. From this illness, however, she so far recovered as to proceed on a journey into Kent, to visit Lord Barham, an old and much-valued friend. In her way thither, she stopped a few days with Mr. Henry Hoare, at Mitcham, whose name none can hear who knew his qualities, without that tribute of feeling which is due to the Christian example he bequeathed. He was "a rich man furnished with ability, living peaceably in his habitation." He was a rich man, a negociator in riches, but had his treasure in heaven, and his heart where his treasure was. It was at his house that Mrs. More heard of the death of Lord Barham—a Christian nobleman, and one of those of whose character she carried with her an affectionate remembrance to the last hour in which her recollection remained to her. He had visited Mrs. More in the summer of 1812; and although then beyond his eightieth year, had gone with her the round of her schools, and her other beneficent institutions, with a briskness in the cause of humanity which had in it the promise of years and active continuance. But this year, like every other in the remaining life

of Hannah More, lengthened the long list of her bereavements; now a sister, now a friend, now a pleasant correspondent; till the whole of one age disappeared from before her, and the vacancies of her early associates were filled by a new generation, whose infancy had felt, and whose maturity confessed the benefits of her lessons and her example.

These incidents and particulars may be to some superfluous and insipid; but those who delight in the vicinity of virtue, will love to tread as much as may be in the track and footsteps of this great and godly woman; to wait upon her goings out and her comings in, upon her couch of sickness, upon her walks of charity, upon her visits of kindness, and to move along the circuit of that Christian society of which Hannah More was the nucleus and the centre.

Before she left the neighbourhood of London she passed a few days at the houses of Mr. Henry Thornton and Mr. Wilberforce; in what manner, and with what pleasure and profit may be easily conceived. In her fragile state, every distant visit seemed so like the last, that a deeper interest on that account was probably attached to it, and gave it a mellower and softer impression.

On her progress homeward she paid to Strawberry Hill, then the residence of Lady Waldegrave, (to whom, as well as to Mrs. More, it would be injustice not to mention their mutual affection,) and to the gardens of Hampton, once so dear to her—a farewell visit. It was a journey that served the cause that was so near her heart, by exhibiting to those who

shared her society in the course of her progress, a specimen of the calm wisdom which religion produces, of the grace which it communicates, and of the harmony and order which it spreads over the whole character.

From Miss H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

July, 1813.

If I have not written to you, my dearest Lady Olivia, since the day we reached Mitcham Grove, it has not been through want either of affection or gratitude, but because I literally have not had one quarter of an hour unoccupied by sickness, or travelling, or company. While I was last writing to you, I felt myself extremely unwell, but did not expect that in the week I staid at Mr. Hoare's I should only take one meal with the family. So it pleased God: it pleased him also to raise me up again; and as soon as I was able, we removed for two days only to Battersea Rise. There I saw some interesting persons and valued friends; but the visit was too transient to allow as much intercourse as we wished. I did not dare prosecute our intended journey into Kent, and I hope Mrs. Porteus was tolerably satisfied with my reasons for declining a visit which I feared might have again made me a burden when I wished to afford pleasure. We went to Kensington Gore, and Mr. Wilberforce returned from the funeral of my revered old friend at Barham Court just in time to receive us. We would not be prevailed on to stay more than two

days; but in that short space their kindness enabled us to see an almost incredible number of friends, the greater part of whom I had never expected to see again till we should meet in a better world.

Though we were obliged to drive through Hyde Park, I kept my resolution of not entering London. As I called on no one there, no one could say they were specially neglected.

We took Strawberry Hill in our way, and spent one night with Lady Waldegrave, who was as thankful for our short visit as if we had conferred on her some mighty obligation. She was more cheerful than usual. That well-known spot recalled to my mind a thousand recollections, partly pleasing, but more painful. The same feelings were excited in us as we called afterwards at Mrs. Garrick's (we did not find her). The library, the lawn, the temple of Shakspeare, all of which I *would* see for the last time! What wit, what talents, what vivacity, what friendship, had I enjoyed in both these places! Where are they now? I have been mercifully spared to see the vanity and emptiness of every thing that is not connected with eternity, and seeing this, how heavy will my condemnation be, if I do not lay it to heart!

We had a good journey home, and the comfort of finding all pretty well, and our little spot blooming as Eden. We have been at home only a few hours, but my heart yearned to thank you for all your kindness. Your letter followed me hither. I pray God to bless you and yours.

Ever most affectionately,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. King.

September 10, 1813.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I fear I must have suffered the imputation of incivility and ingratitude in not having sooner thanked you for your very kind remembrance of me, in sending me your new work, which, by some blunder of the bookseller, I have but very lately received. Though I have not yet had time to peruse one half of it, I have read enough to be very much pleased with it. The thought was a happy one, and now you have worked it out, it strikes me with wonder that it was never adopted before. The pleasing manner in which you have treated the subject, and the familiar illustrations you have made use of, will, I trust, render it both interesting aad useful to the general reader, and especially to that class of readers for which you particularly designed it.

You have doubtless heard of the breach which death has made in our family. My poor sister suffered much from long weakness, but her end was calm and resigned, and I trust her exchange a happy one. She was not only willing but at last desirous to depart, so that our sorrow was mingled with much consolation. My own health and that of my sister Patty is broken and infirm, yet we are still, except in severe weather, able to attend our schools: we keep up about seven hundred children, besides receiving the parents who attend in the evening. Our teachers were mostly bred up by

ourselves, so that our plans are pretty well maintained.

After having spent thirty-five winters in London, I have never ventured thither since my last great illness; and indeed I had entirely renounced all idea of another long journey. I was, however, seduced by my delightful friend Lady Olivia Sparrow, in the spring, to make her a visit at her seat in Huntingdonshire. Our enjoyment was a good deal impaired by my being severely ill for a fortnight. When I grew better I yielded to the entreaties of my dear old friend Lord Barham, to extend my journey into Kent, to pay him a last visit. Patty and I set out, and were within twenty miles of Barham Court, when the news of his unexpected death stopped us short. It was an awful and instructive lesson! We spent a few days with Mr. Wilberforce, &c. but I did not venture to enter London. I had too many friends there, and was afraid of the bustle, late hours, &c.

We have been a little overdone with company this summer. The more I endeavour to retire from the world, the more new acquaintance and additional visitors seem to introduce themselves at Barley Wood. I have, however, the satisfaction of finding a great increase of piety, especially in the higher classes; let us pray that this may be daily multiplied. We are led to expect a new work from the pen of Mr. Collinson.

Your's most faithfully,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More, to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

June, 1814.

MY DEAREST LADY OLIVIA,

Whether you are yet arrived at Malvern, or whether the adventurous Millicent is dragging you over the craggy rocks and mountain heights of Wales, I know not; but I will suppose you are come, and are pouring out successful libations to the nymph of the Malvern mountain; or to speak more like a Christian, I trust God has prospered your journey, and that you are getting a recruit of strength from the two elements which render your place of residence so famous.

We are living more quietly than usual, most of our friends from all quarters being met in one common centre—*Emperor-hunting*. London, I hear, is quite in a state of derangement. The very reading of the accounts makes my head share in the vertigo. I am thankful to be out of reach of it. Nothing under the sun can now repay me for the terror and agitation of a crowd. This is not merely the effect of age, but a constitutional dread of bustle.

I must, however, prepare for a tiny squeeze at our little annual Wrington Bible-meeting next Tuesday. We shall, I fear, make but a poor figure;—our orators have caught the royal mania, and are all flown to London.

I must treat Millicent with an anecdote received by this post from a person in Paris who saw it.—'During the Bataille de Paris, when the allies

were battering the town from the hills of Montmartre, which are close to Paris, a tavern-keeper who has a house on the other side very near, but which he first ascertained was not within reach of cannon shot, wishing to turn a penny, put up a board before his house, on which he wrote in large letters—'*Ici on loue des places pour voir la Bataille.*' If this is not truly French I know not what is. My friend goes on—'Madame de Sevigné would have said—'*Ma fille, si vous ne trouvez pas cela joli, dites mieux.*'

May God bless and restore you, my dearest Lady Olivia. With kind love to Miss Sparrow,

I am yours faithfully and truly,

H. More.

It must not be supposed however, though we have not lately adverted to the subject, that the schools and clubs instituted by Mrs. H. More and her sisters, were suffered to languish, even during the greatest pressure of her literary employments. They continued, indeed, to be blessed with increasing success. The masters and mistresses had been formed in the schools, and thus instruction was made to provide for its own succession and continuance. The acquirements of these teachers were always solid and useful; and some of them, by their enlightened piety, spread the benefit of their example beyond their schools, and edified a neighbourhood in which little was known of Christianity but the name and the profession. The patronesses were much encouraged

in their work, by witnessing these effects of their labours. Prejudices were giving way to practical demonstration; the schools were always full, and the most inclement weather seldom deterred even those who lived at a very considerable distance, from attending. The evening readings were likewise much resorted to, the books as usual being selected and supplied by Mrs. H. More and her sister; and admission to the benefit clubs, the funds of which were by careful attention and prudent management growing into a considerable sum, had become an object of universal and eager desire. Nor did these and similar occupations so engross Mrs. H. More's time and thoughts but that a large portion of both was employed in administering consolation to friends in difficult or afflicting circumstances, and in counselling those who resorted to her for advice; in which number were included many young clergymen, desirous of faithfully discharging the duties of their awful office. To persons in this latter predicament, her house was always open, and her advice frankly and freely afforded. To many young curates, whose finances did not enable them to purchase books of divinity, she presented them with a munificent hand; and supplied such persons in several instances with religious publications during a series of years. She likewise laid it down as a principle never to refuse or delay answering any application for epistolary advice; enduring the incessant interruptions arising out of this intercourse, with indefatigable kindness; frequently saying that these continual crossings and traversings

were so many lessons to teach her to conform herself more to the life of Him "who pleased not himself."

Those who have lived much with Mrs. H. More, will recollect how peculiarly her mind was impressed with the excellences of St. Paul's character, and with what discrimination she was accustomed to descant upon his actions and writings. Her thoughts had been gradually teeming upon this subject, till at length her full mind sought the relief which intellectual abundance finds in the freedom of communication. She composed an 'Essay on the character and writings of St. Paul,' in two volumes, and gave it to the public at the end of two years after the publication of her preceding work.

A dreadful termination was nearly put to her labours and her life in the very moment of her completion of this excellent performance. She had retired to her apartment, of which she had locked the door (a thing unusual with her), to exclude interruption, when in reaching across the fire-place to a book-shelf, the end of her shawl caught fire behind, and before she was conscious of the accident, had communicated it to some of her other clothes, so that when her cries had alarmed the family, they beheld her at the head of the stairs, almost enveloped in flames. The instant, however, that she perceived aid approaching, she gently retreated with admirable presence of mind out of the current of air into her chamber, and had the calmness and recollection to abstain from any quick motion; to which composure and self-possession it was chiefly owing that the prompt assistance of one of

her friends was successful in extinguishing the flames, before her person had received any material injury.

The general anxiety excited by the imperfect account of this accident in the public papers brought every day an overflowing tide of visits and letters, which could not but be pleasing to one, who with a natural sensibility to kindness, thought it no reproach to enjoy a popularity purchased by efforts to mend the hearts, and correct the conduct of her fellow-creatures. But those who lived in intimacy with her, witnessed the true effects of this incident on her mind, in sanctifying her thoughts, and quickening within her the work of grace. It suggested to her the words of the prophet, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

The delay occasioned by this accident, to the publication of her Essay on St. Paul, was very trifling; the work was shortly afterwards produced, and was received with the same avidity which had welcomed all her later performances. No sooner was its coming forth announced, than the whole first edition was bespoken, and although the extraordinary events which immediately succeeded, and engrossed the public mind, were unfavourable to the circulation of any work not connected with politics, it reached a fourth edition within two years after its first appearance. A part of the correspondence which had relation to these two events, thus coupled by their coincidence, however different in kind, shall be here laid before the reader.

Extract from a letter to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

You inquire after St. Paul. He is in progress; but his course is much interrupted by the multitude of letters I receive daily; not from *friends*,—*those* are a refreshment,—but from strangers, many of them impertinent applications, but many which duty and conscience oblige me to answer, though I am a poor casuist, and they might get far better counsel elsewhere. Last week, when the apostle was in his full career, I got a letter from my bookseller, complaining that the legal time for retaining any literary work in the hands of the author, or the bookseller to whom it had been sold, having expired, several booksellers were taking undue advantage of this, and were publishing editions of *The Sacred Dramas*, to *his* no little injury, (for I had sold him the copyright). Cadell therefore requested me to help him out of this difficulty, by making some additions to the book; so I threw away my own work, and sat down and wrote him an additional scene to the drama of Moses, in which I make Miriam prophesy the deliverance of Israel out of Egypt: it is a hasty thing. But as this little work is now in the eighteenth edition, it is hard that the purchaser should lose the profit.

P. and I spent a few days at Wells with the Dean. We also visited the Bishop. The former has made a considerable impression on that 'barren and dry land,' and has instituted lectures in distant parishes, in which he himself preaches.

But alas! he is now returned to his own Lutterworth. Patty desires me to say every thing for her that unites respect and affection, in which all join. Remember me to your dear young companions, who, I trust, grow in grace, as well as in all mental improvement. Your's ever truly, dearest lady,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Barley Wood, Dec. 16, 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I should have thanked you before for your kind letter to Miss Roberts, but as through the great and undeserved kindness of my friends, I received above a hundred letters of inquiry, which I felt utterly unable to answer, I wrote to *none* for a time, that I might say with truth, that I had not written.

I consider myself a monument of God's mercy. As I was one sheet of flame before any help arrived, it is supposed that another minute would have rendered it unextinguishable. Many trifling circumstances which appeared to be providentially directed, contributed to my preservation. Being confined with a bad cold, I had, that day only, put on a thick stuff gown, which however, was burnt through the back and sleeves; the day before I wore a muslin gown. I had also on three shawls. The one next me was reduced almost to tinder before it could be got off; of the others little is left. It was in so heroically tearing off these, and taking me, flaming as I was, as if I had been an infant, and

laying me on the carpet, that Miss Roberts burnt her hands so terribly. They were healed, however, sooner than my slighter wounds, which are now healed also, and I am able to put on a gown. I am confined with another severe cough, which I ascribe to the damps. What a warning was my late visitation, to keep prepared for a sudden call! Yet I fear that, as usual, I do not turn it to its proper account.

My book will be called, and justly, a presumptuous undertaking. It is *an Essay on the Character and Practical Writings of Saint Paul.* I am sure beforehand of two classes of enemies, the very high Calvinists, and what is called the very high Church party, two formidable bodies; but as I have written, I trust, from my conscience, I shall patiently submit to their different awards. I own the subject is above my strength at best, and now that little strength is of course less. It will be my last attempt. Perhaps you will say a few of its predecessors might have been spared.

I have a very lively letter from dear Mrs. Garrick, telling me that she is very near ninety-one. I enclose a copy of it for you.

It is a very considerable time since I have written so long a letter. You do not quite deserve it, but as Hamlet says, 'Give every man his due, and who shall 'scape whipping?' Patty's health is still indifferent, she sends her love to all.

Your's affectionately,

H. More.

The Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul made its appearance at a time when the spirits and feelings of Mrs. Hannah More were under much agitation. The peril to which her own life and that of Miss Roberts, (who had narrowly escaped the destruction from which she had rescued her friend,) had been exposed, though it had ended in increasing her piety by supplying it with fresh motives and incitements, had produced its natural consequences upon a frame suffering under much debility and nervous distemperature. But these recollections and impressions were succeeded by events of a more painful interest. Two of those friends in whose society and friendship she had placed much of her happiness at a time when communication with sympathetic and virtuous minds, next to her confidence in the divine help, formed her most availing support, had been taken from her and their earthly connexions, to the place of the just made perfect. Mr. Henry Thornton first, and shortly afterwards, Mr. John Bowdler, whose characters and mutual affection are sufficiently upon record, —passed to their proper home in the beginning of the year 1815.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

1510.

MY DEAREST LADY OLIVIA,

How, alas! shall I touch on the successive grievous strokes with which we have been smitten in three short weeks? They seem to have come rap-

idly upon us, like the messengers of sad tidings to Job. Our eyes were not dried after the irreparable loss of Mr. H. Thornton before we received a deep and fresh blow in that of Mr. J. Bowdler; and as it is supposed that Bowdler's kind attendance on his dying friend was the immediate cause of his own death, so the attendance of Dr. Buchanan at the funeral of his generous patron is said to have given him the illness which sent him to the grave. We may say with good old Jacob, "All these things are against us." But God's ways are not as our ways; he saw that our lamented friends were matured for heaven beyond the usual ripeness even of distinguished Christians; and consummated their bliss, when we would gladly have detained them in a world of sin and trial. They have left us examples both how to live and how to die: their lives were patterns, may their deaths be both a weaning and a warning to us, and forward us in our pilgrimage through this vale of tears.

I have a very pious letter from Harriet Bowdler: she is very anxious to see me; but my state of health is very bad, or I should think it a duty to go to her. I trust this event will be greatly sanctified to her. In Mr. Thornton I have lost not only the most wise and consistently virtuous and pious, but the most attached, faithful, and confidential friend. My schools, too, have lost him who was their principal support for twenty-five years; but my own life is likely to be so short, that I trust the goodness of Providence will enable me to carry them on to the end.

Dr. Buchanan is an irreparable loss to the oriental scripture translations. You will be pleased with a conversation he had with a friend a short time before his death. He was describing the minute pains he had been taking with the proofs and revisions of the Syriac Testament, every page of which passed under his eye *five* times before it was finally sent to press. He said 'he had expected beforehand that this process would have proved irksome to him; but no,' he added, 'every fresh perusal of the sacred page seemed to unveil new beauties.' Here he stopped and burst into tears. 'Do not be alarmed,' said he to his friend, as soon as he recovered himself, 'I could not suppress the emotion I felt as I recollected the delight it had pleased God to afford me in the reading of his word.'

It is rather ridiculous that I have not a single copy of St. Paul for my sisters to read, the first edition having been sold the first day.

Your's very affectionately,

H. MORE.

At this period, (1815) so eventful to Mrs. More, she had accomplished her seventieth year, with her mind unspent by her successive labours, the latest of which, the *Essay on St. Paul*, had been most remarkable for its rapid execution. Her *public* mind, which extended its care to every thing connected with the spiritual and moral welfare of her country, associated her in co-operation or in correspondence with almost every person distinguished for his activity in the promotion of national piety

and social happiness. On these sympathies with the general good of her country, were founded her intimate friendships with the Bishops of Salisbury and Lichfield, (Dr. Thomas Burgess and Dr. Henry Ryder,) who will, it is hoped, forgive the introduction of their names into this work,—names which bring to the mind of the editor the memory of much personal kindness towards himself, and with one of which is associated the remembrance of his earliest acquaintance with the delights of classical literature, and the proper scope of youthful studies.

The Bishop of St. David's, (since translated to the See of Salisbury,) must well remember the lively interest felt by Mrs. Hannah More, in his exertions in behalf of the clergy of the principality, and for supplying a collegiate education for the church within the bounds of his diocese. In the memory of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, stand recorded the friendship and correspondence which he long enjoyed with this estimable lady, and the animated part which she took in every scheme for the advancement of vital religion.

Her heart was warm towards those whose hearts were warm in the cause of righteousness and truth. If there have been some who have been more remarkable for throwing aside the dross of earthly attachments, and sublimating their thoughts towards heaven, there have been none who have striven with more success to draw from their earthly attachments the essential aids of spiritual solace and encouragement.

With a mind so constituted, it could not but be

matter of much rejoicing to Mrs. H. More, to witness the formation of a Branch Bible Society in her own parish of Wrington. Fostered by her patronage, and the active services of her sisters, the anniversaries of this Christian celebration in that quarter, became a very distinguished rallying point to all who were zealously affected in the good cause. On the day of meeting, the house and grounds of Barley Wood were thrown open to more than a hundred persons, who were hospitably entertained by the sisters, and furnished with an opportunity of confederating for the promotion of a common interest, under the banner of a courageous woman, to combat under whose command, had something of the character of chivalrous devotion.

A letter to Mr. Wilberforce comprises a short account of one of these galas.

1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am very glad your sons have drawn you to the lakes: it is a much wholesomer climate for them, both for soul and body, than the pestiferous air of Paris, which so many of their countrymen are now breathing. It will, I hope, also invigorate you for your winter labours.

I have had a delightful, gay, and wise letter from Sir Thomas Acland. The Babingtons are coming to us this week: they have never been at Barley Wood. What are these *Scilly* distresses that you have taken up? If they are as pressing as the papers

say, will you advance five pounds for me, and I will repay you as soon as you let me know it. How goes on your new empire of Hayti? I take great interest in its progress, of which I know nothing but from the papers.

We have many visitors from America, where religion appears to be rapidly advancing. There seems also to be a great cultivation of intellect going on there, as they all read a vast deal; having, they say, in some of the provinces, no other amusement.

This hot weather, trying as it is, has, on the whole, been of service to us both; as you will believe, when I tell you what a gala we have been enabled to give. Our anniversary Bible Meeting at Wrington was held lately. Our country, surrounded by the sea on one side, and Mendip on the other, is so thinly planted with gentry, (the spiritual climate also being rather cold,) that without some effort somewhere it would come to nothing. The meeting was the most genteel and numerous we ever had. If our oratory was not of the first brilliancy, it had good sense and good temper to recommend it. We had near forty clergymen of the Establishment; so that even Archdeacon —— cannot plant us in his 'hot-bed of heresy and schism.' When the meeting was over, which was held in a waggon-yard, as there was no room for them in the inn, all the superior part of the company resorted, by previous invitation, to Barley Wood. A hundred and one sat down to dinner, and about one hundred and sixty to tea. Happily it was a fine day, and above fifty dined under the trees,—the overflowings from

our small house. They all enjoyed themselves exceedingly, and it had all the gaiety of a public garden.

Some may think that it would be better to have added £20. to our subscription, and to have saved ourselves so much trouble; but we take this trouble from a conviction of the contrary. The many young persons of fortune present, by assisting at this little festivity, will learn to connect the idea of innocent cheerfulness, with that of religious societies, and may "go and do likewise." For no other cause on earth would we encounter the fatigue.

I had got thus far when I was called down to our friend, Mr. Hart Davis, and his family. He gives us better hopes of the new parliament.

I have a great loss in poor Mr. ——. He was both a useful and a pleasant neighbour, though our disagreement on certain great points prevented that union, without which all friendship is imperfect. I have seen *her*, she sees no one else. Love to Mrs. Wilberforce.

Your's, ever affectionately,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood, 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I was glad to receive even your promissory note, though it has not been followed by the prompt payment it announced. I do not mean your half bank-note of £50. which came safe, but your letter.

The papers told us of—not your honours—but those of the Regent—for surely he never did himself so much credit as in seeking your society; and though it does *you* no good, yet it will do good in too many ways for me to specify.

I have been ill since my last attack of fever, my nights being not only wakeful but harassing and distressing. I am getting better, though I thought I was rapidly breaking up. The fever has left me a wholesome warning. Like Barzillai, I have long ceased "to hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women;" but now, though I hope I can still "discern between good and evil," "thy servant cannot taste what I eat or what I drink;" that is, I have lost the two senses of smell and taste completely, for six weeks. It has given me an excellent lesson not to overlook common mercies, for I forgot to value these blessings till I had lost them; the loss, too, is a good corrective of sensuality, as I know not bread from meat.

You bid me not be silent under the pretence of living in a hermitage. Alas! Barley Wood is nothing less. Thinking it right, many years ago, to gain a little interval between the world and the grave, when I renounced the society of the great and the gay, the learned and the witty, I fully made up my mind to associate only with country people. Yet it so happens that the retirement I sought I have never yet been able to find; for though we neither return visits nor give invitations, I think, except when quite confined by sickness, I never saw more people, known and unknown, in

my gayest days. They come to me as to the witch of Endor, and I suppose I shall soon be desired to tell fortunes and cast nativities. I do little or no good to their minds, and they do much harm to my body, as talking much inflames my chest.

In spite of our inability to attend in winter, our schools are very flourishing. We have pious, faithful teachers, who have served us twenty years, and we have reason to believe that many young persons, especially at Cheddar, are living in the fear of God. The evening sermons are well attended, and many seem seriously impressed.

Adieu, my very dear friend. Do not forget sometimes to include in your prayers, not the least affectionate of your friends,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Knox.

June, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,

Such a letter—nay, *two* such letters, and from such a friend! and no notice taken, just as if I had received no such letters, or did not feel their value, or was not gratified by them, or was not grateful for them! But if they have not been answered, they have been read, and re-read: and not only by myself, but two or three friends who were worthy of them, both from intellect and piety, have been treated with a perusal of them—persons who were qualified to enter into your views of the scheme of that omnipotent Disposer who holds the whole chain

of providences in his hand;—persons who had feelings sufficiently alive to weep over your graphical detail of the sainted Lady Emily.

But now I *have* taken up my pen, it is rather to acknowledge than to answer your letter; it is only a pepper-corn for a payment. When I tell you the situation of my family, you will forgive my delay and brevity. My poor sister Martha has been out not more than three or four times for the last nine months. Her complaint is a liver case, and the reigning feature of it a determination of blood to the head. I fear she is in a very declining state; I have sad prognostics. Her loss to *me* would be incalculable, to whom she has been eyes, and hands, and feet. My lively sister Sarah, who still retains, *at times*, all the spirit and vivacity of youth, is pronounced to be far gone in a dropsy: we lately thought her going very rapidly, but I bless God, she somewhat rallied, and may, I hope, be spared to us a little longer;—but her symptoms are very bad. My *now* eldest sister, who has long had paralytic indications, had been many weeks in bed, with a mortification in her leg This has been resisted by vigorous measures; but last week, after many hours quiet sleep, we found on awaking, that she had lost the power of swallowing and of articulation. She has remained speechless ever since, and it is a pitiable sight, when we 'explore the asking eye,' to receive no answer. She seems to look at us, but 'there is no speculation in those looks.' These are trying scenes; pray for me, my good friend, that they may be salutary scenes. I myself am but

slowly recovering from a bilious fever, which has left me much nausea, and an entire want of appetite.

I make no apology, my dear Sir, for thus troubling you in detail with the annals of an hospital. But I thought that nothing less than this true narrative could justify my silence, after the profit and pleasure I derived from your letter.

I am so far your disciple, that is, so much of an optimist, as to see a graciously providential hand in all these dealings. I feel, even at my age, that I stand in need of reiterated correction. My temper is naturally gay. This gaiety, even time and sickness have not much impaired. I have carried too much sail. My life upon the whole, must be reckoned an uncommonly prosperous and happy one. I have been blessed with more friends of a superior cast, than have often fallen to the lot of so humble an individual. Nothing but the grace of God, and frequent attacks through life of very severe sickness, could have kept me in tolerable order. If I am no better with all these visitations, what should I have been without them? No, my dear Sir, I have never yet felt a blow of which I did not perceive the indispensable necessity; in which, on reflection, I did not see and feel the compassionate hand of divine mercy,—the chastisement of a tender father.

My chief regret is, that I cannot contrive to live sufficiently quiet. It is now many years since I built and planted this pretty little place, and voluntarily turned my back upon the gay, the great, and the brilliant, in whose society I have spent nearly

thirty years. I had then, I thought, completed a scheme of retirement which I had enjoyed in fancy and anticipated in vision all my life. But the day-dream has never been realized; my interruptions from company, many of them strangers, are almost incessant. This ungratified, but predominant love of tranquillity began so early, that when I was seven or eight years old, I used to say, that if I should ever live to have a house of my own, I would take care to have it built too low for a clock, and too small for a harpsichord.

This letter of mine appears to be full of *self*. But if ever egotism is pardonable, I think it is in letters between friends. At least, I never think the letters of *my* friends egotistical enough.

I am disappointed in not seeing, while fresh from Bellevue, and her mind brimful and running over, dear Lady Olivia Sparrow; but she is obliged to delay her visit. When we do meet, we shall find it an inexhaustible subject,

'From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve.'

I rejoice at the tolerable account you give of your own health in this season of almost universal sickness. My friends are fast dropping off.

'For us they sicken and for us they die.'

Adieu, my dear Sir, believe me with every sentiment of regard and attachment,

Your's very sincerely,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

October 21, 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Feeble and exhausted as was the state of your lamented sister, I was almost as much surprised as afflicted at the receipt of your kind, but sorrowful communication last night: for I had been led to hope that she might have been spared to us a year or two longer. Yet why repine that her suffering probation is abridged, and that she has entered upon her eternal state of rest and blessedness? Yet, though she and I should in all probability never have met again in this world, I cannot but mourn at this new rent made in my friendship so soon after Mrs. H.'s death. A hundred endearing circumstances occur to my mind, from the time I used to drive with *Miss Wilberforce* in her phaeton over Claverton Down thirty years back, to her kind fortnight passed with us two summers ago! How little *now* signify her suffering body, and her tender spirit, and her pious anxieties! yet, all perhaps have, under the grace of God, contributed to her present felicity. Her lively wit, and her deep humility, formed an union I have not often seen. Humility, I think, was a distinguishing grace in her character. To know that she is dead is afflicting, but to be assured that she is safe, what a happiness! The cause which prevented your coming to us is of a nature to make me say nothing of our disappointment, much as we had set our hearts on seeing you once more in this

mutable, uncertain, disappointing world! I hope you left Lord Calthorpe better. The life and health of so pious and benevolent a nobleman is a public concern. I have the highest possible respect for him.

Patty, I fear, is in very declining health. I have ventured a few lines to dear Mr. Stephen, may God comfort him! My dear friend, pray for your very faithful,

H. More.

In the year 1816, the sisterhood suffered a second loss in Mrs. Elizabeth More, and were now reduced to three in number. She was a person of great kindness, and filled the department of domestic duty in their hospitable house, which, though less marked, is usually more missed than others of greater interest and attraction.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

Barley Wood, 1816.

My dear Lady Olivia,

How good and kind you are! I cordially thank you for your two feeling letters. It has, as you have heard, pleased God of his great mercy to remove my poor sister Betsy from this world of sin and sorrow. I humbly trust that through him who loved her, and gave himself for her, she is now a happy spirit, disencumbered from a suffering body, and escaped from all the penalties of age, and the evils of life. She had for many years spent the greater part of her time in reading the Scriptures

and devotional books, and latterly has read nothing else; and though she was of a reserved temper, and said little, yet I am persuaded she felt her own sinfulness, and was earnest in her applications to the throne of grace and mercy. For the last fortnight she was entirely speechless; it was a most pitiable sight to see her struggling to express something she seemed to wish to say, for her intellect survived her power of articulation. May the remembrance of such scenes quicken *us*, and make us labour more diligently to be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises!

Though all the visits you enumerate on your road from London to Brampton were of the interesting sort, yet I fear such a succession of engagements, though with the sensible and pious, must have worn you a little. A fresh scene and fresh friends, and even the very pleasure of seeing them, always occasions in me, and I believe in you, a degree of excitement, which though to my friends it looks like health and spirits, is a feeling which always costs me much at the time, and more afterwards. Quietness, even to dulness, is, I always find, the best state for health and tranquillity of spirit. Perhaps I do you injustice in presuming it may be in some degree your case. *You* indeed are young, but you are delicate also, I am therefore glad to know that you are safe at Brampton, where, though you have more business, you have not so much wear and tear of the mind, as in keeping up, in repeated societies, animated conversation. I say *repeated* societies, for, when one stays long with the *same* set of

friends, things are more *suivies*, and there is not that novelty of perpetual excitation and mutual interest.

It rejoices my heart to think that we shall see you, (and see much of you I hope,) early in the autumn. I think you will find cause a little to alter the direction of your route. The Bishop will not be at Gloucester, where you talk of making your first stay, but at Wells, only eighteen miles from us, on the Somersetshire side.

You have seen Mr. Marriott's Lilliputian book, '*Hints to Travellers.*' It is very good and pleasing, like the amiable writer; and he has well maintained the one point he undertakes; but I wish he had gone a little further.

Bishop Porteus and I made it a frequent topic of debate,—which was most calamitous to this country, war or peace with France. Even then we concluded that the latter would be the more formidable evil to us. Does not the event justify the terrible prognostic? O piety! O virtue! O my country!

Is it not the precise moment for the great and the opulent to dedicate their time, their example, and their purses, to their own distressed country? It grieves me that the absentees have escaped the chance of being even politically useful to their own nation, by the repeal of the property tax. This universal mania at such a time, is, I fear, a marked æra of deterioration in the English character.

My kind remembrance to your dear companion.

Adieu, my dearest Lady Olivia,

Ever gratefully and faithfully your's,

H. More.

CHAPTER V.

TOWARDS the close of this year the universal stagnation of trade and depression of agriculture, afforded too plausible an occasion to ill-intentioned men, for perverting the minds of the working people, irritated by the disappointment of their ill-founded expectation that plenty would be the immediate attendant upon peace, and by the severe distress consequent upon the general scarcity of employment. The services Mrs. More had already rendered to the cause of loyalty and subordination, by her skill and success in accommodating sober sense and sound reasoning to plain and plebeian understandings, in the form of narrative or dialogue, conveyed in a playful and popular style, occasioned fresh applications to be made to her from various quarters for her powerful assistance at this alarming juncture. Without a moment's hesitation, she set to work, and with her usual celerity produced a quick succession of tracts and ballads, which she continued to supply while the crisis lasted, and which were circulated in great numbers throughout every

part of the country, and with very visible effect. Those who called upon her for this fresh public effort, were surprised at the sudden success of their application, and the zeal and animation she displayed in the cause, stricken now as she was with years, and shattered by repeated sickness. Her admirable little dialogue of Village Politics was now reprinted, and several editions of it were circulated, under the title of Village Disputants.

We cannot give a livelier picture of the zeal and alacrity with which she entered into the cause, than by inserting the following letter received from her at this period.

From Mrs. H. More to the Miss Roberts's.

1817.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

'The creature's at her dirty work again.' This tract, written with a weak head and a weak hand, calls in upon you on its way to London. Pray read over carefully, with a pen in your hand, what was written hastily and in pain, and correct any tautologies, &c. which through hurry may have escaped me. I went to work too soon, which brought on a return of fever, but am better again. It is grievous that they have so identified me with the cause, as to have put my yet unpublished song at the end. Though I have little to hope or to fear in this world, I do not wish my name to be bandied about. Poor W——'s conscience may be set at rest about the tracts he bought for us. I read to my sisters about

six lines; but they were so disturbed that they would not hear another word—Sally was even agitated painfully. There it stopt, and nothing, no not even the wish to answer, could make me wade through another line of such unparalleled blasphemy. Is there no power in magistrates to punish the vendors?

Last night arrived my ten songs (new and altered) for correction. They have all wooden cuts. I have sent you my '*Farthing*,'[1] which I fear you will not think a farthing's worth; and I hope you have likewise received a visit from Mr. James Dawson,[2] and that he is now on his travels to his native air, Spitalfields.

An admirable letter from Sir Thomas Acland! he has canvassed the whole county from house to house. How *delightful*, when this shall be done *every year!* He says, 'pebbles or bullets' is now the only subject of discussion. I shall send next Saturday for your edification and delectation the very profoundly learned and deeply tragical history of Mr. Fantom, or rather the death of that eminent patriot. If you can assemble the Fords as soon as you get it, I shall be glad of the remarks of the whole party; it has been scribbled with more hurry than suits so *eminent* a work. Tell Miss Eliza Ford, that being invited to this lecture, is but poor payment for her beautiful present received yesterday, of two sweet drawings of Barley Wood. Lord K—— has sent 600 Village Disputants to six gen-

[1] The title of one of the ballads.

[2] The hero of the tract called the Delegate.

tlemen at Manchester for distribution, in their separate districts. I shall now stop my hand, feeling exhausted, and not having had an hour's time even to read the British Review, except one or two articles; the Byron subject is admirable, but the twelfth page is so remarkably good, sound, and powerfully written, that I read it twice over before I went on.

I still cry with King Henry,

'Oh gentle sleep! how have I frightened thee?'

I believe I should be better if I had nothing to do, yet I would say with Cato,

'While I yet live, let me not live in vain!'

You will say I might have quoted a more Christian-like authority. Patty is remanded back to her room, and I fear to her bed, with a great increase of fever; her chest so bad, that she is reduced to a whisper. Sally's leg gives her great pain: her fortitude, strength, and spirits, are really astonishing; I pray God to give us all grace to bear our different infirmities with entire submission to his will. We cannot expect them at our age to decrease, but it may please infinite mercy to soften them, and to make them eventually blessings. God bless you both.

Your's ever very affectionately,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Miss Roberts.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your missionary narrative was very interesting, and quite fresh, for both the Bishop and Mr. Wilks jilted us, and never called as they promised. I wish I had any thing as agreeable to send you in return. Poor Sally had been so much improved for two days, that if I had written yesterday, I should have made a good report, but she has been so very ill on this last night, as to alarm us much. Patty is at this moment suffering the bites of fifteen leeches on her chest, which is much inflamed.

Now for the *lesser casualties of Barley Wood.* The new maid scalded her leg as soon as she came; has been laid by near a fortnight, and another hired to do her work. The new man, in walking twenty-three miles to his new place, caught a sore throat, and has been confined. The old man, alias Jack Ragbag, as L—— calls John, is in bed with a lumbago. As I first descend from the parlour to the kitchen, I must now proceed from the kitchen to the stable. The fine young horse Blucher, which cost forty-two guineas so lately, has been used but once since you left us,—has now a fatal disease, and is never to be used again. I thought I had done, but no, a parish 'prentice has been sent to us, but not choosing to have more animals, we have paid eight pounds to be quit of her.

So much for domestic affairs, they are more wholesome than pleasant, yet how much worse

might be the case, and I name them rather to amuse you with their accumulation, than to complain of them as singular or great.

I have at last got Wilks's two volumes.[1] I think you will be much pleased with them,—good writing and great piety. I hope you will recommend them to some of your inquiring young friends.

We shall be ready and glad to receive you for as long as you please, when you give the word.

Your's affectionately,

H. More.

In the spring of 1817, by the death of Mrs. Sarah More, the eldest of the then surviving sisters, the family was again stricken. A companion was taken from them whose lively sallies of original wit had often made sorrow smile, and pain forget itself. But it was the lot of this intelligent, virtuous, and entertaining person, to linger long in a degree of suffering rarely surpassed. Her vivacity combatted long with her pains, but her victory over them was the reward of her patient hope in her Redeemer, her disclaimer of all self-righteous grounds of consolation, and her humble trust in the purchased pardon of her God. Her bed of death was the scene of awful edification—the voice of ecstasy mingling with the cry of anguish—the flesh dissolving in pain, and the spirit departing in peace. She had, indeed, an earthly stay in Hannah, who let none of the supports or pledges of scripture-

[1] 'Christian Essays,' by the Rev. Samuel Charles Wilks.

testimony be wanting to her dying sister, while her's was the hand to do all that could be done by human help to mitigate the last crisis.

The Christian magnanimity by which the departure of this valuable person was distinguished, has been recorded by a tender friend,[1] now the witness and partaker of her joy, who was constantly in her chamber during her last sickness. The particulars are very affecting, and will interest a large proportion of the readers of this work. It is an episode, however, which those who turn aside from scenes of patient suffering may easily pass over · though it is but honest to tell them that the more they strive to put away these thoughts to a more convenient season, the more terrific will be the form in which in the end they will be sure to present themselves.

'The last hours of our dear friend, Mrs. S. More, afforded so wonderful a manifestation of the mercy and faithfulness of God, and of the efficacy of the Holy Spirit's operation, that I have felt it a solemn duty to set down as many of the particulars (too many have escaped) as I can recollect; both for my own edification, and for the consolation of those friends who are more peculiarly interested in this display of the power and goodness of the Lord.

'From a very slight indication which appeared about six months before her departure, she was able to anticipate the whole progress and fatal termination of her disorder, which she explained to a con-

[1] The elder of the two Miss Roberts's, since taken from her sorrowing relatives.

fidential servant, with a composure, and an acquiescence in the Divine will, truly admirable, and which never for a moment forsook her; adding at the same time, that not an hour of any day passed, in which she did not inwardly send up that supplication of the Litany, "In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver me." It was a considerable time after the wound broke out in her leg, and began to wear a threatening appearance, before she permitted a groan, or any strong expression of suffering to escape her; and when at length they were extorted by agony, she seemed to reproach herself for them, as implying a departure from that submission and acquiescence for which she daily and earnestly prayed. At one time when she was sitting in the parlour under very sharp suffering, one of her sisters exclaimed, 'Poor Sally! you are in dreadful pain.' She answered, 'I am indeed, but it is all well.' She still for some time longer continued to enjoy the society of her friends, who were often deceived by the playfulness of her conversation, and the placidity of her manner, into the belief that the sad accounts which had been given of her situation were the exaggerations of affectionate alarm.

'While still so well as to be able in some degree to pursue her usual sedentary employments, she gave a striking proof how entirely she was withdrawing her mind from the things of this world, by refusing to have her chair placed near the bow window, from whence she could enjoy the sight of those plants and flowers which it had been her

constant amusement and delight to cultivate, but from which she now turned with an expression of the most entire indifference.

'At length it became impossible for her any longer to support a sitting position, and just before she was assisted up stairs for the last time, she threw a look all around her, evidently taking a mental farewell of the scene to which she had been so long accustomed, with an expression which, though she uttered no word, was full of solemn meaning. The extremity and constancy of her sufferings, at length deprived her of the power of attending to a chain of reading which had hitherto been her chief delight and solace. To supply in some measure this loss, her sisters used to repeat from time to time, a few detached texts, in which she would constantly join with the greatest fervour. During the last two years of her life more especially, she had been so diligent and constant a reader of the Scriptures, as well as of other devotional books, that her mind had become completely imbued with them; and it was very remarkable, that in the moments of her sharpest pain, her attention was instantly excited, and her mind visibly comforted, if any by-stander recited a verse from the scripture, or a short prayer, in which, even when unable to speak, she joined with deep fervour.

'One day, after she had lain some time in an almost insensible state, a friend tried her with a few texts of scripture; she suddenly burst forth, 'Can anything be finer than that? it quite makes one's face shine!' Towards the latter part of her illness

she asked one day to have a little girl in whom she was interested brought to her. She could only deliver herself in short sentences, but her words were 'God bless thee, my dear child; love God; serve God; love to pray to God more than to do any other thing.' One night she complained of too much light, adding that 'the smallest light was enough to die by.' Mrs. H. More asked her if she had comfort in her mind? 'Yes (she replied) I have no uncomfort at all.' She was then asked if she knew some friend that was in the room? 'Oh! yes, she answered, I know every body and remember every thing.' 'Poor dear soul,' (said one of her attendants,) 'she remembers her sufferings too!' 'No,' (she answered in a tone of the most affecting resignation) I do not think of them.' When she was supposed to be very near her last hour, on her medical attendant wishing her a good morning, she raised her hands in a holy transport, exclaiming, 'Oh, for the glorious morning of the resurrection!—but there are some grey clouds between!' She then blessed him with all his family, and exhorted him to love God and to take care of his soul. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'if this should be the blessed hour of my deliverance, may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last thoughts be thoughts of faithfulness!' The following day she awoke suddenly out of a tranquil sleep, crying out in a rapture, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto the Lamb—Hallelujah!" Another morning, when she was imagined to be in the very act of dying, recovering herself a little,

she murmured out, 'When shall I come to these things—grace—mercy—peace!' She then asked for a little cold water, and turning her head towards a nurse who was attending her, 'do you know who it was that said, "A cup of cold water given in my name?"

'Again, in the intervals between her wanderings and the extremity of pain, she exclaimed incessantly, 'Oh, the blood of Christ! He died for me! God was made man! May his blood be shed on me!' 'Lord! let the light of thy countenance shine upon me.' "When shall I appear before God?" And then half bewildered again, she cried out earnestly to her sister, 'Patty, *do* love the blessed God! Lord, shield me with the wings of thy love.' After a little interval, she said to Mrs. H. More, 'I hope I have had all my stripes; Lord! I am ready, finish the work!' On awaking in the afternoon, she again poured forth this ejaculation,—'Lord, look down upon me with the light of thy salvation; let thy Holy Spirit shine upon me. Look, O Lord! upon thy afflicted servant.' When somebody present said to her, 'The Lord will release you, and take you out of your pain,' she seemed to fear, lest she had betrayed some impatience, and immediately answered, 'Aye, in his own good time.' She then broke out into the Gloria Patri, and added, 'Lord, look down upon a poor penitent, humble, contrite sinner.'

'Nearly three days now passed, either in strong delirium, or total stupor, at the end of which time she became more composed, and, as at every other

time, uttered no sentence in which supplication or praise was not mingled. Her chief cry on this day was for pardon and sanctification, and she charged her sisters to strive for the gift of the Holy Spirit. Her wanderings were frequent, but whether sensible or incoherent, calm or agitated, still the names of her God and her Saviour were constantly on her tongue.

Her sister asked her if she knew her, she answered, 'I know nobody but Christ.' In the evening of her last day but one, though scarcely able to articulate, she murmured out to those who stood around her, 'talk of the cross—the precious cross—the king of love.' On the morning of her blessed and quiet release from an earthly existence, though no longer able to swallow food, or discern any outward object, she was still enabled to give an evidence of the heavenly frame of her mind; when a friend repeated to her that heart-sustaining assurance, "That the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," she pronounced with a devout motion of her hands and eyes, "cleanseth," and a moment after, "Blessed Jesus!" and these were the last of her words that could be collected. It is scarcely necessary to repeat, after such a relation, that her whole conduct, during her conflict with this last enemy, was one uniform and uninterrupted display, (when she was in possession of her faculties,) of those fruits of the Spirit enumerated by the apostle, "Love, peace, meekness, long-suffering, faith:"—and it only remains for us to pray that our latter end may be like her's.'

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

September 19, 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I sit down with the intention of repaying you in measure if not in weight. I should have been uneasy about you, had I not heard from several quarters (the last from Mr. Roberts) that you were looking stout. I trust that God may intend you for one other great work, that of building up the new empire of Hayti on stable and Christian principles.

How can you be so barbarous as to talk of my writing for France, or for England, or for any thing. I have long since hung up my harp. I did to be sure take it down in the spring, but it was then a *Jew's-harp*. Dire necessity, and the importunity of some great people, drove me to scribble about thirteen pieces, such as they were, in about six weeks. Pretty well for a septuagenary, I think.

Did I ever tell you I am in trade, and capable of being made a bankrupt? The poor miners at Shipham, &c. have, I believe, experienced a distress no where else felt. Besides begging a considerable sum for them, I employed my own money in purchasing their ore. Seventy-five pounds were soon gone. I have now given security to government, jointly with six other persons, for £700. more. These poor people, who have often not tasted food more than once in two days, have never uttered a word against Providence or Government. A friend of mine called on one poor woman, who was nearly

famished, and asked her how she bore up. 'Madam,' said she, 'when I feel very faint, I go up and pray two or three times a day, and I come down so *refreshed*.' How many fare sumptuously *every* day, and never pray at all.

We are expecting Mr. and Mrs. Huber from Geneva; it is he who has so elegantly translated Cœlebs into French in Paris. I had a magnificent copy sent me, and a less splendid one of the German translation from Vienna. I have been much amused with the French reviews of Cœlebs, written with great gravity and friendliness. The one in the *Constitutionel* was by poor Madame de Stäel, and evinced more candour than I deserved at her hands.

Adieu, my dear friend. Pray for one who greatly needs your prayers.

H. MORE.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. H. More to Mr. Macaulay.

Barley Wood, Nov. 21, 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your kind letters were really a great solace in the hour of our first dismay and affliction. Never did any national visitation[1] feel so like a domestic calamity. I used scarcely to think of kings and queens as of my fellow-creatures, but really these blooming and now blasted royalties had so entwined themselves about our hearts and affections, as to excite an interest altogether new to one's feelings.

[1] The death of the Princess Charlotte.

This calamity is as wide as it is deep, We mourn the individual loss, the extinction of so much happiness in a region in which we have not been used to look for happiness. The circumstance you mention of the Princess having had family prayer, was confirmed to me by the Bishop of Salisbury, when he was lately here. How one wishes that the desolate survivor had the comfort and the benefit of some genuine Christian friends about him.

I have lately been called upon for a corrected copy for a new edition of Cœlebs, (the fifteenth) and of Practical Piety, (the eleventh.) In spite of the dull task of reforming points and particles, I found the revisal, of the last especially, a salutary and mortifying employment. How easy it is to be good upon paper! I felt myself humbled even to a sense of hypocrisy, to observe (for I had forgotten the book) how very far short I had myself fallen of the habits and principles, and interior sanctity, which I had found it so easy to recommend to others. I hardly read a page which did not carry some reproach to my own heart. I frequently think of a line which Prior puts into the mouth of Solomon.

' 'They brought my proverbs to confute my life.'

By the way, I wish that in the very pleasing paper in the last Christian Observer, on 'Sacred Poetry,' the writer had mentioned that almost forgotten, but in my opinion, beautiful poem.

H. More

From Mrs. H. More to Miss M. Roberts.

MY DEAR MARGARET,

The monopolizing Martha allows me a scrap of paper so small, as to be better suited to my lack of time, than the abundance of my affection. It will, however, be sufficiently large to say, I shall not be able to do what you request, and your friend wishes. I can only return you the answer which I lately made to a similar application, viz. that there are ten thousand *parsons* in the land, whose duty it is to watch over and repel such delinquences. Why don't you and dear Mary undertake it yourselves? I should be glad to see *that parson*, for which you two, if you club your wits, would not be a good match. Do you see 'the Sequel of Cœlebs, or the Letters of the Stanley family,' advertised in the Christian Observer? It is very odd that people can't be contented to take their own ground, without invading mine. If the writer had put his name I should not mind it, but no doubt it will be taken for mine. This is evidently *not* Miss B——'s; that treat is still to come. Do take every opportunity to name it, as I fear my friends will send for it under the idea that it is mine. It is very provoking that G—— has not yet sent my British Review. I hope it will come to-night. Mr. M—— who is here, speaks in very high terms of the Review of 'Childe Harold.' For my own part when I read the Poem, it is hard to say whether I felt more admiration of the poet, or distaste of the man.

I miss you both—as copiers, and critics, and companions—I would say as friends, but that it would spoil the alliteration. Love to your dear sister.

Yours, very affectionately,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Tryphena Bathurst.

Barley Wood, April 7, 1818.

MY DEAR LADY TRYPHENA,

Since I had the gratification of writing to you last, it has pleased God to remove to, I trust, a happier world, a third sister; I have now but one remaining, who is a great invalid. These trials are sent in mercy to detach us from a world, to which, with all its sufferings, we are apt to cling. As to myself, I have had a long space allowed me for preparation. God has dealt very mercifully with me, for I have, on the whole, better health than in the meridian of life. I am surrounded with comforts; and though I have lost so many persons who were very dear to me, I have the happiness of still possessing a great number of valuable friends. They are almost too good to me; for we see a great deal more company than you would think could find out this retired spot. Among other gratifying visitors, in the winter, were the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Miss Vansittart. The Bishop of Salisbury came to see us not long before the death of his lamented pupil. We little thought then what a calamity was hanging over our heads! It was an overwhelming event.

I had the favour lately to receive a letter written in very good English, from the Russian Princess Metschersky, who has translated into Russ, many of my Cheap Repository Tracts; and who seems to be a woman of very deep piety, and full of zeal for the moral and religious improvement of her benighted countrymen. I also hear from a gentleman who has made the tour of Northern Europe, that he found 'Cœlebs' and 'Practical Piety' much read in Sweden, and the latter in Iceland. They had American editions. I was surprised to find that the English language is so popular among these Northern people. You will forgive the egotism of my mentioning these circumstances. I shall rejoice to be favoured with a good report of the health of your ladyship and the other ladies; to whom I desire to present my affectionate respects. I shall never forget the kindness with which I was honoured by your noble family for a long series of years. If we do not meet again in this tumultuous world, may we meet in that of eternal rest and peace.

Adieu, my dear Lady Tryphena, believe me, with the sincerest regard, your Ladyship's obliged and faithful,

H. More.

Among the numerous interesting characters who visited Barley Wood during the year 1817, we have to mention Dr. Chalmers, whose name is associated with whatever belongs to the advancement of truth, and the practical good of his country; Dr. Paterson, the Northern Bible Missionary, who

had just returned from Russia, and Dr. Henderson, who had very recently accomplished a tour through the North of Europe in the same character. To learn from these last-mentioned gentlemen that the religion of the gospel of Christ was making, throughout the countries they had visited, a decided progress, was to Mrs. More a subject of great rejoicing; nor could it fail to awaken her gratitude to be told that her pen had been an instrument of good in those distant quarters. Dr. Henderson informed her, that in travelling through Sweden he had found an American edition of 'Practical Piety' in many hands; and that in Iceland both that work and 'Cœlebs' were likewise read with great apparent profit, and general estimation. By Dr. Paterson she was informed that a Russian princess (the Princess Metschersky) had actually accomplished the task of translating several of her tracts into her native language, which she was circulating, with a great number of others, with exemplary zeal. The account given by Dr. Paterson of this interesting lady deserves to be recorded. She was an edifying instance of the power of religion. The truth had found its way to her breast, by the operation of the great transforming Agent, (Mr. Pinkerton being the ostensible instrument), and had wrought its specific work by softening and reducing a character, said to have been naturally haughty, to the low level to which high imaginations are cast down, when the thoughts are brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Dr. Paterson requested Mrs. More to present the princess, through

his hands, with the three volumes of the 'Repository Tracts,' which was done; and in return Mrs. More received the following letter, which it would be an injustice to withhold from the readers of this work.

St. Petersburgh, Oct, 22, old style.

MADAM,

Though I am really unable to express my sentiments in English, and though having often tried in vain to do it, I have always been obliged to lay my pen aside, yet I cannot help, *I must write*, my heart desiring to show you my gratitude. My sincere admiration overcomes the shame I feel to address you, madam, in such an incorrect language, and forces me to tell you, how much I was delighted at receiving the books you were so kind as to send me. I receive them, dear madam, as a new encouragement to translate part of them, as I have already done your 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' the 'Wealthy Farmers,' and 'Charles the Footman,' which are already read with great pleasure in my country. I am sorry indeed not to be capable of translating some of your other works, as the 'Practical Piety,' the 'Christian Morals,' &c. &c. But alas, madam! I am a very poor and weak translator; the little I do, is all that I am able to do, and I thank daily our merciful heavenly Master, for having permitted me to have even this little share in his service, and in the important work in which you, madam, have such a distinguished part. Yet let the strong and the experienced be the helper and the guide of those who, though willing to do good, are,

however, weak and ignorant. I love my lord and my Saviour Jesus Christ, in him alone do I trust, therefore I eagerly lay hold of the hand you stretched out to me, in his name, and for his sake; and laying aside every ceremony and worldly politeness, I declare to you plainly that I love you in our Lord, and that you have made me quite happy with a few lines of your own hand-writing in the book you sent me. I dare not ask, neither hope for something more, but I entreat you, madam, to accept with indulgence these my broken, and I suppose, half unintelligible sentences; they were written, I assure you, in the only intent of expressing the sincere love, and the high regard with which I am, madam,

Your most obedient servant,

P. SOPHIA METSCHERSKY.

P. S. Could I write but a little better, I would with such a pleasure tell you how graciously and mercifully the Lord deals with my dear country; what rapid and wonderful progress his divine word is making here, and how his divine love has prepared the hearts of our emperor, our princes, and our chiefs, to be the nurses, and at the same time the humble disciples, of the saving word of life.

But I cannot, I fear. I must adore his bounty in silence. Dear and most honoured Madam, join your prayers to our's, that the great work may prosper here, as it does in your country, and that at the end we may meet you in joyful songs there, where we will all be one, united in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Among the variety of testimonies to the success which has attended the labours of Hannah More in distant parts of the world, there could have happened none more agreeable to her feelings than that which was conveyed to her in the summer of 1818, in a letter from the late Chief Justice of Ceylon, Sir Alexander Johnstone, a name enrolled among those happy victors, whose laurels have been watered by no widow's tears, but are fresh with the dew of the blessing which humanity invokes upon those who bring it to the knowledge of its hope and its inheritance, from the depths of ignorance and superstition. Those who are interested in the conversion of the heathen, must remember with gratitude the support which this Christian judge afforded to the missionary cause during his residence in the island. Sir A. Johnstone's letter informed her that he had caused many of her tracts and other parts of her works to be translated into the Cingalese and Tamul languages, and that they were read with pleasure and avidity by the natives; confirming the account by a beautiful specimen of a Cingalese translation of the drama of 'Moses in the Bulrushes,' written on a palm-leaf, and inclosed in a case of the wood of the country, richly painted.

She was afterwards informed by the Chief Justice that a translation of several parts of her 'Essay on St. Paul,' was in progress, towards which the attention of the natives would, he doubted not, be much excited, as the New Testament in their own language had now been for some time in their hands.

The share which Sir A. Johnstone had in effecting the gradual abolition of slavery in this island, is a circumstance with which the reader is probably acquainted. As a step towards the consummation of this most desirable object, it was enacted that every child which should be born after the 12th of August, 1816, should be free; and it was at the same time resolved, that the anniversary of this triumph of benevolence and justice should be celebrated among the natives by a grateful commemoration. Mrs. H. More was requested to furnish an appropriate ballad for the occasion. She complied, and produced a little poetical dialogue, which she called the 'Feast of Freedom,' and which, by its dramatic form, was well suited to the habits and tastes of the people of the island.

We now return to the year 1818, which was as prolific as any of the former years, in interesting introductions to Hannah More. Soon after Sir A. Johnstone, with his Cingalese credentials, had finished his diplomacy at Barley Wood, it was the turn of Persia to be represented at that court, in the persons of two noblemen, who having come to this country with a view to the acquisition of the English language, and an acquaintance with the arts and sciences in which Britain had the fame of superiority, presented themselves at her residence, and were admitted with the respect due to the dignity of their rank and commission. We would not speak with hyperbole of these distinguished individuals, or of the circumstances surrounding them, but it surely was no common case, that in the

same year, the priests of Budhoo were occupied in giving a Cingalese dress to some of the productions of that pen, which by its powerful attraction, had drawn to her residence two noble travellers from Persia, and brought a letter of affectionate homage from a Muscovite Princess. Mrs. More presented her new Persian friends with her work on *Practical Piety*, which they declared they would translate into their language immediately on their return home, and that it should be the first work which should bring into exercise the knowledge they had acquired of the art of printing, and employ the printing press which they were carrying back into their own country. They replied to an interrogatory of Mrs. H. More's, respecting their acquaintance with the sacred volume, that they had read both the Old and New Testament, and that they preferred the books of Isaiah and Job, to any other part. 'Then, (replied she,) I presume you feel a reverence for that person, whose coming is especially predicted in both of these books;' to which they gave a decided assent.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Knox.

September 26, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

My friendship for Mrs. La Touche and yourself is, by the length of time, the convictions of my understanding, and the affections of my heart, become so established, so much a part of myself, that it would be incapable of declension even with-

out any overt-act on the part of either of you. So agreeable a *flapper* as your kind letter, was, however, such a quickener of my feelings, that it was matter of no small regret that I have been till now physically incapable of answering it. About three weeks ago my sister and myself were each suddenly seized with a violent attack of fever, from which we are, through the mercy of God, recovering, though very gradually. We are still confined to our chambers, and are not allowed to see any one. I believe my own illness was partly caused by too great excitement, from an influx of company, chiefly strangers, but who were recommended by friends.

You will not be sorry to hear that the last work our lamented princess read during her pupilage, (as her preceptor the bishop himself told me,) and the last she read before her death, was the one written expressly for her, in which you took so kind an interest. It was very kind and condescending in the bishop to say that he considered 'The Hints' as rather intended for the teacher than the pupil, and had availed himself of them accordingly. I should not mention this but to you, who will be pleased to hear that the book, as to her, was not written altogether in vain.

I remember that my dear old friend, Dr. Johnson, once asked me, 'What was the greatest compliment you could pay to an author?' I replied, 'To quote him.' 'Thou art right, my child,' said he. Now your remembering and citing two passages from poor unworthy me, at the distance of twenty years, did really gratify me.

I wish I could shew Mrs. L—— a very curious present I have just received from Sir Alexander Johnstone, the Chief Justice of Ceylon; it is one of my 'Sacred Dramas' written upon palm leaves, in the Cingalese language, the cover most beautifully painted and enriched. He writes me that the 'Essay on St. Paul,' &c. is translated, and about to be published in the Tamul and Cingalese, partly on paper, partly on palm leaves, and that he proposes to publish most of my writings in all such of the country languages as are generally understood throughout India. Forgive this egotism.

I agree with you, my dear Sir, that the Epistle of St. James has left a subject for a fine practical commentary. Why don't you take it up yourself? it is worthy of you, and would be peculiarly in your own way. You would not only treat it morally but holily. I want to see St. Peter also taken up in a new way. It may sound odd to use that term, but I cannot help calling his a character almost dramatic; his warm affections, his undoubting confidence, his repeated falls, his fervid repentance, the forwardness of his feelings, the failure of his resolutions, the inconceivably piercing look cast upon him by his divine Master, the consolatory message, not sent to the beloved John, but to the swearing, protesting *denier*, the "Go, tell Peter!" How touching are all these particulars! When I was very young, and learning Spanish, I translated a little poem, called 'Las Lagrimas de San Pedro.' I have lost the translation, and know not where I found the original.

Dear Mr. Jebb kindly sent me his valuable Dublin Sermon; but continual interruptions, and the dry and insipid task of converting commas into colons, and turning topsy-turvy-letters upright, through (I blush to say it) eighteen volumes, for a new general edition, has made me very deficient in the pleasant duties of friendship. We were delighted with a short visit from him and his very interesting friend Foster, who revived a little my long-forgotten delight in the Tuscan muse.

When you see my favourite, Robert Daly, assure him of my kind remembrance. I say the less about —— because I trust she will go halves in this ill-written scrawl. As long as I shall remember any thing I shall remember her virtues and her kindness; I shall love both her general goodness, and her particular goodness to me. I cannot say all I think *of*, and feel *for* her.

Adieu, my dear Sir, and believe me ever,

Your faithful and obliged,

H. More.

An extract from Bishop Jebb's own published correspondence, describing the visit above alluded to, will not be uninteresting to the reader. The Bishop thus writes:—

'It is time to say, that on Tuesday last, we (including this family) went over to breakfast at Barley Wood. The S—— party proceeded, after breakfast, on a further excursion, which occupied the remainder of Tuesday and Wednesday; a por-

tion of time that C. F. and I. passed most agreeably, with Hannah More and her sister. Feeling, as they do, very deeply, the sad breach made in their circle, they are wisely, cheerfully, and piously submissive to this appointment of Providence; and neither their talents, nor vivacity, are in the least subdued. I am disposed to believe that they will be blest to the last, with the retention of those faculties which they have employed so well. With Patty I had a long and interesting conversation, of the most strictly confidential nature, on the subject of which you are aware, and on which, also, I am hereafter to confer with you. This interesting woman is suffering, with exemplary patience, the most excruciating pain; not a murmur escapes, though at night especially, groans and cries are inevitably extorted; and, the moment after the paroxysm, she is ready to resume, with full interest and animation, whatever may have been the subject of conversation.

'Hannah is still herself; she took C. F. and me a drive to Brockley Combe; in the course of which, her anecdotes, her wit, her powers of criticism, and her admirable talent of recitation, had ample scope; poor I, was, of course, put in requisition, and strove to acquit myself, not indeed as I wished, but as I could. It remains for me to say that you hold a high place in the affection of both sisters; and that they desired to be remembered to you with all possible cordiality. On the whole, though not unmingled with melancholy, the impression of this visit to Barley Wood is predominantly agreeable,—I might

indeed, use a stronger word: differences of opinion, there do, it cannot be denied, exist, but they are differences, on their part, largely the growth of circumstances; differences, too, which will vanish before the earliest beams of eternity. I parted with them as noble creatures, whom, in this world, I never might again behold: and while I felt some pangs which I would not willingly have relinquished, it was with deep comfort, that I looked forward in hope to an hereafter, when we might meet without any of those drawbacks, in some shape or other, inseparable, perhaps, from the intercourse of mortals.'

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

Barley Wood, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

This suspension of franks makes me watch for the chance of a conveyance by a private hand, though I fear I shall not have time to be as *tedious* as I could wish. Many thanks for your *joint*, long, interesting, letter; it was just the sort I like, full of pleasant details about the things and persons I care for.—Mr. H's report of petrified episcopacy was quite graphical, so that methinks I see them. I send a slip of paper to be pasted in the tracts for Mrs. Fry, if you approve it. That wise and active disciple of her great master always puts me in mind of Deborah judging Israel under the palm-tree, and if I were a painter, I would desire her to sit for that portrait. Thanks for my work-bag, which is

really pretty enough to be produced in its proper office in company. We are at present in the luxury of making hay, and in the terror of having it spoiled by the rain for which all the rest of the world is crying out. I do wish you could see our roses, they are so profuse that the whole interior of the treillage looks in a state of inflammation—quite a scarlet fever!

Mr. Huber's critique on Madame de Stäel will be a good preliminary discourse for me before my perusing the work: which I hope to do at some time more leisurely than the present. Our house has been a scene of perpetual interruptions by visits from strangers, who, as they bring letters from friends, we cannot well refuse; but it encroaches sadly on my short remnant of time. We give no invitations, and return no visits, so that we cannot well be more royal; unless, indeed, I could escape answering letters, I mean those of unknown correspondents: those of friends are really refreshing. When I said I make no visits, I must except last Wednesday, when we attended the wedding of Miss J——, at that pretty place where I took you one morning. The bridegroom, an old friend also, a clergyman of talents, piety, and fortune—but alas! like all the rest of the world, they started immediately for the continent!

I wish Lady Lucy B——'s parties may do all the good I am sure she intends. She is a charming woman in person and mind. But I doubt whether such large assemblies for the professed purpose of religious conversation may not be liable to more

objections than will be counterbalanced by the actual good received from the interlocutors. I am not, however, sure of this, and should be cautious of giving an opinion on a plan so evidently intended for the promotion of piety.

My kindest regards to Mr. Huber. His narrative has brought me intimately acquainted with Mons. ——. With all his talents, the best hope I can form for the young man is, that he may inherit, in addition, his mother's *piety*. Talents are a fine thing when they are not the best thing a man has, but when put in the balance with Christian principles, they kick the beam. This truth perhaps will not be generally felt or acknowledged in this world, but if not confessed on the dying bed, it will be loudly proclaimed at the day of judgment; to many, the 'great day of dread, decision, and despair.'

I fear that the general distraction of the approaching septennial bustle is not the most favourable time for advertising 'Cœlebs.' Few advertisements I suspect, will be much attended to, but those, 'To the Worthy and Independent Electors,' &c. &c.

I am liberal enough to be glad you have seen so much of dear Mr. Wilberforce, though it is a privilege which I have put out of my own power to enjoy. My long voluntary sequestration has robbed me of much of what is great and good in society; but I thought it right that there should be an interval (mine has happily been a long one) between the world and the grave. Mr. —— is a blessing to the age by his independent, impartial, and sober

conduct in the promotion of genuine religion in his valuable periodical publication.

Are you thinking of Geneva? Not, I hope, for your ultimate home.

Present my kindest respects to Miss Vansittart.

My health is just now pretty good, better than I have a right to expect, and much better than I deserve. My sister's is moderate, but not worse.

With our joint regards to Mr. H. I am ever,

My dear friend,

Your's sincerely,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

Barley Wood, July 16, 1818.

And so, my dear friends, you are actually about to quit old England. I am glad, however, you have not lost your affection for it, but propose to return. I think it a wise determination; for I am somewhat of the opinion of old John Wesley, who in a sermon, not long before he died, after saying what great sinners we were, and how we abused our mercies, and what punishments England deserved for her sins, cried out in a familiar tone, 'But we are the best people in the world for all that!' It appears to me that the two classes of characters are more decided than they were; the wicked seem more wicked, and the good more good. The best, however, have need enough for watchfulness and humility, These appear to me to be the two characteristics of the decided Christian. *Watch and pray* are two mono-

syllables which easily slip off the tongue, and yet they contain the great rule of Christianity as given by its great Author. I am glad Mrs. F—— liked her present. Her exertions have struck me forcibly as a proof how the Almighty chooses his instruments,—such, perhaps, as our short-sighted wisdom would not have selected. None but a woman, and none but a quaker-woman, *could* have ventured, or if venturing, could have succeeded. Their habits of public speaking have taken away that fear of men which would have intimidated one of *us*, even if we had more zeal and piety than are commonly found amongst us: besides which, they are aided by their practical conviction that the Spirit instantaneously suggests what they shall say. Again, had you or I, or any churchwoman, possessed the heroic piety of Mrs. ——, what a cry would have been raised against us. 'Enthusiast and fanatic' would have been the human reward of our endeavours. Not all the sobriety of mind and soundness of judgment which this good lady has shewn, would have been of any avail in *our* case. So you see how God fits the instrument to the work!

Our afflicted friends, Sir Edmund and Lady Hartopp weep again for another family loss. Mr. Adderley, the valuable husband of one of their surviving daughters, is dead of a ruptured blood vessel. They were to have been with us at a grand rustic fête we gave a few days ago, after the Wrington Bible Meeting. Their absence was kindly though very inadequately supplied by a most sumptuous desert from Leicestershire.

My sister has been much better, but we ventured to undertake another fatiguing operation too soon after the former: we visited two of our schools, (twenty miles out and home) on Sunday, and taught near four hundred children. She has been quite laid up since, and I suffer from the excessive heat.

Let me hear from you before you depart home. My wishes and prayers will attend you both, that you may enjoy health, prosperity, and all earthly comforts, as far as they may be good for your eternal interests. I hope we may meet again in this world,—if not, may we meet where there are no sins nor seas to separate; where no enemy shall come in, and no friend go out. To this great end may we daily grow in grace, and in the love and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

If you see dear Mr. Owen, thank him for his kind and interesting letter.

I am, my dear friends,

Your's very faithfully,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. Daniel Wilson.

Barley Wood, 1818.

My dear Sir,

If my friends judge of my feelings by the punctuality of my correspondence, they will not take a fair estimate of them. The misfortune (to myself at least) is, that most of my letters go to persons whom I have never seen, and most of my days are taken up by visitors whom I do not know. Time is passing

away, and I am passing away with it, but as these incessant interruptions are chosen *for* me, and not *by* me, I bear them as well as I can, though I extremely regret that I have so little time for reading and thinking. Bad nights, however, help me out very much in the latter article.

Your very interesting and affecting letter deserved to be acknowledged; I am sure it was felt, and truly do we sympathize with you and the sorrowing mother in witnessing the sufferings of this dear babe:—Poor fallen nature! We seem to sigh ere we have learnt to sin. I wish I could hope she was relieved, or—forgive me, if I say—released: certainty is surely less terrible than this living death.

I must add the following to your anecdotes of a Parisian life. A lady who very properly attended her husband to France, who went in an official character, soon after her arrival wrote to a friend, saying how very painful every thing she saw and heard was to her: the levity, the round of pleasure, the desecration of the Sabbath;—in short, the whole frivolous and vicious routine;—her life was such that she longed to return home. About a year after, they were recalled to London. Before her departure, she wrote to the same friend, that she was grieved to be forced to quit a place so truly delightful, and that she should not leave without the deepest regret, those amiable people whom, perhaps, she might see no more! This very lady had frequently said, that English women were held in such abhorrence by the Parisians, that she was obliged to dress like a

French woman to escape insult. So it is when we cultivate familiarity with sin ;.

'We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

Though it is expecting a rare union of opposite qualities, I hope our friend C——'s work will be at once powerful and prudent.

We had four gentlemen here last week, lately from Rome, and all reported the Pope's disappointment in the high opinion he had formed of English ladies ; they were quite sunk in his esteem.

Your notion, that the doctrine of the association of ideas might be turned to a religious account, I highly approve. It is a fertile subject, and less hackneyed than many others. You do not want any such notices as I could give, even were my mind more disengaged than it is. I have got an old book on 'The Government of the Thoughts,' by a Dean Fullier. I have not looked into it these thirty years, but if I remember right, there was some good matter in it. I wish I could convey it to you. Suppose you come and fetch it, and advocate the *great cause* at our Bible Anniversary, the 9th of July. I might then have, what I never have had, the privilege of hearing you speak at a public meeting.

Your very faithful friend,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Miss Roberts's.

1818.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

I do really think that Thursday's and Saturday's carriers brought nearly thirty pamphlets, tracts, and reports. Alas! I shall never find time even to read their titles; among others, *three thick volumes* from Mrs. ——. Life is short, and books are long, and of reading, as well as writing many books, there is no end! I was rewarded, however, the same day, by an agreeable letter from Sir W. Pepys; it was very rich in pious sentiments. As a proof that he mixes works with his faith, he enclosed a handsome gift for our poor. On Monday we had ordered dinner early, that we might have the afternoon for Shipham affairs. Just as we were sitting down, arrived a carriage full of company, and most of them strangers. As our object in going out, however, was to learn from good Mr. Perry the result of a Justice-meeting at Langford, which had promised to look into the grievances of Shipham, &c. I took courage, and after dinner told the company that we were under the necessity of hurrying away at five o'clock; off we went, leaving them to the full enjoyment of their tea and coffee, and the roses and the honeysuckles. Something, though very little, was done for the poor miners. It was pay-day at their club a few days since, and nearly every woman in both parishes was in arrear eighteen-pence or two shillings; non-payment was final exclusion,

and exclusion total ruin; so by begging, borrowing, and giving, we cleared off their debts. Mr. Boak, who was so kind as to represent us at Cheddar Club Feast, gave us last night a delightful report; it was a happy day to a hungry but clean and well-behaved party of a hundred and fifty, and twelve new members had the *honour of a sitting.*

I have just received a letter from the Religious Tract Society at Paris; they express themselves anxiously desirous of printing my tracts, not for the poor, but in an elegant form, and write to ask my advice and assistance; they keep the thing at present a profound secret, as it is a nice thing to manage, on account of *papistry.* I have so many more things required of me in a variety of ways than I am equal to, that I have proof enough that this is not my rest. I want to 'keep silence even from *good* words.' Think over the tract business, and suggest what occurs—which would you recommend? What think you of advising some chapters of Practical Piety, &c. to be printed separately, or two or three together? I am called down to company. I cannot conclude with a better finale than that of the Apostle. "I commend you to God, and the word of his grace."

Ever your's, most affectionately,

H. More.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. HANNAH MORE was visited in the autumn of 1818 with an alarming illness, in which her sister Martha could afford her no relief, as her own state still more clearly marked the approach of the closing scene. A letter from Mrs. Hannah More to Mr. Wilberforce, presents a picture, at once sad and surprising, of mental and spiritual strength, contending with time and disease.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Lest you should hear *circuitously*, and not hear *truly*, as was lately the case, I sit bolstered up in my bed, to write you a line. On Sunday, poor Patty was seized suddenly in the most alarming manner—a violent shivering fit, intense pains, and a half-sort of delirium, praying for the poor Queen,[1]

[1] Queen Charlotte.

whose want of spiritual attendance sat heavy upon her. She felt as if it was a struggle between life and death. She continued in this state all day and night, only her head became perfectly clear. We had yielded to the kind importunities of Mr. Harford, and had promised to go to him the next day. I made a great effort in the evening to read to the family Fawcett's beautiful sermon on "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." A few hours after Patty's seizure, I was attacked in nearly the same manner—a shivering fit of many hours, with such intense pains in my body and limbs, that my flesh seemed lacerated, as if cut with knives. After several hours the freezing fit (as might be expected) became a burning one, and I seemed to feel the pains of dissolution—with extreme nausea and giddiness. At length it resolved itself into a bilious fever, such as I have often had. I have been in bed the whole week, the pulse is quite reduced, and the worst symptoms, thanks to a merciful God! have subsided. Patty was out of bed yesterday, Though she sleeps in the next room, we had not seen each other since the beginning of the week. Pray for us, my dear, very dear friend, that these useful warnings may not be neglected by us, but that they may answer the end for which they are generally sent—to quicken our repentance and preparation. My whole life, from early youth, has been a successive scene of visitation and restoration. I think I could enumerate twenty mortal diseases from which I have been raised up, without any consequent diminution of strength, except in an illness which happened to

me ten years ago, and which continued for nearly two years: yet (let me gratefully remember this,) at near sixty, after this hopeless disease, I was restored to strength, (physical strength) sufficient to write ten volumes—such as they are;—and in that long affliction, though at one time I very seldom closed my eyes in sleep for forty days and nights, I never had one hour's great discomposure of mind, or one moment's failure of reason, though always very liable to agitation. I repeat these mercies to you in order to impress them on myself as motives of never-ceasing gratitude to that merciful and long-suffering Father to whom I have made such unworthy returns. Patty, though emerging from this trial, is a poor shattered creature. She joins in affectionate and cordial prayers for you.

Your's most truly,

H. More.

This was written yesterday—my health has not been good, but I am not worse, and P. rather better.

If you hear nothing more, you may conclude that things are mending. But "When I wake up after His likeness, I shall be satisfied!"

The state of the two sisters determined their friends to suspend their visits to Barley Wood; and this considerate forbearance was attended with salutary effects on the health and spirits of Mrs. Hannah. The leisure and repose which she now for the first time for many years enjoyed, gave a new spring to her thoughts, and turned them on the existing state of society. Every short interval of

improved health brought with it a feeling of obligation to make it answer a beneficial end. She had often said she would write no more, but her ardour in the cause of religious truth, and the happiness which flows from it, determined her to expend her little stock of strength, in exposing certain dangerous errors in opinion and practice, by which society was at that juncture disturbed and disfigured; and in this new aggression upon folly and vice, she soon made it apparent that age had abated nothing either of the rapid flow of her ideas, or her facility in expressing them. The book, which it was intended should not much exceed the size of a pamphlet, soon grew under her hands into a thick volume, which appeared within a few months after its commencement, under the title of *Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic; with Reflections on Prayer.* In a letter to her old friend, Sir W. Pepys, she thus describes it:

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have been long wishing, as in duty bound, to transmit to you the thanks, both my own and those of the naked, the hungry, and the ignorant, whom you have been the instrument of clothing, feeding, and instructing, this year! May God increase his mercies to you for the mercy you have shewn to others! You may justly say, 'if you wished to write to me, why then did you *not* write?' The

newspapers will probably have told you why, and I am sorry that you should learn from them, before you heard from me, that I have been guilty of the weakness, at my age, of doing that imprudent and presumptuous thing, writing a book. I had fully resolved, as became me, to commit no more indiscretions of this sort; but I have broken, as did *not* become me, my resolution. Though living in retirement, falsely so called, I see so many people from every point of the compass, that I find there is a fresh crop of errors sprung up in a quarter where we did not so much look for them, namely among the religious, or rather the *professing* part of the world. Mine is a book which, in addition to its being feebly written, will bring me no small discredit, as well with the grave as the gay. For one part of it, I expect to have the whole fashionable world, at least all that part of it who look into a grave book, falling upon me without mercy. But I can't help it; I have really seen and heard so much of the evils arising, and likely to arise, from the epidemic French mania, that "while I was musing, the fire burned, and at last I spake with my" pen. You will, I fear, think I have been too vehement, but when I see our country almost abandoned in this second assault upon its safety, and millions spent abroad, while our poor have been perishing at home, I could not restrain my feelings. The rage for a Paris excursion has become such a general infection, that curates, and even farmers in our part of the world, have caught the malady. A clergyman with ten children has been

twice, and his wife is now left there, with a house full of daughters, that they may bring home the Parisian accent to a little country village! I hope this impudent book will have the honour to wait upon you in about a fortnight.

I have told you a *bold* thing of my doing, I will now tell you a *gay* thing. What do you think of my entertaining one hundred and twenty gentlemen and ladies at dinner last week, and about two hundred at tea? The superior part of the company which attended a Bible meeting in our village, adjourned afterwards, by invitation, to Barley Wood. It was a beautiful day. Tables were laid in the garden, prodigal of flowers; the collation was a cold one, but such as it took two days to cook. We had, besides our neighbouring gentry, many persons from Clifton, and forty clergymen of the establishment; and the white-robed nymphs made with the groups under the trees the prettiest show imaginable. You will judge that my health is improved by my being able to go through such a fatigue. The success of these societies I have much at heart: sometimes we hear of 'Christian Knowledge Societies' opposed to 'Bible Societies;' but I belong to both parties: I wish there was no such thing as party.

This foolish book has so engaged me, (for I only thought of it a few months ago,) that the last volume of Clarke's Travels, the voyage to Ashantee, and Chalmers's Sermons, all lie on my table with leaves uncut! I wish I had thought of my book sooner, for this is a wretched time

of the year to bring it out, as I suppose the town is empty, but I may not live to another year, so I preferred publishing it with all its faults. I hope it pleases our heavenly Father to continue to you those many blessings for which you frequently express such lively gratitude; and that you may continue to enjoy his grace, which is the crown of all his other blessings, is the cordial prayer of,

My dear Sir William,

Your very attached
and faithful friend,

H. More.

These little rural festivals are alluded to by a writer in the *Christian Observer*, with the addition of some particulars which make us acquainted with the *expence*—not pecuniary, but bodily and mental,—at which Mrs. More went through, in these cases, what she looked upon as a public duty.

"Hannah More shone very brightly on these occasions. She was just the woman to manage the intellectual part of a rustic fête; while she never forgot the less refined duties of animal hospitality. The writer of these lines, who was present on several of these occasions, was once much amused, being on a visit at Barley Wood before and after the meeting, with the busy preparations of housekeeping for so large an assemblage. It was a fine summer's day, but Hannah More had been ill the day before; and on the writer's accosting her, on the morning of the meeting, with some alarm, as to how she would be able to get through the fatigues of the day, she said:

'I feel very unwell and heavy; for I was obliged to take laudanum last night, being in great pain; and to make sure of some rest I took a double dose; but it had not the effect of sending me to sleep, so that I am very tired and stupid this morning. I never count more than a hundred; for if I do not fall asleep then, it is loss of time, and I turn my thoughts to meditation. But I get so little rest now, that I begin to think sleep a vulgar error; and as for pain, I never was absolutely free from it for ten minutes since I was ten years old.' This seemed a bad beginning for a fête; yet she received her guests as if nothing had happened; she found something to say to every person whom she knew, or who was introduced to her (and few missed that ceremony); the business of the day furnished ample topics of profitable allusion; and every body felt gratified by her personal attentions, were it but a passing religious or moral remark, a kind question, or even a playful recommendation to a jelly, or to beware of a 'saucy pudding.' After her guests had dropped off, gratified and delighted, she retired to her sleepless couch, to commit herself to Him who makes His strength perfect in human weakness.'

On the publication of her *Moral Sketches*, the same testimony was given as on former occasions, of the estimation in which her writings were held, by the whole of the first edition being sold on the day of its appearance, while very few of the country booksellers could obtain a supply. It appears, too, to have fulfilled the expectation which it had raised,

and to have obtained at least as ample a share of the public approbation, as any one of its predecessors. She observed to a friend, when speaking, with her accustomed modesty, of the small merit of her writings,—that the only remarkable thing which belonged to her as an author, was, that she had written eleven volumes after the age of sixty.

But the honest pleasure which Mrs. H. More began to derive from the favourable reception of this work, and from the pious and authorised expectation of its beneficial influence, was now to be exchanged for feelings of a very different kind. ‘ *You* always look,’ said she to a friend, who was on a visit to her at Barley Wood, ‘ at these grounds with pleasure; *I* look at them with pain, for I expect to be *left alone* in them.’ And alone she was now about to be left. A few weeks after the appearance of ‘ Moral Sketches,’ it pleased Him “ who giveth and taketh away,” to deprive her, after an illness of only four days, of her best beloved and sole surviving sister, Mrs. Martha More,—her zealous coadjutor in all her charitable labours, the judicious promoter of all her wishes and designs, the tender nurse and soother of her sickness, and the enlivening and intelligent companion of her healthier hours. To be bereaved, after so short a warning, of one whose eyes had for so many years met her’s with delight, whose bosom had been the depository of all her interior sentiments, and whose counsel had been her best human support in frequent seasons of agitation and conflict, was a dispensation that summoned all her fortitude into action, and put to the test the temper of her

Christian armour. The conflict was very sharp, and "she would utterly have fainted, but that she believed verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living;" and that goodness she lived to experience in a calm and trusting composure, which was her companion to her latest hour, filling the 'aching void' caused by the loss of all her four sisters, and comforting her on every side.

When first she gazed upon the world after this last bereavement, the peopled scene must have seemed to her a wide desert; standing in the midst of which, she had no stay but Him who comes to the pious soul with a fresh approximation as each competitor is withdrawn, until he sits enthroned within the inner circle of its affections. It was a spectacle as touching as it was solemn, to see this Christian lady thus gathering her resources towards their proper centre, and turning to the best account every adverse circumstance. In a strict sense the neighbourhood could hardly be said to sympathize with her in the sad event, for to every one it was a personal and peculiar sorrow,—each appearing to have lost a sister as well as herself.

The character of this common sister of all the friendless, and this common friend of all the virtuous who came within the range of her philanthropy, has been drawn with a faithful pencil by one[1] who well knew and was well qualified to feel her worth, in a letter to a friend of the family then on a visit at the house of mourning.

'We find it difficult to realize the solemn fact,

[1] The Rev. John Hensman, of Clifton.

and still more so to acquiesce in it. I think I have never known a character combining more of those qualities which are calculated to delight and improve, with such an absence of all that is disagreeable and repulsive. You have had the best opportunity of knowing her excellences; how kind, and generous, and noble a heart she possessed, how divested she was of self, how considerate towards others, how indefatigable in her labours to promote the temporal and eternal welfare of her fellow-creatures, how ardent in her wishes and prayers for the extension of the kingdom of her Redeemer. I have seldom conversed with her without being struck with the tenderness of her feelings in reference to every subject and every event in which the honour of Christ and the spiritual welfare of mankind were involved, and often have I secretly wished that I had a heart like her's. We occasionally see instances of piety in old age which command our veneration, but how rarely have we seen at that period such warmth of heart, with such attractive charms. There was something so indescribably delightful in her society, that I always found it difficult to take my leave of her. But if she was so dear to us, what must she have been to her bereaved sister! Indeed it is most painful to reflect how irreparable to her is the loss; how impossible it is for any to supply her place. God can indeed, by the rich communications of his grace, fill up the void. I doubt not that he will do it, and rejoice in your account of the peacefulness and resignation of Mrs. More's mind. All of us, I am

sure, are bound to remember her in our prayers. But she does not sorrow as one without hope. She can never think of her invaluable sister without feelings of gratitude and comfort. To have enjoyed for so many years the affectionate attention and aid and counsel of such a sister,—to have been herself a happy instrument in forming her character to such excellence,—to have been associated with her in labours so eminently blessed by God, are strong grounds of thankfulness. To have witnessed the peace and blessedness of her latter end,—to anticipate an indissoluble union with her hereafter, will surely mitigate the anguish of the separation; and I trust that she will be enabled to exemplify that submission to the will of God which she has so well taught to others, and of which peace is the invariable concomitant.'

During the sickness of her sister, and after her decease, letters replete with encomiums upon her last work, and acknowledgments of the acceptable service she had once more rendered to the cause of sound and practical religion, were continuing to pour in upon Mrs. More from a variety of quarters; but human applause had lost its power to please. She had chiefly valued it, as affording delight to her faithful friend and sister, and nothing now remained to comfort and encourage her as an author but the humble hope of a blessing upon her labours, to be manifested in their effect on the sentiments, principles, and habits of her country.

An instance of the sympathetic feeling manifested by some of those to whose welfare the sisters had

long been devoting themselves, is thus related by a friend who was herself witness to it.

'The poor people of Shipham have long been accustomed (as I believe you know) to look to the inhabitants of Barley Wood, and one or two other families, as their only resource in the extreme poverty, nearly amounting to famine, to which, by the scantiness of employment, they are frequently reduced; and their applications to this house for relief, have consequently become so habitual, that, commonly, there scarcely passes a day without the arrival of some poor petitioner from that neighbourhood. For several weeks, however, after the death of our dear friend, their visits entirely ceased; and when at length upon the arrival of the Shipham schoolmaster with his donkey and paniers to carry off the annual donation of books for the schools, Mrs Hannah More asked him how it was that they had so long entirely absented themselves, 'Why, Madam,' he answered, 'they be so cut up, that they have not the heart to come!''

Some of the correspondence produced by this painful event, as it cannot fail to interest the reader, shall here be presented to his notice.

From Mrs. H. More to Mrs. Macaulay.

Barley Wood. 1819.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I have reproached myself almost hourly, for not having caused a letter to be written to you, thanking you for the kindness of your's, but I foolishly

put it off from one day to another, thinking it would be more satisfactory to you to have a line from my own hand. I have been, and still am, so much indisposed both in health and spirits, that I have not been able to answer one of, I suppose, fifty letters of condolence. My eyes, too, are so bad, that when I wake in the morning, I lie for hours without knowing whether it is day or night. I do not gain much ground either in body or mind, but I hope the former is most in fault. The truth is, I was so ill the last three days the Wilberforces stayed, as not to be able to go down stairs. *She*, dear soul, *would* attend them to Cheddar, Brockley Combe, &c. I believe it heated and harassed her, but all was God's will, and be that will obeyed. She came to my bedside at eleven at night, and said, 'they are all gone to bed, and our W—— and I have had a nice hour's chat.' In an hour and half after this, she awoke in the pangs of death. After agonies unspeakable, and shrieks which rent my heart, she sunk for eight or ten hours into total insensibility, with all the marks of a corpse on her countenance. We sent for our dear Dr. Lovell, who scarcely left us while she lived. Whether rational or delirious, her expressions all indicated a strong faith in her crucified Saviour. She was at times perfectly composed,—said she had done little for God, but had never trusted in any thing she *had* done. A few hours before her departure, she rambled a good deal, but in a quiet way, full of piety and charity, ordering shoes and stockings for the poor, &c. I received her last breath, when she sweetly slept in Jesus

without a sigh or groan: her countenance in her coffin was lovely. The Bishop of Gloucester and Mr. Wilberforce kindly offered to come from Wells, to attend her poor remains to their narrow cell, but the offer came too late: They had "buried my dead out of my sight," fearing a sudden change. I wish you could have seen how happy she looked. I need not tell you that my grief is exquisite; but my consolations are great, and I trust that not one rebellious thought has risen in my heart. On the contrary, I enumerate my many mercies;—that she was spared to me so long,—that she had been in such a constant state of preparation,—that my grief is not aggravated by any doubt of her present happiness,—that *she* has gained much more than *I* have lost. I *endeavour* also to be thankful that *she* is spared the sorrows I now feel.

Never was any private person's death more lamented. She has been the subject of four or five funeral sermons. There was not a dry eye in the churches. Most of the neighbours are in deep mourning. I am afraid it will kill good old Jones. I dare not see him. We have worked thirty-two years together. Oh! pray for me, that this reflection may quicken me in my spiritual course.

I hope you get good accounts of Mr. M. God bless you, my dear friend.

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to a Friend.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

It gives me great concern that I have been obliged so long to delay thanking you for the kind sympathy you expressed for the irreparable loss I have sustained. I trusted to our excellent friend Mr. Hensman, who I knew would have the goodness both to give you the melancholy details of the sad event, and to explain to you the various causes which concurred to prevent my writing. I believe I received not less than two hundred letters, the greater part of which were answered by some friends, but many still remain unacknowledged.

I may now indeed say "My house is left unto me desolate!" I bless my heavenly father, however, that he has not left me without consolation and support. And when I reflect on *her* immense gain, I am ashamed to dwell so much on my own loss. She had a true friendship for you. You knew her well, and knew how much she deserved to be loved; how much she must necessarily be lamented. In my affliction I endeavour to keep my mercies before my eyes. I find not one reason for murmuring; but many for thanksgiving. She was enabled, after a life of devotedness to God, to bear her dying testimony to his faithfulness and truth. I feel thankful that she is removed from a world of pain and suffering, of sin and sorrow, to that blessed state purchased for her by him who loved her, and gave himself for her; that she indeed sleeps in

Jesus. Her last words were expressive of her strong Christian hope. She repeatedly renounced all dependence on herself, or her works, and declared she looked for salvation only to a crucified Saviour. When a friend pitied the excruciating pain she was suffering, she said, 'Oh, I love my sufferings, they come from God, and I love every thing that comes from him.'

Shall I mourn for such a death? and yet I cannot but mourn deeply. The remainder of my pilgrimage, however, must be short. I pray that I may be enabled to spend the remaining portion of life better than I have done the past: I believe she was taken from me, in order to quicken my repentance and preparation. My chief earthly support was removed, that I might lean more entirely on God.

I hope you have resisted the severe winter with which we invalids have been tried. I have just got out of my room, after six weeks' confinement from an attack on my chest. You have my best wishes and cordial prayers, for your health, peace, and comfort here; and if we do not meet again in this world, I trust we shall in that better state, where we shall be subject neither to sin, nor sorrow, nor separation. Believe me ever, my dear friend,

Your truly faithful and affectionate,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. Daniel Wilson.

Barley Wood, Oct. 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was much obliged by your very kind letter, though I have been prevented by sufferings, both of body and mind, from telling you so before. The former I am willing to hope has been the chief aggressor, for this corruptible body presseth down the soul. I am, however, a little better, in both respects, partly owing, perhaps to the prayers of the multitude of Christians who have sympathized in my sorrows in no common degree. I do not undervalue the kindnesses of human comforters, especially as they bear testimony to the worth of what I have lost. This pious sympathy is put into their hearts by Him, who is himself the only source of substantial consolation, and who has mercifully supported me under the heaviest trial which remained for me. Mine is simple, unmixed grief, not tinctured with any feeling of doubt or fear for the present state of my blessed sister; who was enabled to bear her dying testimony to the faithfulness of her God and Saviour. She repeatedly declared that she renounced all trust but in a crucified Redeemer, and called on every servant individually to look to the cross of Christ as the only hope and refuge. She was ill only four days. Mr. Wilberforce and family were with us when she was seized for death; she had been long preparing for her great change; every scrap of paper

I meet with confirms this. In her pocket-book I found these words, 'This is the last account-book I shall ever want.' I have lost my chief earthly comfort, companion, counsellor, and fellow-labourer. God, doubtless, saw that I leaned too much on this weak prop, and therefore in mercy withdrew it, that I might depend more exclusively on himself! When I consider how infinitely greater *her gain* is than *my loss*, I am ashamed of my weakness. I can truly say, however, that it has not been mixed with one murmuring thought—I kiss the rod, and adore the hand that employs it. I do not so much brood over my loss as over the many mercies which accompany it. I bless God that she was spared to me so long; that her last trial, though sharp, was short; that she is spared feeling for *me* what I now feel for *her*; and though I must finish my journey alone, yet it is a very short portion of my pilgrimage which remains to be accomplished.

I hope the country air is strengthening you for your winter labours. What a state our country is in! But for the 46th Psalm, one's spirits would quite sink. The Bible and Missionary Societies are, I believe, at the bottom of those mischiefs. Satan could not bear their triumphant prosperity, and invented this counteraction; but, "greater is he that is for us, than he that is against us."

It grieves me that Lord Teignmouth should have been at Clifton a fortnight, without my being able to see him. Pray for your sincere and faithful servant,

H. MORE.

Mrs. More in these afflicting circumstances did not neglect the preservation of her health, nor did she so draw the curtain of her sorrow around her, as to shut out the wants, the comforts, or troubles of others from her view and her sympathy. She claimed none of the privileges of grief, and least of all the right of sequestration. To make others happy was in her so strong a propensity, that no considerations of private or personal indulgence could contract the scope of her practical philanthropy, or cool the fervours of her ardent mind. If she gave utterance to her sorrow, it was to make it instructive, by shewing its alliance with humble trust, and its subjection to spiritual discipline. But although her mind never sunk in sadness, her thoughts seemed to be much loosened from the world, and to travel in hope after her lost sister. Every interest and every event seemed to want the witness and the partner which had given it its value and its vivacity.

In this year (1819) all Mrs. More's patriotic Tracts and Ballads were collected into a volume. The turbulent and seditious proceedings which had disgraced the country in preceding years, were renewed with increased violence, and with some additional circumstances of atrocity which gave them a portentous aspect. Nothing was found better adapted to counteract the poison administered with such wicked industry, than these little productions of Mrs. More's pen; nor did the deep private affliction under which she was at this time suffering,

prevent her from pressing forward to meet these public dangers, with her bow ready strung, and her quiver on her shoulder, at the age of seventy-five.

But her health appeared at this time to be sinking rapidly. She was prevented from leaving her chamber throughout the whole spring and summer of 1820, by a succession of severe and alarming attacks of illness, till at length, in the month of August, she experienced so violent a seizure as to excite, for many successive days, the most serious apprehensions for her life, and from which, even after the more immediate danger appeared to be past, there remained but a faint hope of her complete recovery.

During this distressing interval, those friends who had the opportunity of watching her sick bed, were careful to gather up what fell from her lips while under the impression of approaching dissolution.

On the night of the 12th of August, Mrs. H. More called all the family out of their beds around her own, being seized with an obstinate obstruction on the chest, which for some time resisted every endeavour to remove it. Upon recovering her speech, after repeated faintings, she earnestly requested the prayers of the friend who was supporting her head; and at intervals, as she was able, repeated a great part of the xvith Psalm, with a little alteration to make it speak the better to her own soul; "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, for thou *didst* not suffer thy Holy One to see corruption." She went on, "Thou shalt shew me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

She repeated also most of the xxiiird Psalm, and desired to have some verses here and there from the cxixth, read to her. She then exclaimed, 'Oh! my gracious God, help me, a poor sinner!' She was answered, 'He will give strength for all need,' to which she replied, 'I have no doubt of it. Life is of no value upon the terms I have held it for the last eleven months. If it were his good pleasure, I could hope that my sufferings may not be very tedious, but I dare wish for nothing that is not consistent with his blessed will.' Upon another occasion, Miss Frowd, the tender friend who was chiefly with her at this period, having said, 'I trust you will be better to-morrow:' she answered, 'If it be God's will, I hope so; when, where, and as thou wilt, O Lord! I who have written so much upon submission to the will of God, ought now to practise it.' To her physician who attended her, she said, 'This old crazy building is a long time in breaking up, doctor!—A gentle dismission, if it please God!' Part of the xlist Psalm being repeated to her, beginning, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy," &c. She said, 'A beautiful Psalm! but all my trust is through grace; all my hope is for mercy; all I ask is acceptance through Jesus Christ. What should I do now if the work were to be begun.' Clasping Dr. Lovell's hand she said, 'I give you so much trouble, doctor! indeed I am not worth taking so much pains about.' 'That is as *we* think;' he replied, 'we are willing to keep you amongst us as long as we can.' She never, when able to speak, forbore long from breaking forth into

a repetition of some of the most beautiful and applicable parts of the Psalms, as the 27th, the 46th, and the 90th; and one day after she had been thus solacing her weary spirits, she remarked, 'Tis perhaps a low idea of heaven, but one not void of comfort to me, who rest so very ill in general, to think that there will be *no* night there—also that it is a land the inhabitants of which will no more say, I am sick.' She one day observed, 'that such lengthened sufferings shewed how greatly she needed purification,' and being told of the death of a neighbour, a very amiable and worthy man, after a short illness, she said, 'Ah, how many more stripes have I needed than he! a few days suffering carried him to his rest, while I have required many, many months!' She then added, 'but I have been favoured with so many more talents and opportunities than he enjoyed!' Speaking of her state of burning fever, she said, 'Nothing but the last icy hand will cool me—poor Patty! I shall very soon rejoin her!' and added, 'how short is the longest suffering; eternity is long enough to be happy in; a thousand years are to him but as one day! I trust I have not a wish or a hope, but that the Lord should do as seemeth it good unto him. I hope I shall feel the same penitence and submission as dear Patty did. I have great comfort and quietness in my mind, and except in the anguish of extreme *suffering*, when the body will be disturbed, I hope it may be said, I bear my sickness patiently. What a treasure are the Psalms of David for Christians in every age!—That a shepherd boy with

his harp could furnish material for the devotion of successive generations to the end of time! "Be strong, and he shall comfort your hearts; and put ye your trust in the Lord." "Oh, tarry thou the Lord's leisure—He himself is the portion of my inheritance, and of my cup!" When we are upon the brink of eternity, how do all earthly things shrink into their merited littleness! this is the point from whence to view them, "O God, thou art my God, my soul thirsteth after thee."'

On Monday the 14th, a clerical friend called upon her. She was in a sweet calm, and with a somewhat milder pulse. She said, 'In none of my illnesses have I ever known much of those triumphs which I hear of; but I have never been destitute of consolation, and trust, and reliance; not that unauthorized calmness, I hope, which some regard as a symptom of peace to the soul.' Mr. —— spoke of the delightful idea conveyed in our privilege of addressing our Creator by the endearing name of Father; there is something so tender in the title! 'Yes;' she replied, 'nothing brings us so close to God; and this very endearing epithet is a pledge of, and even gives us a claim upon his loving mercy. God has been abundantly good to me,' she continued, 'His chastisements are gracious loving-kindnesses! He will not let me forget him! I thank God I have been enabled in the night, when sleepless, to make use of many hours in devotion and meditation, which have been greatly profitable to me, otherwise my time has been so occupied in the day, that I should have appropriated too little to

private devotion; but my long nightly prayers and reflections have proved a great support and compensation to me when my daily ones have been abridged. 'What great use have I found,' she said, 'in single texts; sometimes half a dozen have furnished the whole manual of a poor man!' Here she enumerated a series of passages most affecting and applicable to a time of need. 'It requires great faith,' she resumed, 'to receive pain and trials with thankfulness, and with a persuasion that they are sent in love; it is so natural to flesh and blood to love ease and enjoyment!' When nearly at the worst, she said to Miss F., 'I think I have left nothing very material undone—I hope I can say that I have never through all my long illness expressed a wish, or put up a single prayer for recovery—I find it the only thing to lie at the foot of the cross and say, "Thy will be done!"'

In an interval of severe suffering, she cried, 'Lord, say unto my soul, thy sins be forgiven thee!' and after a moment she resumed, "the sufferings of this present time are not to be compared," &c. O how this corruptible body presseth down the soul! Oh, Adam, what hast thou done? There had been no sickness, had there been no sin; but no sin, no Saviour; and no Saviour, a happiness far short, possibly, of what we hope for through him.' 'Oh! what will it be,' she added, when our eyes close on this scene and open upon the world of spirits! I have often thought, since I have been lying here, of poor Thistlewood's expression: 'We shall soon know the grand secret.' A Christian

may say the same; it is a secret equally to *him*; but *he* says it with a firm faith and well-grounded assurance that there is a reward for the righteous; that there is a God who judgeth the earth.'

In the course of conversation, she spoke of the joys of heaven, and said, 'It is delightful to know that they will be unspeakable and full of glory: rest in the bosom of God and the Saviour, and a full enjoyment of his presence are the ideas that chiefly present themselves to my mind. The meeting with dear friends, will, perhaps, constitute a part of our felicity, but a very subordinate one; like Whitfield, I think we shall be apt to say, 'Stand back, and keep me not from the sight of my Saviour.' Important as doctrines are,' she observed, 'yet except the leading ones, for which we ought to be ready to be led to the stake, they yield much with me to the purifying of the inward hidden man of the heart. Conformity to God, a walking in his steps, spiritual-mindedness, a subduing of the old Adam within us—here is the grand difficulty and the acceptable offering to God! It is observable,' she remarked, 'that in the introductory verses to almost all St. Paul's epistles, he says, "Grace, mercy, and peace"—peace comes after grace and mercy.'

On another occasion, when suffering under the extremity of sickness, she looked up with quickness to those who were supporting her, and said, 'I seem as if I were impatient, but it is, I hope, only infirmity of body.' She went on to say, 'I can offer nothing but sorrow and repentance; to

grace alone I am a debtor: it is unqualified mercy and pardon that I crave.'

In speaking about her medicine, she said, 'I wish—no! I do not wish, nor trouble myself about the event; the taking it is my care—with the rest I have nothing to do.' When holding her bitter potions in her hand, she would frequently say, 'How much more bitter was the vinegar and the gall. Amongst the texts which she was continually repeating to herself was the passage from the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, "It (i. e. correction) worketh the peaceable fruit of righteousness," but,' she added, 'not as payment; all is free gift.'

To the Rev. Mr.——, who called and prayed by her bedside she said, 'I thank God I have not an anxiety whether to live or die;' and added with energy, 'There is peace and safety at the foot of the cross; blessed be his holy name I am enabled to cast myself there, in a full, undivided, unqualified reliance on that blood that was shed upon it!'

'You have been a blessing to the world,' said Mr. ——; 'No,' she replied, 'mine has been a poor little way; I *have* done nothing, I *could* do nothing: the righteousness, mercies, and merits of Christ, are all in all.' In acute suffering, she exclaimed, 'How long, O Lord, how long! but I have not yet suffered enough for my purification.'

Her attendant observed, 'If *you* need all this, Ma'am, *we* may be well filled with dismay.' To which she answered, 'The blood of Christ is sufficient; there is no acceptance for the best without it, and with it the worst need not fear obtaining

pardon and salvation upon repentance; but it must be profound *heart-repentance.*' An earnest hope being expressed for her recovery, she said, 'Don't wish it—pray that His will may be done *in* me and *by* me; pray that I may bear testimony to His faithfulness unto the end. I would renounce everything except my hold upon the Rock of my salvation.'

On receiving the letter of a friend, wherein an acknowledgment was made of the blessing which 'Practical Piety' had proved to him, in first awakening pious feelings in his mind, she said with great emotion, 'I am sure I ought to be deeply humbled and grateful that God has deigned to work by so mean an instrument as I am; to him be all the glory. I hope I don't think anything in the world of my poor doings—I utterly discard them—to him be all praise and thanksgiving for ever.'

She often said, when she heard hopes expressed for her recovery, 'It will be all well, my case is in good hands; suffering is the penalty of sin; not only are our diseases painful, but the very remedies for them are also for the most part bitter and painful—to me a very striking proof and consequence of the fall. I have had a life of so much prosperity, that I needed powerful correction. Before I was in trouble I went wrong, and, oh! that I were able to add the latter part of the sentence, "but now have I kept thy law."' Then, in allusion to the restless night she had passed, 'If we have wearisome nights, what a happiness it is to know that they are 'appointed' to us, and by whom.'

The friends of this admirable woman were now

relieved from all immediate apprehension of her dissolution; although she still continued in so weak and suffering a state as to allow them little room to entertain any hope of her remaining among them another winter. While in this state, as those about her were discoursing on the women's clubs and the Wrington Bible meetings, &c. in which she and all the departed sisters had taken so lively a part, she observed, 'My prayer must now be to submit to be useless. This is the very correction I stood in need of—to annihilate self is the greatest point, and to rejoice that the thing does as well, or better, though I am not permitted to be the doer of it.

'Those also serve who only stand and wait.'

But I find it less easy to *suffer* than to *do* for God's sake.' In speaking to a friend of some passages of her past life, she said, 'it was her natural constitution to be apprehensive; yet she had been led to undertake many bold schemes, and to carry them through with perseverance, though under a want of hopefulness of their success; that she was persevering, but not sanguine.'

During this her tedious illness, which was expected to be her last, she one day remarked to her medical attendant, that though she had attained to so considerable an age, she had experienced the pains of many dangerous complaints, and that probably an attack upon her chest would be final: but she did not mean to manage for the Almighty, and had not the slightest care or anxiety about the method of her dismissal.

In arranging some future plan with a friend,

which it might have caused some inconvenience to defer, she said, 'Not that I have the remotest idea of living through the winter, but we must plan for time, and prepare for eternity.' At another time she said, 'I often think we are not thankful enough for our negative mercies: I have frequently felt grateful that I have never been confined in a madhouse, a prison, or a court.' These parts of her conversation are here introduced to show by how much vivacity even in sickness, it was occasionally distinguished. She remarked, when restored to some degree of strength, that people were too apt at an advanced age to imagine that because they were able to do but little, they were therefore exempted from doing any thing: but that our work was never finished whilst we were on earth, and that when we had only one talent left, we must strive to the last to make the most of that one.

Speaking afterwards on the duty of aiming at the edification of her innumerable visitors, she said that upon her first introduction to worldly characters, if she had a prospect of seeing them more than once, she did not immediately press the subject of religion, but rather strove to do away prejudice, and to prepare the way by making a favourable impression; but if she knew it would be a single opportunity, she endeavoured to lose no time, but to come to the point at once.

She went on to observe, that young persons, whose affections were too much wedded to the world, had been frequently brought to her by their pious relations, in the hope of her being able to

dissuade them from the love of public amusements; but (she added) I always answered to their anxious solicitations on this head, by saying, that in my little way of practice, it was not my method to attack symptoms, but to apply myself in the first instance to the internal disease.

She remarked that many things had been cultivated since her youth by her own sex, which she had determined to make no effort towards acquiring; as a superficial, or even a deeper knowledge of them would tend to no utility, either to herself or others; that she frequently heard ladies using philosophical and technical terms, but it did not inspire her with any desire to dabble in the sciences, which would have consumed much time without any of that good which was the sure result of a thorough acquaintance with a few things.

At another time, adverting to the multitude of improving and entertaining books which were daily issuing from the press, for the use of children and young persons, she added, 'In my early youth there was scarcely anything between 'Cinderella' and 'the Spectator.'

Mrs. H. More not only passed tolerably well through the winter, but continued to advance gradually in strength, and the number of her visitors increased in proportion. All were delighted to remark that the sprightliness of her conversation was unabated. One of her friends informed her of the rejection of the Catholic Bill in the House of Peers, by a majority of thirty-nine. 'Then,' said she, 'we have beaten the Romanists with

forty stripes save one.' Her interest in her country's weal and moral advancement had not been diminished by the illness which had for so many months held her in perfect seclusion.

The following letters we find written about this time; which may help to supply some short notices of this interval,—an interval which, until her convalescence was much advanced, was passed in her chamber in great tranquillity, and in the free communication of her unstudied thoughts to those who lived most in her confidence.

From Mrs. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Aug. 10, 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your very nice kind long letter both exhilarated and afflicted me, like one of Shakspeare's tragic comedies. I should not have punished you by writing so soon, but that it comes across me that if anything relating to those destructive engines, Sunday newspapers, stage coaches, and other Sabbath-breaking grievances, should come before your house, you might, perhaps, make some use of a passage I have just met with in one of poor Lord Orford's letters, it is dated 1761. 'Bussy, the ambassador, put off his journey to Monday. He says this is a strange country, where *he can get no waggoner to carry his goods on a Sunday.* I am glad a Spanish war waits for a conveyance, and that a waggoner's veto is as good as a tribune's of Rome, and can stop Mr. Pitt in his career to Mexico.'

I was awfully struck at the horrible increase of Sabbath-breaking since this was written, and it strikes me the more as coming from a man (with sorrow I say it) of no religion.

Sept. 12. So far I had written more than a month ago; but it pleased God to prevent my going on with my letter, by a seizure the most violent I have ever had. For a considerable time there seemed scarcely a probability of my living a day. Twice I appeared to be quite dead, and nothing but the vigorous measures of Dr. Lovell, in copiously bleeding, for the third time lately, could, humanly speaking, have called me back to this sinful and afflicted world. I fear I was not grateful enough when I felt myself alive, for I had been not only resigned, but desirous to depart; my weak faith suggesting to me, that on the next call, I might not be so willing. Pray for me, my dearest friend, that I may turn this short reprieve to a better account than I have done my numberless mercies.

I will not, because I cannot, say what I have felt for you in your late trying and perilous situation. I will not weary *you* with this subject, though even in this remote and quiet nook it harasses my mind day and night; but I will turn to a less disgusting, though I confess, to me not a pleasing subject, I mean, a life, which I have been reading, of an eminent servant of Christ. Narrative is always interesting, especially if it records the actions of eminent men, but I own this work has given me more pain than pleasure. Why call up

from oblivion, extravagancies and absurdities which good men would wish to lose sight of in *consideration* of the immense benefit these extraordinary men have done to religion? Their follies would still have been confined to their own journals and to their magazines, where they would have remained a proper caution to their own people. Why transplant such weeds into a book which will be read by worldly people? It must make the godly grieve and the ungodly triumph. Those who know to what a low ebb Christianity had then sunk in the church, will be more ready to thank God for raising up these awakeners, than to expose their errors. When I think of their burning zeal, their incredible labours, their pure disinterestedness, I think also with pleasure of their present rest from their labours, and how they are rejoicing in heaven over the thousands they have been instrumental in bringing thither.

By this tedious scrawl, written *à plusieures reprises*, I seem as if I thought you were as much at leisure as myself, solitary and useless being as I am, while you, I fear, are nearly worn out with labour and anxiety.

May the God of all grace and mercy be with you. Amen.

Your affectionate,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Miss Roberts's.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I should have written sooner had I had anything to say; but the annals of an hospital are not particularly amusing. Pray give my kind love to Mrs. Ford, with many thanks for her very obliging and friendly invitation. I am persuaded I could nowhere, either for body or mind, find more gratifications than with her and her excellent daughters; but I can only repeat what you know has been my general answer to many other dear friends, that for age, sickness, and sorrow, there is no such refuge as home, no other place in which one has a right to be disagreeable. I shall be very glad to see you at the time you mention, and will send the carriage for you with much pleasure.

I have been down stairs but once since I saw you. The day you and Mr. Harford left me, I caught a violent cold, or rather the cold caught me, for I did nothing to invite it; it was merely the severity of the weather. I have had a great oppression on my chest, and my lungs so susceptible, that a clean table-cloth, if not first put to the fire, sets me coughing. A profusion of James's powder for many days, blistering, &c. did nothing for me. I have frequently coughed whole nights without any intermission—gentle opiates, together with this beginning thaw, will I trust, under God, considerably relieve me, and I already feel better for the latter. I am ashamed to have said so much

of my petty grievances,—I, who have all the comforts, and conveniences, and attentions and mitigations in the world, while so many houseless wretches are perishing for want of those good things in which I abound. The James's are extremely kind—the two sons came in succession, and performed our Christmas-day and Sunday duties, and the father the following evening, and read me two of Chalmers's Sermons—they have been several evenings since, and would come oftener if I would let them.

After much contest with her German booksellers, I have at length got Madame Necker de Saussure's 'Notice sur le Caractère et les Ecrits de Madame de Stäel.' Her reprehension of me is very gentle and polite, but she seems deeply hurt that I do not think her cousin truly religious. I have not yet read the book half through, but I have read enough to see that her book is not merely the éloge, but the apotheosis of the deceased. Like the woman she celebrates, she writes elegantly, and even splendidly, but she has employed her eloquence to varnish over every thing that was not fit to be seen both in her conduct and her writings. The principles of Delphine are not only excused but extolled. I never read that work, having been told by men, not particularly scrupulous, that it was equally offensive to virtue and religion. Religion, however, is the great point in Madame de Stäel's character on which she insists. It is lamentable that this amiable and very ingenious lady, of whose piety the Huber's were beginning to hope favour-

ably, should, through the partiality of friendship and family connexions, have been drawn in to sanction so much error. These distinguished ladies have a religion of their own—but it is not the Christian religion—humility is excluded; there is no intimation of a fallen nature, of its restoration, of the renewal of the soul, of divine influences, &c. Yet the word *inspiration* is to be found in every page, but it is the inspiration of genius! the swelling of conscious talent! Alas! I could weep for them. Adieu! God bless you both.

Your's affectionately,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

1820.

My dear Friends,

It is only a few days ago that I could prevail on Messrs. T. &c. to let me have *the book*. Imprisoned in my chamber for three weeks, it is only yesterday that I could finish it. I have read it with mingled feelings; pain and pleasure had by turns the upper hand. But first, let me, through you, thank the admirable author, not only for her kind present, but for the elegant and delicate hand with which she has reproved me. As to the work, it indicates a kindred genius with the subject it celebrates, a similarity of striking thoughts, brilliancy of style, and happy turn of expression, the same ardour in feeling, the same generosity of sentiment. I wish my sacred regard to truth would allow me to stop

here, but you *insist* on knowing my sentiments. I really feel myself so *entirely* inferior to both ladies, that I am not worthy to offer them; and I feel also, that I am going to expose myself to the charge of waste of taste, of want of candour, or of envy of such eclipsing merits. It appears to me, then, that from the excess of her affection, and the warmth of her generosity, Madame Necker, not content with making the eloge of Madame de Stäel, has made her *apotheosis.* It would be a satire on my own judgment and feelings not to allow that I am one among the innumerable admirers of Madame de Stäel. Corinne, as an exhibition of genius, is a *chef d'œuvre;* of Delphine I have no right to speak, as I have never read it, but having been assured that it was offensive to morality, I was sorry to observe that Madame Necker's warm heart had led her pure mind to defend it. I am at present too unwell to look over the passages in the admirable work 'de l'Allemagne,' on which I took the liberty to hazard a remark or two in my Essay on St. Paul. A passage in Madame Necker's book serves to recal the substance of it to my mind—the passage is '*Le Juge suprême sera clément envers le génie.*' I humbly conceive this is a dangerous sentiment; Voltaire, Rousseau, Bolingbroke, Lord Byron, and a hundred others, would be happy to take shelter, for the use to which they applied their talents, under the wing of such a woman as Madame Necker. Perhaps had I as much personal interest in defending genius as she has, I might have been tempted to treat it with greater lenity. Again, I

am a passionate admirer of whatever is beautiful in nature, or exquisite in art. These are the gifts of God, but no part of his essence; they proceed from God's goodness, and should kindle our gratitude to him, but I cannot conceive that the most enchanting beauties of nature, or the most splendid productions of the fine arts, have any necessary connection with religion. You will observe that I mean the religion of Christ, not that of Plato; the religion of reality, and not of the beau ideal. Adam sinned in a garden too beautiful for us to have any conception of. The Israelites selected fair groves and pleasant mountains for the peculiar scenes of their idolatry. The most exquisite pictures and statues have been produced in those parts of Europe where pure religion has made the least progress. These decorate religion, but they neither produce or advance it. They are the enjoyments and refreshments of life, and very compatible with true religion, but they make no part of religion. Athens was at once the most learned and the most polished city in the world; so devoted to the fine arts, that it is said to have contained more statues than men, yet in this eloquent city, the eloquent apostle's preaching made but one proselyte in the whole Areopagus.

I am happy to learn from her elegant biographer, that the close of the life of her illustrious cousin was so eminently pious. The best Christians must look with envy at the passage in which she describes herself as not spending a quarter of an hour without thinking of God.

Though I have already said too much, I cannot

help adding a word on what appears to me to be the distinctive character of Christianity. I mean a deep and abiding sense in the heart, of our fallen nature; of our actual and personal sinfulness; of our lost state, but for the redemption wrought for us by Jesus Christ; of our universal necessity of a change of heart; and the conviction that this change can only be effected by the influence of the Holy Spirit. This is not a splendid, but it is a saving religion; it is humbling now that it may be elevating hereafter. It appears to me also that the requisition which the Christian religion makes on the most highly gifted as well as the most meanly endowed, is, that after the loftiest and most successful exercise of the most brilliant talents, the favoured possessor should lay his talents and himself at the foot of the cross, with the same deep abasement and self-renunciation as his more illiterate neighbour, and this from a conviction of who it is that hath made them to differ. I give Madame Necker high credit for the exact pencil with which she has drawn Madame Necker la mère. It is precisely the picture I drew in my own mind more than forty years ago. I saw much of both those distinguished parents, as they were in familiar intimacy with Mr. Garrick, at whose house I was then staying. With great abilities, I thought her too studiously ingenious to be agreeable, and too *recherchée* ever to seem easy; in short she seemed to have been formed to be the admiration of Mr. Gibbon.

I am sorry you insisted so much on my real

opinion of the excellently-written volume in question. I feel that I have exposed myself to the charge of injustice to distinguished merit, and of ingratitude for the entertainment I have received from the living lady, as well as from *her* to whom human opinion of a much higher order than mine is now of no value. I have no room for other subjects. May the Almighty grant us all the benefits and consolations of the late gracious season!

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

Barley Wood, 1820.

My dear Friends,

At length it has pleased God to enable me to write, to thank you both for your kind letter, which I was happy to receive. I have been confined to the house ever since last September, and to my chamber since Christmas, and a good part of that time to my bed. I am, thanks to Almighty goodness, growing gradually much better. I have this week seen a friend or two for an hour, and breakfasted twice in the next room.

Madame Necker has treated me and my bold remonstrance with a delicacy which shows the refinement of her own elevated mind. Truly glad should I be if such a mind could be brought to receive "the truth as it is in Jesus;" for those fine speculations which she and her accomplished relative have fed on as Christianity, afford no solid relief to a *fallen creature;* and such the best of

human beings are by nature. The wisest and the best stand in as much need of being redeemed by the blood of Christ, and of being sanctified and guided by the Holy Spirit, as the most illiterate and the most unworthy. The two great principles on which our salvation *must* be founded, are faith and holiness; faith, without which it is impossible to please God, —holiness, without which no man can see the Lord. Those are not *my* words, as you know, but the words of the great apostle. Madame Necker says, 'a muse may be a missionary,'—I agree with her; but then it must be such a muse as that of Cowper or Milton, in whom the sanctity directs and elevates the poetry; where genius is made subservient to Christian principle, and embellishes it without altering its character or debasing its purity. These two are *Bible poets*, who received the gospel in simplicity, and adorned it without any departure from its truth.

This amiable lady a little mistakes my character and turn of mind. She supposes me to be so strict that I disapprove the *lighter* parts of her book; so far is this from being the case, that I delight in narrative, in anecdote, and in traits of character. It is only on the more *serious* passages that I took the liberty to animadvert. I should not have offered a remark on the *omission* of religion;—it is only on what appears to me to be *mistakes* in religion that I presumed to speak. Her powerful intellect, her high cultivation, her candid mind, of which she has given so amiable an instance in her bearing with my impertinent observations, impel me to observe

what a fine soil that mind would be, in which to plant genuine unadulterated Christianity. Though a self-denying, humbling religion, it gives more than it takes away; it gives a peace which the world, with all its promises and blandishments, cannot give. It gives humility, which far from prohibiting the exercise of talents, only encourages their consecration to him who gave them, with that prostration of heart, and self-renouncing spirit, which will lead the possessor to exclaim "Who hath made me to differ?" What have I that I have not received?

In the midst of my illness, Cadell wrote to intreat me to preface a new edition of 'Moral Sketches,' with a short tribute to our late lamented king. My friend wrote him word it was utterly impossible, that I might as well attempt to fly, as to write. A week after, supposing me to be better, he again renewed his intreaty. I was not better, but worse. I fancied, however, that what was difficult, might not be impossible. So, having got everybody out of the way, I furnished myself with pen, ink, and paper, which I concealed in my bed, and next morning, in a high fever, with my pulse above a hundred, without having formed one idea, bolstered up, I began to scribble. I got on for about seven pages, my hand being almost as incompetent as my head. I hid my scrawl, and said not a word, while my doctor and my friends wondered at my increased debility. After a strong opiate, I next morning returned to my task, and finished seven pages more, and delivered my almost illegible papers to my friend to transcribe and send away. I got

well scolded, but I loved the king, and was carried through by a sort of affectionate impulse; so it stands as a preface to the seventh edition. You will be as much surprised as myself that this slight work should have made its way so rapidly in these distracted times, which, the booksellers tell me, have been the most unfavourable to literature that they have ever known. The preface is just such a meagre performance as you would expect from the writer, and from the strange circumstances of the writing.

Thursday, July 13.—I began this letter some days ago, and wrote a little as I felt able, but have since had a considerable return of fever and pain. At my time of life I am not so sanguine as to expect anything like perfect restoration; nor am I anxious about it; all I desire is a prepared mind, an obedient heart, and a resigned spirit. I am surrounded with many mercies, and have the consolation of knowing that I have the prayers of many Christian friends.

Dear Wilberforce has been more active and more brilliant than ever, if that were possible, this year. May God preserve his precious life, which he seems to be wearing out by incessant hard labour.

My heavy, and truly irreparable domestic loss has been, as you will believe, bitterly felt by me during this confinement of nine months; but the time is short, and we are all hastening, if we spend that short time well, to a country where there is neither sin nor suffering.

As I address both, I conclude with saying, may God bless you both. H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

Barley Wood, Dec. 23, 1820.

I have been long in your debt for a most interesting and delightful letter, and in your debt I must be content to remain; for though I thankfully *acknowledge,* I am sure I shall not *answer* it. I hope in my late scrawl, I cleared my character of the foul blot of ingratitude. I have been most agreeably employed, in turning part of your large bounty to the best account I can devise; this hallowed and gracious season being a special call to attend to the wants of our fellow-creatures, as one of the best proofs of our love to HIM, who not only became man for our sakes, but man in his most destitute condition. Some author says, that charity is the truest epicurism, for it makes the giver eat with many mouths at once. You therefore at this moment may indulge your spiritual appetite with this wholesome food, which never makes one sick.

The touching portrait you draw of your own domestic felicities, and your gratitude to the divine author of them, is as refreshing to me after reading the newspapers, (which have lately too much occupied my time,) as the reviving shower in a parched land. These turbulent times make one sad. I am sick of that liberty which I used so to prize. If any of your acquaintance want any, let them send to me, for I have more than I can make use of, and many have more than does them good.

I comfort myself, however, that if wickedness is

more mischievous, goodness is more active. I see much, in the higher ranks at least, that gives me hope, and particularly in Ireland, where there is a striking improvement among several whom I am so happy as to call my friends. I had an interesting discourse the other day on this point, with my long-valued friend the Archbishop of Cashel, who considered this as a prognostic of better days. Have you observed that this year is the centenary of the South Sea scheme? We recovered the bursting of that bubble, as I hope we may do of this.

Do you know any thing of Mrs. Garrick? It is now long since I heard from her, which troubles me. Years do not seem to impair as much as they used to do. The Bishop of Durham, one of my early friends, is his own secretary and chaplain at eighty-six, and I have just received a ring, in memory of Mr. Hatsell, who had promised me a visit next summer. He was about the same age. You have heard of the 'Royal Society of Literature.' Another of my old and dear friends, the Bishop of St. David's (himself, I believe, one of the first scholars on the bench) has been corresponding with me on the subject. The king is patron, and his patronage will be large. It is not yet quite organized, nor much known. The first dissertation is to be on 'The Age, Writings, and Genius of Homer;' a principal object being to promote ancient learning. Now as learning is the next best thing to religion, I hope the scheme may succeed. I have but one objection to it. Among

the honorary members, they propose to include a few females. They have done unworthy me the honour to name me; I have written a strong remonstrance, declining the distinction, partly on the ground that I have no claim to it, but chiefly that I consider the circumstance of sex alone a disqualification.

I have just had a present sent me from Paris, a neat volume of my 'Cheap Repository Tracts,' well translated under the auspices of the Countess of Pastoret and the Duchess of Broglie. The translator tells me that the third edition was gone to the press, before they sent me the book.

I agree with you that Madame Necker's 'Life of Madame de Stäel' has great merit. There is much ability, and fine flashes of eloquence; but I found also much to censure, in point of principle, and I fairly told her so. She was so kind as to send me the book through my friend Mr. Huber, the elegant translator of 'Cœlebs.' Had she confined her eulogiums to the talents, the eloquence, the knowledge of her illustrious cousin, I should have gone all lengths with her; but, as I ventured to tell her, she has made not her éloge but her apothéosis. She is painted as a model, not only of moral, but even of religious perfection, and she has deified talent, by saying, 'Dieu sera clément au génie.'

I have told Madame Necker, that Hume and Bolingbroke and Byron will gladly range themselves under her great authority. In answer to her saying (I mean Madame de Stäel) that religion was necessarily connected with the fine arts, poetry,

and eloquence, I took the liberty to observe, that in the most learned and polished city of antiquity, in which it was said there were more statues than men, St. Paul produced no effect on the eloquent Areopagus; only one member being awakened: and we know, that in modern times, those countries, Italy for instance, where the fine arts have been carried to a perfection *we* have never reached, there is a deplorable ignorance of genuine Christianity. Genius and talent of every kind are the gift of God, and serve to adorn religion, and to display her in her highest beauty; but they are no part of religion itself; on the contrary, religion has found some of her worst enemies in those who have been the most supremely gifted.

The above are only a few of the observations I made when I returned thanks to Madame Necker for her book. To the credit of her humility be it spoken, she received them most patiently and even kindly; put my letter in her work-bag when she set out for Italy, seemed much affected, and said she would make several alterations if her volume reached a second edition.

Your religious observations interested me greatly. I totally agree with you, that 'there is no better preparation for death, than the daily endeavour to conform our lives to the precepts of the gospel; that is to say if our repentance for our past offences is sincere, and our desire to obey the revealed will of God is steady, and exemplified in our daily habits.' I give you back your own sentiments, as they are exactly my own, as are also your addition 'of the

daily supplication through a Redeemer, and a lively faith.' As to 'unsinning obedience,' I believe the prophets and apostles themselves never attained to it. I do not know of any *selection* of scripture that I could recommend. My own practice has been to make a cross in the margin against every text peculiarly striking, or incapable of self-application. The portions at which I involuntarily open the Bible, are the Psalms and the prophet Isaiah, who may justly be called the evangelical prophet. There are also very sublime passages in Jeremiah, and indeed in the minor prophets, spiritual and personal as well as prophetic. Perhaps I read the epistles rather than the gospels, for this reason, that the latter being historical, have taken more hold of one's memory, and the former being less obvious, require closer attention. I can truly say that I have seldom taken up any part of the Old or New Testament in which I did not perceive something I had not observed before, or seen an old truth presented in a new light. I do not, however, read either sacred or profane writers as much as I wish. Added to the hindrances of very indifferent health, advanced age, the cares of my family, my schools, and many concerns in the parishes, to the comforts of which your liberality has so largely contributed, I see a great deal of company. My nearness to Clifton brings many strangers, besides my immediate friends, so that I had more time to myself formerly in London.

Have you read Magee's Sermons on the Atonement? He treats that important topic in a very

able manner, and on quite new grounds. He is one of my most attached friends. He is just made Bishop of Raphoe, to my great satisfaction; as he has, I think, fourteen children, and is a most able and pious man.

I beg to be both respectfully and affectionately remembered to Lady Pepys. Your young people do not know me, but they have the cordial prayers of their father's friend,

H. MORE.

Extracts of letters from Mrs. H. More to Hart Davis, Esq.

1821.

MY DEAR SIR,

I cannot but rejoice that you were present at the coronation, which I conceive to have been the *acmé* of human grandeur. The splendour must have been almost overcoming, and the mere ceremony of the pageant was elevated by the cause which gave occasion to it, and dignified by the religious solemnities which made so affecting a part of it.

I am exceedingly delighted with dean Milner's sermons. Though they were not all finished for the press, and some of them are printed with shameful negligence, yet I have seldom met with any Discourses more to my taste. They are devoutly practical; entirely free from all dogmatism and all controverted points. They come straight home to the heart and conscience. So much simplicity of language, such honest yet temperate earnestness,

from so great a mind, and so distinguished a scholar, is very pleasing. He was said to be a high Calvinist, but I defy any critic to detect one sentiment *peculiar* to Calvinism throughout the two volumes. A high-toned morality and a scrutinizing spirit of holiness appear everywhere. I knew the Dean very well, and a merrier man I never knew.

1822.

I was much affected yesterday with a report of the death of my ancient and valued friend Mrs. Garrick. She was in her hundredth year! I spent above twenty winters under her roof, and gratefully remember not only their personal kindness, but my first introduction, through them, into a society remarkable for rank, literature, and talents. Whatever was most distinguished in either, was to be found at their table. He was the very soul of conversation.

My dear Sir, most faithfully your's,

H. MORE.

Mrs. H. More to the Miss Roberts's.

November, 1821.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I was not quite well enough to write by Charles, and he neglected to tell you of the vexation which has for the last three weeks hung over my head. You know the wearisome importunity of certain friends about my sitting for my picture, and the sincere pertinacity of my refusal. They have,

however, got Mr. Pickersgill (who painted the Bishop of Gloucester in our parlour, and whose talents are held in the highest estimation) to come down. It is a cruel vexation to me, in every point of view. I have opposed it with all my might. Morally and physically it is grievous to me. Think of the fatigue it will give me, and the great uncertainty of my health from one day to another! Then comes my great objection, that with my fragment of life, a few, out of the very few days which remain to me, should be wasted to rescue for a few years from oblivion, my haggard withered face. I would cheerfully make the artist a present for the loss of his time, if he would let me off; but they would not hear of it, and our dear B—— is as bad as the worst of them. For *your* sakes I am sorry it is likely to take place while you are here; (the beginning of next week perhaps); for my own sake it will be a great relief to me. My anxiety about this foolish business has had its share in retarding my recovery, and I lament that I should have yielded my quiet and comfort to the too pressing solicitations of friendship.

I am ashamed that the first use I make of my pen should be on such a paltry subject. As I hope to see you so soon, I will leave other matters unsaid. God bless you both.

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

Barley Wood, 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am for the next week under a bondage to me the most oppressive of all those which have no real distress in them. An ardent friend, Sir Thomas Acland, who, by the most affectionate tyranny, is sure to carry every thing his own way, has actually, against my vehemently-repeated refusal, sent down Mr. Pickersgill from London, and your poor, old friend is condemned, sorely against her will, and on the verge of eternity, to see 'the lack-lustre eye,' and corrugated visage, snatched a little while from oblivion. The picture is for Sir Thomas, and at his expense. Besides the fatigue of sitting four hours a-day to a painter, I object, in a moral point of view, that so much time out of my little fragment of life should be so spent.

Your letter comprehends so many interesting topics, that with my scanty leisure, I hardly know which to touch upon. The most important, surely, is your fervent gratitude for your uncommon domestic felicities. You do not fall under the classical complaint, 'Oh happy, if they knew their happiness!' You may translate it back into Latin.

My health, I thank the great Giver, is rather better than usual. I am a most atmospherical animal, and rise and fall with the barometer. You will judge favourably of my orthodoxy, when I tell

you I have lately entertained four bishops; not a conclave, for their visits were at different times.

I am greatly interested for the Greeks. I cannot bear that the descendants of those illustrious ancients, of whom somebody says, that

'Half our learning is their epitaph.'

should be the victims of those worse than pagans. I hope your grandsons will see the university projected by Lord Guildford, in the Ionian islands, in a flourishing state. Ithaca, I think, is to be the scene. A friend of mine has conversed much with a young Greek, placed at Cambridge by his Lordship. This gentleman *wished* to add a professorship for Theological studies. Altogether, it is a grand scheme.

I wish I had time, (for I am anxious you should receive my acknowledgment of your bounty) to enter at large into the subject of instructing the poor. I have thought much on the subject. I think there is *ultraism* on both sides of the question. My views of popular instruction are narrow; the views of some others I think *too* narrow. I will give you a sketch of my own poor practice at setting out, but opposition obliged me to lower it.

Not the very poor only are deplorably ignorant. The common farmers are as illiterate as their workmen. It therefore occurred to me to employ schoolmasters, who to sound piety, added good sense and competent knowledge. In addition to instructing *all* the poor children in the parish on Sundays, at my expence, I directed him to take the

farmers' sons on week-days, at a low price, to be paid by them, and to add writing and arithmetic to reading, which was all I thought necessary for *labourers'* children. The master carefully instructed these higher boys also in religious principles, which the fathers did not object to when they got it gratuitously. I had long thought that the knowledge necessary for persons of this class, was such as would qualify them for constables, overseers, churchwardens, jurymen, and especially tend to impress them with the awful nature of an oath; which I fear is too commonly taken without any sense of its sanctity. Further than this I have never gone.

Now I know the ultra-educationist would despise these limits. I know not if you have seen a book on popular education, written by a man of great talents. Truth compels me to bear my public testimony against his extravagant plan, which is, that there is *nothing* which the poor ought not to be taught; they must not stop short of science. They must learn history in its widest extent: Goldsmith's Greece is nothing;—he recommends Mitford, &c. Now the absurdity of the thing is most obvious; supposing they had money to *buy* such books, where would they find time to read them, without the neglect of all business, and the violation of all duty? And where is all this to terminate? Only cast back your eye upon Athens, where the upper gallery pronounced sentence on Sophocles and Euripides, and an herb-woman could detect the provincial accent of a great philosopher. Yet was there ever a more

turbulent, ungovernable rabble? St. Paul tells you how they spent their time. 'It was only to tell or to hear of some new thing.'

I have exerted my feeble voice to prevail on my few parliamentary friends to steer the middle way between the scylla of brutal ignorance, and the charybdis of a literary education. The one is cruel, the other preposterous.

I have poured out my crude opinions so rapidly, and with so little attention to exactness, that I fear you will hardly decypher my meaning.

If you take much interest in this subject, I wish you would look at the book I have been alluding to. You will find in it much that is able, and much that is true and rational; but I should greatly dread the adoption of the writer's scheme, if there were any probability of its taking place.

I wish you would read Isaiah, with an eye to the powerful efforts now making for the conversion of the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Their restoration is so strongly and obviously predicted by this most enlightened of prophets and sublime of writers, that it is impossible to overlook it.

For a person who promised to let you off with only a few lines, I think I have been tedious enough. With my fervent prayers for your temporal and eternal happiness, believe me ever,

My dear friend,

Your faithful and affectionate,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. D. Wilson.

New Year's Day, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,

I believe I am right in sending to *you*, as Secretary, my subscription to the London Clerical Society. I hope this excellent Institution will prosper, as we must chiefly look to it hereafter for right-minded ministers, in this non-preferring age of serious men.

I have just had a letter from the Bishop of St. David's, to say that every thing is now settled for building his college, and that they only wait for an act of parliament. I have taken great interest in this business, and have been a humble subscriber to it for seventeen years. It will be an æra in the history of Wales, and I hope it will raise the tone both of literature and piety in their clergy.

I am very deeply concerned to hear of your weak state of health. Do, I pray you, work less, that you may work longer. You are public property, and the public has a right to insist on your sparing yourself. I am grieved that *the work* must stand still; but that may be resumed, when preaching, which requires body as well as soul, cannot. Your excellent sermon on Temptation was our Sunday night's family reading. I am glad to see you notice among other dangers, *light reading*. I have lately reflected much on the alarming increase of this perilous pleasure. I really think it is, at this period, doing more harm than cards; I mean family cards, not

gaming. I would the evil were confined to the worldly and the dissipated: the religious world, of whom I am almost as much afraid as of the worldly world, (if I may use the expression,) are falling much into it. An active, and, I hope, a pious clergyman told me the other day, that he had just bought a cheap edition of Lord Byron, but boasted that he had burnt Don Juan. I am far from putting Byron and Walter Scott on a level, the one is an anti-moralist indeed, but surely I may say the other is a non-moralist. His *poetry* I read as it came out with that pleasure and admiration which great talents must always excite; but I do not remember in it any of those practical precepts or that sound instruction which may be gleaned from some of our older poets; though they often offended against that decency which Scott invariably observes. I am now reading 'Prior's Solomon,' an exquisite poem, in my opinion, abounding in instruction and beauty; yet scarcely any body I meet with has read it. Of the fashionable reading, if there were no other evil than the immense consumption of *time*, the mischief would not be small. Thirty volumes of Walter Scott's novels have in the succession of a very few years covered every table. Figure to yourself, in a large family, where every one reads for himself, the thousands of hours that have been thus swallowed up. In the articles of music, dress, and reading, I could wish to see a somewhat wider separation between the two classes above named. The useful reading, compared with the idle, like our medicine compared with our food,

is but as grains to pounds. The evil does not merely consist in the reading itself, but in its disqualifying tendency for that reading which is good. It is not that old age has made me insensible to the charms of genius. In that one respect I think I am not grown obtuse. In my youth Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison were the reigning entertainment. Whatever objections may be made to them in certain respects, they contain more maxims of virtue and sound moral principle than half the books called moral. A large volume of valuable aphorisms has been collected from them, abounding in practical lessons for the conduct.

A letter from dear Mr. Wilberforce this moment tells me that poor —— is removed to a better world! May God comfort them all. They have motives of comfort in every point of view.

I am interrupted, and can only add Miss Frowd's best regards.

Ever, my dear friend,

Your's faithfully,

H. More.

In the spring of the year 1822, Mrs. More was suddenly seized with an inflammation of the chest, of which the symptoms were so formidable as to allow but faint hopes that her frame could withstand their violence: they were, however, subdued, but not till the severity of the remedies which were applied had nearly undermined all her remaining strength. Dr. Carrick, who was her physician in this critical illness, acknowledged how greatly his

art was seconded by the cheerful composure of her mind. Her sufferings under the paroxysms of her complaint, were said by those who principally attended her during the course of it, to have been very sharp and trying, and to have given occasion to new displays of her powers of thought and expression, directed by the soundest scriptural cultivation, to the best and highest objects; but when any thing like admiration of her cheerful acquiescence in the divine will, fell from the lips of her friends about her, she took pains to assure them, that what seemed like courage, was none of it her own, 'it is, (she exclaimed,) all superinduced strength; none of it is natural to me.'

In discoursing upon her illness, when the result was most precarious, with one of her friends, she said, 'If I could determine for life or death by holding up my hand, I would not do it. If, (she continued,) I have given any sign of progress in a religious life, it is that I have never felt reluctant to ascribe all due credit to the virtue and piety of those who did not love me, and have heartily and sincerely rejoiced in all the good that was in them, or has happened to them.' When reference was afterwards made to some little inconsistencies in the conduct of a person of pious character, she exclaimed with a sigh, 'Ah! the weaknesses of the wise, and the errors of the good, would make many more volumes than I have written, or should like to read. When I turn my thoughts upon the world, there are but three things there which deeply interest me—the state of the church—the religious

progress of the king—and the abolition of slavery.' At every interval from pain she was more disposed to converse than was advisable for her; indeed her thoughts never appeared to flow in a fuller and clearer current. She observed of herself, that she never felt so sensible of the majesty and beauty of the Psalms, or so capable and desirous of writing a commentary upon them, as when upon a sick bed; and added, that Bishop Porteus, whenever he heard she was confined to her bed by sickness, always said he looked for a new book from her. It is not unworthy of being recorded, that during all the multiplied and dangerous illnesses with which she had been visited, most of them attended with strong paroxysms of fever, her mind was never observed to lose its strength, or sink into delirium, till the sickness that overtook her in her eighty-ninth year, and carried her to her rest. In one of her conversations, she observed, that repose and quiet had been the blessings she had most longed for, during the greater part of her existence: that she had retired from London, thinking to possess some years of tranquillity and calm reflection between the world and the grave, and with the hope of enjoying literary leisure, rural employments, and religious meditation; but that it was not thought good for her by an all-wise providence, to have these wishes gratified; for, that very soon after taking possession of Cowslip Green, a career of labour opened to her in the various schools which she found it her duty to establish in the surrounding villages, and which kept her in constant exertion; that the Repository

Tracts next succeeded, which robbed her of all her leisure for several years; and during the latter period of her life, a constant succession of visitors and letters had left her no time that could be called her own, save that which had been purchased by frequent illness.

Then returning to the earlier part of her life, which she passed in more promiscuous society, she mentioned John Wesley's having once said to her sister, 'Tell her to live in the world; *there* is the sphere of her usefulness; they will not let *us* come nigh them.' On a particular day, when her disorder seemed to be mastering her frame, her recollections appeared to be more than ordinarily clear, and to come full of instruction to herself, and to those who were with her. Among other things, she said she owed her first serious and decided impressions to Sir James Stonehouse, and mentioned his having once told her, that in the days of his miserable infidelity, he was so mad against God, that when travelling abroad as a young man, he took pains to converse as much as possible with the French postillions, that he might gain from them some new methods of swearing.

She had, perhaps, she said, written too much; yet she sometimes regretted that she had not followed up her own serious intention, of writing a little treatise, expressly on 'The law of consideration,' which was so continually and heedlessly violated in the innumerable little circumstances and situations of life. To particularize a few cases,—with respect to tradesmen, to avoid taking long credit, which

causes them so much anxiety and distress, and not unfrequently ruin: and not to change them capriciously, or for one fault;—with respect to servants, not to give them trouble wantonly, because we will not condescend to think it of any consequence;—towards those who are subject to us in any way, to avoid those little acts which point out to them in a painful manner their inferiority;—with respect to lodging-houses, to be scrupulously careful not to injure the furniture of them. Of all which rules and principles, no human being exhibited a more beautiful practical comment than herself.

In speaking of the divine attributes, she remarked, 'there are some qualities which the Almighty Father could not display—as humility, resignation, patience under suffering; and it is amongst the innumerable benefits of our blessed Saviour's incarnation, that he could set us a perfect pattern even of *them*.'

The day after this conversation, her illness considerably increased, and when the friend, whose edifying privilege it was to watch her sick bed, came to her in the morning, and lamented over her sufferings; she exclaimed with a gentle smile,—"Shall I have received so much good at the hand of the Lord, and shall I not receive evil?" "I became dumb, and opened not my mouth, for thou didst it." Thou wilt lay no more upon me, than thou wilt enable me to bear.' She then lamented having been obliged so constantly to disturb the servant who slept in her apartment; 'but indeed, (she added,) my strokes were heavier than my

groanings. I dread my remedies, (she continued) almost more than my disease; but it is my duty to submit to them, and I had rather suffer from yielding up my own will, than triumph by having it.'

During the various fluctuations of her severe complaint, she one day said, (alluding to an expression used by a friend, 'The old man dies hard,' in reference to the remaining corruption that struggled in the mind of a person recently awakened to the truth;) 'The old *woman* dies hard!' 'I do not think,' she added, 'that I am *immediately* going to die, but I feel persuaded I shall not recover, so that that which I greatly feared is come upon me. I shall perhaps be for some time bed-ridden! but it is all nothing—or, rather, it is all good! I desire, as Dr. Hammond says, 'not to *rather* anything!' Yet she could not help occasionally crying out, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove!" Being one day about to write a tribute of gratitude in the blank leaves of a book to be presented to her physician, a friend expostulated with her against attempting it in so extremely feverish and unfit a state, 'I do not like to trust to a moment,' she answered, 'and when the thing is once done, I cast all thought of it behind me.' 'Ah,' she cried, 'and I hope in a higher sense, if I *have* been permitted to do any thing, that I cast all my poor doings behind me! I continually,' she added, 'repeat the sentiment of Young, for it is quite *my* feeling,

'Forgive my faults,—forgive my *virtues* too.'

Her illness increased about this time so much as greatly to diminish the hopes of her recovery,

and she gave many evident and affecting indications of her inward desire to depart. She begged a friend to pray for her, that she might not disgrace her Christian profession in her last agonies; and when that friend expressed her full confidence that her heavenly Father would not desert her, 'Indeed,' she answered, 'it would be sadly ungrateful to doubt it, for he has never suffered my faith to fail for an instant: it is not always in equal exercise, but it is like my disorder (alluding to her internal soreness, which manifested itself upon pressure) when I seek for it, it is always there.' When one of her friends, seeing her in much suffering, could not forbear lamenting over her, 'Consider,' she said, 'every stroke comes from a merciful father: they are all given in number, measure, and weight; not one more than is necessary.' Shortly after, she began to enumerate all the various seizures of severe illness that she had experienced during the last three years, adding, 'every one of them said to me, "Prepare to meet thy God!" yet still I am not duly prepared, or I should be taken. I enumerate them that I may think upon the long-suffering and sparing goodness of my heavenly father; but if I am not better than I am, after so much loving correction, what should I have been without it!' She afterwards mentioned, as a remarkable circumstance, that the year in which she wrote 'Moral Sketches,'—her seventy-fifth,—was the only one she could recollect of her life, during no part of which she had been confined to her bed.

She one morning told a friend, who came early

to her bed-side, that she had enjoyed, during the past night, nearer and more endearing views of the eternal world than she had ever before been favoured with, and was able to bring to her mind every text of scripture which bore upon the subject; and that she had amused her sleepless hours with paraphrasing them. 'I seem,' said she, 'to long as much for the holiness, as the happiness of heaven; it is such a blessed idea, to be delivered from the possibility of sinning!' The following night was a peculiarly suffering one, and after describing it to her anxious friends, she exclaimed, "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Ah! what a morning will that be when *unceasing* joy will come!' She then dwelt much upon that beautiful text, "I reckon that the sufferings," &c. 'it was not,' she said, 'a slight, unpremeditated assertion, but made upon *calculation*—'*I reckon*,'—he had counted the cost.'

As her strength appeared to be rapidly declining, she mentioned her symptoms to one of her medical attendants, 'But,' continued she, 'I shall still be enabled to fight the battle—for it is not to the strong.' After his departure, she repeated the thirty-ninth Psalm, till she came to the verse beginning, "Oh spare me a little," when she broke off, saying, 'that part I will not repeat—it does not express my feeling.' She observed, that she could not but reflect, 'what a happiness it was, both for her dear sister Patty and herself, that they had never had any wild speculations in religion, and had never disturbed themselves about those mysterious

parts of scripture which human wisdom was unequal to solve,' and said, 'she often thought of what Dr. Stonehouse used to say, 'When I meet with a passage, the hidden meaning of which I cannot penetrate, I tie a knot and go on.' Once more, however, after repeated fluctuations, an abatement of the material symptoms gave renewed hopes of her recovery; she was then reluctantly obliged to take cognizance of some pecuniary concerns: and when speaking on the subject, she suddenly interrupted herself, exclaiming, 'Ah! if we had no *better* bank!' When her physician expressed his hopes that she was now beginning to make a progress towards recovery, she said to him, 'I fear I am not thankful enough; but suppose you were going a long journey, to receive a large inheritance, and when almost arrived at its end, were suddenly called back to receive two or three trifling sums of money, would you not be grieved?'

She often remarked, during her illness, that it was one of the evils of sickness to induce selfishness, and was ever suspecting and accusing herself of inattention to the comfort and accommodation of those who attended upon her. She even recollected some distressed persons whom she had never seen, and had only once heard of, when they were mentioned to her some months before, and directed that further assistance should be conveyed to them. It was a relief to her friends to be enabled to read to her, without passing over a sentence, and without fear or reserve, letters which spoke of her departure as a very near and inevitable event.

About this time appeared the Memoir of the late Rev. Thomas Scott, and 'she was,' says a lady who had the satisfaction of reading to her many parts of it at her bed-side at intervals, as she was able to hear it, 'delighted with the history of this eminent servant of God.' Perhaps, indeed, there were very few persons whose sentiments on religious subjects were in general more in accordance with her own. She told us that she used, during her former residences in London, not only to attend his preaching at the Lock, but frequently to go from the west-end of the town to Bread Street, to his lecture there, often walking nearly six miles to hear, in his northern dialect, the truths of the gospel faithfully delineated.

It is remembered that she remarked upon the letter which treats of the usefulness of human learning, that it should never be forgotten how useful an instrument it was made at the Reformation, and that its revival had immediately preceded the manifestation of our religion, adding, 'No! it should never be despised as an auxiliary: I put religion on my right hand and learning on my left.' Coming to that part of the Memoir in which Mr. Venn, the father of the late excellent Rector of Clapham, is mentioned with such high and merited esteem, and the failure of whose faculties is lamented as having deprived his friends of the edification which they might otherwise have expected to have received in his sick and dying chamber, she stated that on returning from a visit to Sir Charles Middleton, she was informed that Mr. Venn had

expressed a desire to see her once before he died: she instantly repaired to him, and enjoyed with him two hours of instructive and animated conversation; almost immediately after which, his vigour of mind and recollection forsook him, no more to return.

The subject of prayer, as it was one which had often engaged her pen, so it now employed frequently much of her discourse, and in speaking of it as it regarded her own practice, she said, that being under an overwhelming sense of sin, she had given so large a part of her spiritual exercises to confession as to make her sometimes fear she had not devoted enough of them to praise and thanksgiving.

The following extract represents the fluctuating state of her health, and the victorious constancy of her mind.

From Miss Frowd to Mrs. Macauley.

(Extract.)

Barley Wood, Saturday, April 20, 1822.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Could I have confirmed Miss Roberts's more favourable account in her last letter, or have given any still better tidings, I should not have been thus dilatory in imparting so much pleasure. But alas! my report is again less satisfactory than that which Miss R. was enabled to send you. Our kind physician, Dr. Carrick, visited us on Sunday morning;

he then pronounced the bad symptoms to be considerably mitigated, and assured us that his valuable patient was generally better; he even talked of granting permission for her to be removed from the bed to the sofa at the end of another week; which week being now nearly elapsed, I am sorry to say has removed us still further than before from seeing that anxiously-desired event accomplished. Almost as soon as the doctor left us on Sunday, a fresh accession of fever came on, with all its attendant evils of intense thirst, head-ache, and dartings through the brain, high pulse, and all the misery of generally increased disease.

The pulse has continued little short of a hundred ever since, very frequently above it; the nights, too, are for the most part wakeful and restless. But the sweet mind of our dearest friend remains unchanged, except it be that it seems more perfected by suffering.

The dear invalid, unable as she is, resolves to show you, as she says, *once more* her hand-writing.

Believe me, dear Madam, to remain,

Your's truly,

MARY FROWD.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I have been thirteen weeks in bed, suspended between this world and the next; *when*, or *whether* I shall quit my bed, belongs to *Him* who governs both worlds. Happily I have nothing to do with events, but cheerfully to submit to them. Pray for me, that my faith fail not. God Almighty bless you all.

H. MORE.

CHAPTER VII.

It pleased God to restore this eminent Christian from the bed of sickness and suffering to the use of her still powerful faculties for the benefit of society. Two of her friends who had for many months been hovering near, or watching over her, being now about to depart on a distant journey, she took an affecting leave of them, commending them to the Almighty arm for protection, and concluding with these words, 'if we see each other no more in this world, may we meet where, as Leighton says, 'no friend ever goes out, and no enemy ever comes in; where there will be the absence of sin, and the presence of God, for evermore.'' Her recovery, however, continued to be progressive, and the autumn of 1822 witnessed her restoration to nearly her former state of health. Barley Wood now again became a place of general resort, many being anxious to seize the opportunity of seeing her once, and her old friends being eager to secure

the advantage of seeing her *once more*. Her correspondences were likewise in a considerable measure resumed, and it was at this time that she received an interesting communication on the subject of America, in which, amongst much other matter, she was informed that a drawing of Barley Wood having found its way to that country, a large number of engravings from it has been executed by order of the American board of Missions, whose intention it was to dedicate the profits of their sale to the erection of a building for a school-house in the island of Ceylon, which was to receive the name of Barley Wood.

The following sprightly lines which she sent to Sir T. Acland just before her dangerous seizure, must be introduced with a short preface. There being at this period various repositories opened at Clifton and Bath for the benefit of certain charities, she sent thither some articles of her own knitting, which were immediately purchased for twenty times their intrinsic value. Sir T. Acland bespoke the first pair of garters, for which he paid a crown, and when finished she accompanied them with the following lines:

TO SIR THOMAS DYKE ACLAND, BART. WITH A PAIR OF GARTERS OF MRS. H. MORE'S KNITTING.

Slowly, yet gladly to my valued friend,
Th' enclosed, most faultless of my works, I send.
Two cantos make the whole; surprised you'll see
They're better for their strict identity;

Length—in my previous works so worthy blame,
Here, the just meed of your applause may claim,
If all my former compositions found
For critic harshness true and solid ground,
None of my ancient sins you here will see,
Except incurable tautology.
Not even Reviewers here can find a botch,
British, nor Quarterly, nor scalping Scotch;
The deep logician, though he sought amain
To find false reasoning, here might seek in vain.
Quibbling grammarians may this work inspect,
Yet in no bungling Syntax spy defect;
Its geometric character's complete,
The parallels run on, but never meet.
Though close the knots, all casuists must agree,
Solution would but break the unity.
Unravelled mysteries shall here be read,
Till time itself shall break the even thread;
Nor could the rhetorician find, nor hope,
One ill-placed metaphor, one faulty trope.
High claims in this rare composition meet,
Soft without weakness; smooth without deceit.
Say not as o'er this learned work you pore,
'This Author nothing knows of Classic lore;'
The Roman satirist's self might laud my plan,
For to the end I keep as I began.
Though some its want of ornament may blame,
Utility, not splendour, was my aim.
Not ostentatious I—for still I ween,
Its worth is rather to be *felt* than *seen*.
Around the feelings still it gently winds;
If lost, no comfort the possessor finds;
Retired from view, it seeks to be obscure,
The public gaze it trembles to endure.
The sober moralist its use may find,
Its object is not loose, it aims to *bind*.
No creature suffers from its sight or touch,
Can Walter Scott say more; can Byron say so much?
One tribute more, my friend, I seek to raise,
You've given indeed a *Crown*, give more—*your praise*.

Barley Wood, Dec. 22, 1821.

The following letter to Sir W. Pepys was almost the first product of her pen after her recovery:

Barley Wood, Aug. 19, 1822.

At length, through the goodness of a gracious God, I am once more able to write a few lines to one of my oldest, most interesting, and most valued friends. I have been in bed six months with a fever as severe as it was durable. Even at my advanced time of life, I was bled seven times in a few weeks, with other sharp discipline. The mercies of my heavenly Father during this trial have been great and numerous. Of the first sixty nights, I passed forty without one hour's entire sleep, yet I had never one moment's delirium, and scarcely any discomposure. I had a most skilful physician, affectionate and disinterested,—Dr. Carrick, of Clifton. Another mercy it was, that I have had during the whole time the attendance of a kind young friend,[1]—an excellent companion, of a cultivated mind, warm affections, genuine piety, and amiable manners. She has received my company, for I was allowed to see none; visited my schools; managed my friendly societies of poor women in distant parishes; read to me, and written all my letters. But I have not yet named all my mercies; and here you, my dear friend, come in for a portion. I was able to direct all my little charities myself, so that nothing was suspended. In addition to the general

[1] To the kind present which this amiable lady made of her companionship to Mrs. More, the world probably owed, if we look to means only, the extension of a life which was the instrument of so much good.

state of want, the typhus fever has been making great ravages here; within a mile, ten families were in a dreadful state at once; and from my chamber-window were seen two cottages burnt to the ground within a fortnight, one by a flash of lightning. Through your generous bounty I was enabled materially to mitigate these calamities. The former I relieved, as I commonly do, through the apothecary who attends them and me. I had a little bag pinned to my curtain, from which I sent the almost daily dole, and I believe some lives were saved, and others made more comfortable. And here I cannot but express a wish that all my opulent friends who live in the country, would make a conscientious apothecary the vehicle of their charity in this way. In my little way I have done it these twenty years. But I have said too much of myself. Can you forgive it? This is my first attempt to write. Whether my recovery will be perfect, I am not anxious to know. We have nothing to do with it but to submit. I bless God I enjoyed great tranquillity of mind at the worst, and was willing "to depart, and to be with Christ," had it been HIS will; but I left it in HIS hands who does all things well.

I know not if you are at your villa, but for security shall direct to your town house. Could you and I meet here, how many things we should have to say; but I trust we shall meet in a more perfect state, "through him who loved us, and gave himself for us." Ever gratefully your's,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

MY DEAREST LADY OLIVIA,

After three nights passed with much fever, and scarcely any sleep, I think I should neither have the will nor the power to write to any one I loved or cared for less than yourself; and to *find* one I cared for *more*, I must go a great way.

If you will have the goodness to present my new edition of 'Moral Sketches' to the Duke of Gloucester, I need not suggest to you what is to be said. The substance, however, is, that having taken the liberty of presenting a copy of the first edition to his Royal Highness, I could not presume to offer *this*, though I venture to hope that it would not be disagreeable to him and his Royal Consort to peruse, in the *new preface*, the expression of my cordial tribute of veneration to our late excellent and beloved king.

I have not till lately had a correct copy of the speeches of his Royal Highness at the late Bible meeting. They do honour to his head and his heart. So manly, decided, unequivocal a public declaration of his sentiments of attachment to this great cause is gratifying, not only as it marks his patronage of this glorious institution, but as it is, I trust, a pledge, that while he is assisting in dispersing the divine volume to millions, he has himself a personal interest in it. To have sent the Bible to the farthest extremities of the earth, and at the same time to have made it the rule of his own faith

and practice, will administer peace and joy to his own soul, when that earth, and all which it contains, shall have past away.

I hope you are as much delighted as I am with the Life of Scott. I always highly honoured and loved the man, and often walked several miles on a Sunday to hear him at the Lock. With the worst voice, the most northern accent, and very plain manners, sound sense and sound piety were yet so predominant, that like Aaron's serpent, they swallowed up all the rest.

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to the Miss Roberts's.

August 25, 1822.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I suppose you must have a few lines about *nothing*. One of our poets once wrote a poem upon that inexhaustible subject. I believe I owe you two letters, and am not able to pay the debt of one; so hurried am I with the petty cares, and paltry businesses of this worky-day world. Things are going on in it *de mal en pis*. I saw a letter to Mr. M. from ——, who is travelling for his health, giving a most deplorable account of the state of France. The blind bigotry of the royalists,—the spirit of persecution, almost ready to break out into action, the detestation of the people at large of royalty, the triumphs of the slave trade—every thing seems to say that a revolution can be at no great distance; yet this is the country for which

we abandon the quiet, the security, the comforts of our own! the country where our children are educated—the country we fondly visit, imitate, dote upon, worship! 'It will not, nor can it come to good.' The increase of our corruption, the downward tendency of the general character, makes me, I think, more willing to depart than all other earthly reasons together. The Bishop of St. David's says, that nothing but a more moral and religious education can stop the dreadful progress of suicide; he might have added, or of duelling. Dear Wilberforce has been staying at Cromer. The good bishop, his lady and daughter, came on Monday, time enough to sit an hour with me before dinner; he is more hard-working than ever, if possible. Oh, what a comfort to think that there 'remaineth *a rest* for the people of God.'

I have just sent, through Mr. Butterworth, a trifling help to that wonderful Mrs. Judson, towards redeeming two or three more little Burman slaves. I have also been subscribing a few stones to two new churches. Your account of Miss —— is heart-breaking, yet heart-healing, when I think of her piety. I read it to the servants after the sermon last night, and they were much affected. God bless you both. It will raise my respect for your talents if you can read this scrawl,

Your's ever, most affectionately,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. Daniel Wilson.

1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I hope I need not tell you how deeply anxious I have been since I first heard of your painful illness. I had not the heart to write myself, nor to teaze you with a letter; but to-day I have heard with sincere joy of your convalescence. I have now therefore courage to thank you cordially for your last valuable letter. Your account of the state of France is truly awful. Yet I am so very national that I could not grieve much at any event which would drive our infatuated countrymen home again. I lose all temper when I think of the myriads who, by their long residence in Paris, can improve in nothing but gambling and desecrating the Sabbath. To say little of their *moral* deterioration, is it nothing to defraud an impoverished government of its taxes, and their home of the benefit of spending their money on their own estates? You see, I am opposed to the sentiment of your friend Horace, for I should have more respect for those who are born to consume the fruits of the earth, if they would but exercise their privilege of consuming. What a tirade! you will say.

Though I did not quit my bed through nearly eight months of severe but salutary suffering, and shall probably never quit my bed-chamber; yet through the unwearied kindness of more Christian friends than any other unworthy creature was ever blest

with, I see, through 'my loop-hole of retreat,' or rather hear of, whatever interesting is going on. My conclusion is, that wickedness is more wicked than it used to be, and that goodness is better. Religion certainly has increased much among the higher classes in England, and perhaps still more in Ireland. Yet I will venture to say, even to the religious world, 'I have a few things against thee.' With no small number of happy exceptions, I cannot help observing the common fault of good people—the misappropriation of *time*. I will only instance two particulars, of the evil of which they do not seem to me to be sufficiently aware, *music and light reading*. Twenty years ago, when I wrote 'Strictures on Female Education,' Bishop Cleaver of St. Asaph was at Bath. He was much attached to me, though we differed on many points. Talking on this subject, he was so much of my opinion, that he wrote the following statement, which I inserted in a note in the first volume. 'Suppose your pupil to begin music at six years of age, and to continue the average of four hours a day at her instrument (a very low calculation), Sundays excepted, till she is eighteen, the statement stands thus—three hundred days multiplied by four, the number of hours amounts to 1200; this multiplied by twelve, which is the number of years, amounts to 14,400 hours!' I come now to the *reading*. I pass over Byron, and his compeers in sin and infamy, though I have known some good people who now and then take a slice even of this highly-seasoned corruption. I pass over the more loose

and amatory novels, and take my stand on what is said to be safe ground—the novels of that unparalleled genius, Walter Scott. Now I would not have it supposed that I have not read with delight and admiration all his poetry. This is a repast that might be taken with more safety, though certainly not with profit, for it would be difficult to find another specimen of such admirable works with so few maxims for the improvement of life and manners. Let that pass; they gratify the taste without vitiating the imagination: add to this, they were written at reasonably distant periods from each other, so that we were refreshed without being crammed. But we come now to his novels, in which his fecundity is as marvellous as his invention. I have read one volume and a half, in which the powers of his vigorous and versatile mind were conspicuous; but from what I have since read in reviews, I rather see the absence of much evil than the presence of much good. I, of all people, ought not to find fault with authors for writing too much; yet I must return to my first position, the mis-application of time. Had he written before the flood, when perhaps there were not, in all, so many books in the world as he alone has introduced into it, all would have been well; he would have been a benefactor to the antediluvian Hilpahs and Zilpahs. A life of 800 years might have allowed of the perusal of the whole of his volumes; a proportionate quantity in each century would have been delightful; but for our poor scanty threescore years and ten, it is too much. Nay, I under-estimate the chronology; I believe they have

all been produced nearly in the odd ten years. Now I readily grant that to the mass of readers, the reading of these works should not be prohibited. To the gay, the worldly, and the dissipated, it is perhaps as safe as, and even more safe than, any of their other pleasurable resources; being often their only intellectual one. The strong sense, lively exhibition of character, and animated style of these works, certainly afford aliment to the mind. My remarks are limited to a certain class of readers, who have made a strict profession of religion. If, indeed, our time is to be accounted for as scrupulously as the other talents committed to us, how will their reckoning stand? In the case of some, it is almost the only talent they have. Such ought to be especially careful that this one be rightly employed, as we have an awful lesson on the danger of unprofitableness. Were any one but yourself to see this, they would say, 'Oh, this is a sick old woman in her chamber, who being past the enjoyment of all pleasure herself, would interdict it to us.' This is not exactly the case. I never had more delight in reading than now; and to show that I have not quite lost the little taste I once possessed, I have been reading and admiring as much as ever, Scott's beautiful poem, 'The Lady of the Lake.' But you will say, 'Something too much of this.'

I have been thinking that, notwithstanding all the boasted improvemements of this age, one thing is remarkable. I do not know that any of our modern poets, since Cowper, except Millman and Montgomery, have even *occasionally* written any thing of a

serious cast. There are many of them, perhaps, who are men of correct lives, but they have not added to the stock of improving poetry; while, it is singular, that aforetime, even bad men and loose writers have almost uniformly written some one piece on the subject of religion. Pope, who certainly was no saint, bequeathed us a poem of peculiar sanctity. His friend Steele, though manager of a theatre, and a careless liver, wrote 'The Christian Hero.' Waller, a political and moral profligate, has left a poem on 'Divine Love.' Prior, some of whose pieces are licentious, has dedicated all the force of his opulent mind to the production of one of the noblest poems in the English language, his '*Solomon;*' yet I have never once heard that fine piece quoted. These men bore testimony to the truth of a religion which they yet would not allow to influence their conduct. Cowley, in the midst of all his metaphysical obscurities, was not ashamed in that abandoned age to write his 'Davideis.' But how I run on! I am tired of writing, as you will be of reading, yet I had much more to say. I enclose £20. for my subscription to your Clerical Education Society. My improvement in health is almost miraculous. I must not call it *recovery*. At my age comparative ease demands great gratitude. Pray for me, my dear friend, that my faith fail not.

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

Barley Wood, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I write to you on the anniversary of my seizure. This week twelvemonths I took to my bed, to which I was confined many months. Whether I shall ever quit my chamber is only known to that infinite wisdom in whose hands are the issues of life and death. I have recovered beyond all human expectation; still I have considerable disease in the liver; indeed, during my little fragment of life I must not look for perfect recovery. The health of my body might not be good for my mind. I am, however, able to see my friends for an hour in the middle of the day. It is among the numberless mercies I have experienced, that in so violent and lasting a fever, I was never for one moment delirious, and had no tendency to it. During the last few months I have been able to employ myself in a *new work*, of which I am much more proud than of all my preceding ones, because I am *sure this* will do good. I have been knitting garters, cuffs, and babies' shoes, for the benefit of the Missionary and Jews' Societies.

The Missionary cause flourishes astonishingly, and the time seems to be approaching, when "all the kingdoms of the earth shall be the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ."

I saw both the Randolphs, though at separate times, lately. They seem quite stout and well.

What says the sagacious politician, Mr. Huber,—will it be peace or war? We in this country have lived to witness one of the most extraordinary paradoxes that ever puzzled the world; general poverty produced by universal plenty!! The earth has been sick of a plethora, and her bowels have burst with their abundance, and yet distress and want were never so universal. The landed gentlemen can get little rent: some get positively *none*. The farmers are as poor as their labourers, and the labourers in some parts (not here) have only four shillings a-week. We *here* have the best meat at four-pence-half-penny a-pound, and bread proportionably cheap. One tax is taken off. I lately gave five shillings for *half*-a-peck of salt, I now give two shillings for a *whole* peck. I do not, however, grow rich, having sustained a considerable loss by the reduction of the five-per-cents.

Have you not read Dean Milner's Sermons? To me, they come more home to the heart and the conscience than almost any I know. But the book that has produced most sensation in the religious world, is the Life of Scott, the commentator, written by his son. It furnishes indeed a striking instance of the power of genuine Christianity to change, or rather to new-make the heart.

I hope Madame Necker is well; when you see or write to her, present me respectfully. *Adieu*, in the literal sense of the word. May a merciful God bless, protect, and direct you both. If we do not meet in this world, may we meet in that better world purchased for us by our adorable

Redeemer, who laid down his life, that we might live for ever.

Truly and affectionately your's,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Having obtained help of God, I continue to this day, which is the anniversary of my last seizure. May God have sanctified it to me! But as dear Bishop Hall says, we carry about us such a luggage of calamities, that we are never secure. Do not be frightened at my writing so soon; it is not my wont, but thinking that your time will soon be more than swallowed up, I wished to trouble you with one more of my scrawls. If I know a little of anything in the world, it is about the poor: you will not have forgotten how eager I have been for their instruction. When I set up our schools, I was considered by the farmers, and even by their betters, as the greatest enemy of my country. 'We shan't have a boy to plough, or a wench to dress a shoulder of mutton,' was the general cry. One of them pointed to Glastonbury Tor, saying, 'we should make things as bad once more, as when the monks first brought religion and learning there.' We, however, kept the noiseless tenor of our way. The rest of my journey I must finish alone. I have not, at the end of thirty-six years, altered my opinion. But our instructions have been, and still are, confined to the scriptures,

and such books as are preparatory to, and connected with them. At Blagdon we attempted something one step higher, and employed a man, who, in addition to his large Sunday School, taught the farmers' sons on a week-day. My plan was, that while he only appeared to teach writing and arithmetic, he should labour to infuse into them religious principles,—give them such knowledge as should qualify them for churchwardens, constables, jurymen, &c. and impress on them the awful solemnities of an oath. You know how these *sinister* designs of ours were quashed! So it pleased infinite wisdom; doubtless for my deserved humiliation, and to punish my sins.

But how the tide is turned! Our poor are now to be made scholars and philosophers. I am not the champion of ignorance, but I own I am alarmed at the violence of the contrast. Even our excellent C—— seems to me to refine too much; but my friend F—— is an ultra of the first magnitude. The poor must not only read English, but ancient history, and even the sciences are to be laid open to them. Now, not to inquire where would they get the money,—I ask, Where would a labouring man get the time? Time is the fortune of a poor man; and as to what they would gain from Grecian history, why, they would learn that the meanest citizen of Athens could determine on the merits of a tragedy of Euripides: to do which they must have always lived in a play-house, as indeed they almost always did; they were such critics in language as to detect a foreign accent in a great philosopher, &c.—and

yet history does not speak of a more turbulent, unmanageable, profligate people.

Not only in the great national schools, but in the little paltry cottage seminaries of three-pence a week, I hear of the most ridiculous instances of the affectation of *literature*. A poor little girl of this stamp was in my room one day when a gentleman was sitting with me. He asked her what she was reading at school. 'Oh, Sir, the whole circle of the sciences!' 'Indeed!' said he, 'that must be a very large work!' 'No, Sir; it is a very little book, it cost half-a-crown.' My friend smiled, and lamented that what was of such easy attainment had cost him so much time and money. I asked a little girl, a servant's child, the other day, what she was reading, and if she could say her catechism. 'O no, Madam, I am learning *Syntax*.'

In many schools, I am assured, writing and accounts are taught on Sundays. This is a regular apprenticeship to sin. He who is taught arithmetic on a Sunday when a boy, will, when a man, open his shop on a Sunday. Now, in my poor judgment, all this has a revolutionary as well as irreligious tendency; and the misfortune is, that the growing ultra-ism on the side of learning, falsely so called, will irritate and inflame the old bigotry, which hugged absolute ignorance as hidden treasure, not to be parted with; while that sober measure of Christian instruction which lies between the two extremes, will be rejected by both parties.

Tuesday.—This frail and feverish being of mine

did not allow me to finish my letter yesterday, so you must bear with one more absurdity. Many a child is brought to me in my room for a little reward of a tract, &c. Since I began this scrawl, a sharp little girl was brought for this purpose. She repeated a short poem extremely well. I then said, 'Now I must examine what you know of the Bible. Who was Abraham?' After some hesitation, she answered, 'I think he was an Exeter man!'

As experience is a sort of substitute for wisdom. I thought these petty details of things under my own eye might be of some use. Happily my own schools go on in the old-fashioned way. I taught the teachers their alphabet thirty years ago, and they continue pious, faithful, and sober-minded. As Mahomet cannot go to the mountain, the mountain comes to Mahomet, and Miss Frowd, when weather permits, visits them. This is, I believe, the longest letter I have written for some time, and happily for you, the longest, probably, I ever shall write. I hope Mrs. W. is better; my kind love to her, and to all the young ones.

Ever, my dear friend, your's,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Tryphena Bathurst.

Barley Wood, 1823.

My dear Madam,

Through the great mercy of God, I am enabled once more to have the honour and pleasure of addressing your ladyship: I have been most won-

derfully preserved through a winter which seems to have swept off all the old people in the land: I do not remember such a mortality. It is above a year and a half that I have been confined to my room; more than half that time to my bed. My sufferings have been great, but my mercies have been far greater. *Recovery* at my age is not to be expected, nor indeed, unless in submission to the divine will, is it to be desired, I am thankful to say that I am able to see my friends, who are so good as to visit me in my chamber. Indeed my kind physician complains that I see too much company. My greatest concern is, that I am burdened with such a heavy correspondence, that I cannot answer half the letters I receive. My amiable young friend,[1] whom I think I have spoken of before, still kindly stays with me, and generally answers my letters of *friendship*, so that I really behave better to strangers, than to those I know and love. You would be surprised to see the masses of books, pamphlets, &c. I have from America. I do not naturally love Republicans, nor the coarse manners which belong to them; but these people appear really to be making such rapid advances, that they seem determined to run with us the race of glory. They seem to be improving in religion, morals, and literature. The episcopal church rises; they have now nine bishops, from some of whom I have letters. They treat me better than I deserve. They have sent me an edition of my own writings, elegantly

[1] Miss Frowd.

bound. A drawing of my little habitation having found its way to New York, they have made a very good engraving of it, which their board of foreign missions is selling; and they are sanguine enough to expect that the sale will enable them to build a school in the distant island of Ceylon, for poor girls, which they intend doing me the honour of calling 'Barley Wood.' Have you seen their Bishop Dehon's Sermons, which are printed in London? They have considerable merit. We have not a religious or charitable institution in England, but they establish a similar one in three months, in all their great cities. I have been much interested, as everybody has, about the state of Ireland, but my mind has been chiefly occupied with the danger of some very dear and valuable friends, who are an ornament to their church. The Archbishop of Dublin has been in peril of his life, from the infuriated Papists. His admirable charge has so enraged the Jesuits, that one of them, Friar Hayes, has published eight sermons, which he calls his octave; in one of which he has undertaken to prove the truth of transubstantiation from *reason;* in another from *Scripture,* &c. The whole is full of the most scurrilous, extravagant abuse of the good Archbishop. I was so anxious about this excellent friend, that they have contrived to furnish me with accounts how things went on. He is one of the greatest ornaments of the church, and the author of that admirable book on the *Atonement.* He is also a most agreeable and gentlemanly man. The fate of the Catholic claims in the House of Commons has

rejoiced my heart, though I suppose it will increase the frenzy of this wild and turbulent people.

It would afford me great pleasure, to learn that Lady Susan's health was improved, and that yourself and the other ladies had escaped the perils of this Siberian winter. To all I desire to be most affectionately and respectfully remembered.

Believe me always, my dear Lady Tryphena,

Your much obliged and faithful,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. W. Pepys.

July 1, 1823,

My dear Friend,

I can no longer deny myself the gratification of writing a few lines to one of my very oldest and very best friends. My recovery to my present moderate health, is considered by my medical friends as little short of a miracle. Through the great mercy of God I am enabled to resume my pursuits, and to receive my friends. Indeed I see too *much* company, as talking much is injurious to me. My dear sister used to say, there were but two great evils in the world, sin and bile: now to say nothing of the former, the latter clings to me: the liver is now indeed my only seat of suffering. By the way, I pretend to have thrown light on a story of mythological antiquity, which has escaped all the classical commentators, and I give it you as an original discovery;—*le voici:* Prometheus, it is said, was *chained* to Mount Caucasus, that is, he was

confined to his bed. It's being called a *rock*, only means that it was a *hard* bed, not one of our luxurious beds of down. The vulture which fed upon his vitals, was nothing but a bad liver disease. Now as the use of calomel was probably at that time not introduced into the Pharmacopœia of Caucasus, it is no wonder that though his liver was continually *devoured*, it was never *destroyed*. Hercules, who at last killed the vulture, was, I presume, some skilful physician, who had discovered some substitute for mercury, by which the bilious patient was, at the end of thirty years, delivered from his *hard bed*.

I never had so many cares and duties imposed upon me, as now in sickness and old age. I neglect my friends, while I have great intercourse with strangers. There is hardly a city in North America in which I have not a correspondent; if that be called correspondence, where there is little or no reciprocity, for I am not able to answer two out of twenty of the letters I receive. Many of them are important; all relate to matters concerning religion, morals, or literature, in all which they appear to be fast improving. They have sent me a pretty drawing of my own habitation, engraved at New York, and with the profits arising from the sale, have built a school for poor girls at Ceylon, which they have called Barley Wood. I have lately had a small legacy left me by a dignitary in the Cathedral of Lincoln, whose name I had never heard, accompanied by a passage in his will more gratifying than his twenty guineas. With this bequest I have indulged myself by redeeming two little slaves in

the Burman Empire, a country of nineteen millions, not so much of idolaters as atheists; an ingenious acute people, very argumentative, &c. as I learn from some friends there.

I am persuaded of the interest you have taken both from feeling and principle, in the struggle now so arduously carried on in the cause of negro emancipation. Have you seen Mr. Wilberforce's last pamphlet? The zeal and ability exerted by him for thirty-six years are not one jot diminished.

Poor Greece! poor Scio! I think the only crusade I could forgive, would be, of all the students of both universities of *one year's* standing: who might raise a regiment, the best Grecians to be the chief officers; I allow only those in their *first* year, as they would afterwards be too wise to be guilty of such a glorious imprudence. Have you seen my friend Jowett's Christian Researches in the Mediterranean! The author is much too elegant for a missionary: he is an accomplished scholar. He gives a correct account of the state of Christians, Jews, and Mahomedans in the Greek Islands. The former are fallen into such a state of poverty, that their bishops and archbishops do not subsist as well as our poorest curates. Their fallen grandeur reads us an instructive lesson.

I have been particularly interested in the *Ecclesiastical* concerns of Ireland, having two excellent friends placed in a most perilous state by their recent elevation, one to the See of Limerick, the other, Dr. Magee, author of the admirable work on 'The Atonement,' to be Archbishop of Dublin. He

is a great ornament to the church :—has all his suffragan bishops one day in every week to attend a board at his palace for the good of the church, and appoints two mornings in a week for curates and other inferior clergy to come to him with their information, complaints, &c. His life has been in danger from the fury of the Jesuits. He puts me in mind of good old Cyprian presiding at a Synod of three hundred bishops at Carthage. Alas! what is Carthage, and what her bishops now!

I hope your anxiety on Lady Pepys's account is removed, and that you may both be spared to enjoy that domestic comfort with which you seem to be so eminently blessed in the conduct and character of your children. I beg to be kindly and respectfully remembered to her and them. The good Bishop of Durham is in his ninetieth year, and still retains his fine hand-writing. In that article *you* eclipse all the old and all the young. I value this talent so much, that I have established it as a maxim,—that to speak so low that nobody can hear, and to write so ill that nobody can read, are among the minor immoralities. I have two delightful friends who are guilty of this latter fault to an undecipherable extent.

Adieu, my very dear and valued friend; I heartily commend you to the infinite mercies of our God and Saviour, for time and eternity.

Your faithful and attached,

H. More.

" From Sir W. W, Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Potterells, July, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your most kind and interesting letter demands my warmest thanks, as it gave me the sincerest pleasure to see you write in such good spirits, and explain so well the story of poor old Prometheus, which before appeared to have no meaning; though I doubt not that if we were more *au fait* at the heathen mythology, we should find very salutary lessons conveyed under the cover of their fables. I hope you recollect the admirable comparison in the Rolliad, of the Speaker of the House of Commons, to Prometheus on his rock.

> Like sad Prometheus fasten'd to a rock,
> He sits with wistful eyes upon the clock,
> For though he hears, 'tis true,
> Pitt, Fox, and Burke, he hears Sir Joseph too.'

I sent your explanation of Prometheus to Sir Lucas, as it was so much in the way of his profession, and he is much pleased with it. You will be glad to hear that we are all going on (thank God) as usual myself enjoying, by his great goodness, uncommon health and spirits for eighty-three.

If your American correspondence does not oppress you too much, it must be highly gratifying to you to find that your sphere of doing good has been extended over the new world. I say nothing of your fame, because I know you are actuated by much higher motives; but I have often thought, when I

have been reading the limits which Cicero sets to all human celebrity, (which he observes cannot by any possibility extend beyond the pillars of Hercules,) how little he dreamed that his name would be as well known on the Mississippi as on the Tiber; nor did you, I apprehend, when you were recommending the most important truths by the united powers of argument and wit, ever think that the good effects of them would be diffused over America, as well as Europe, and indeed wherever the English language shall be read; which, I doubt not, it will be, in time, over India and New Holland; so that your ambition of doing good may continue to enlarge with your success. You will have 'ample scope and verge enough, the characters of heaven to trace.' Fame, which by the generality of mankind, is considered as a sufficiently laudable *motive*, has been to you only a *consequence*, and I perceive that you begin already to pant for more room, so that we are obliged to take in the Burman Empire to prevent your being suffocated. An excellent friend of mine used to say, when he heard any one talk of extending his beneficence to China and Japan, that he felt very much disposed to inquire after his wife and children: but as you have never neglected, but on the contrary, have done so much for, whatever was within your reach, you are well entitled to extend your beneficence wherever you can make it felt. You do me but justice, (let Madame de Sevigné laugh at the repetition of that phrase as much as she pleases) when you suppose me deeply interested in the cause of the Greeks; though I

have, within this day or two, taken up a book which I fear will cool my ardour in their cause. It is Gell's Tour through the Morea; in which he not only says, (and I believe truly enough,) that not one out of twenty of the present inhabitants are descended from the ancient Greeks, but that the character of the present Greek population is considerably worse than that of the Turks. Be that as it may, I have derived so much pleasure, and have felt my mind so much expanded by some of their writers in that most powerful and delightful of all languages, that were it only *pour l'amour de Grec*, I could not withhold my mite from their assistance. A very lively and intelligent man said to me, 'if I hear that any person is fond of Greek, without knowing any more about him, I am prepossessed in his favour;' nor did he seem to intend the observation as any compliment to me, but as resulting from the general impression in favour of literary men, in which I very much agree with him, with the addition of literary *women*; an opinion which I have lately avowed, in some verses addressed to a friend on his wedding day, which Mrs. Joanna Baillie has published with other poems for a charitable purpose, and for which I have received the thanks of some literary ladies. I am glad to hear that your young friend is still with you, and from the account you give of her, if I were but an odd fifty years younger, I should be very much disposed to fall in love with her, and to take a journey to Barley Wood, under the pretence of profiting by *your* conversation, but in reality to get a sight of

her. As it is, however, you are both safe enough from any such quixotic intrusion, for though I do not feel many effects of old age, the disinclination to remove from home, is, I fear, a very decisive symptom. Barley Wood in Ceylon! how this will puzzle some future commentator on your works, who will find some obscure tradition, that for some reason or other, most probably, he will say, for the laudable purpose of disseminating religion, our author took this long voyage, and in commemoration of it, gave the name of her own residence to the school, which it is evident she established in that island.

You are, no doubt, much interested in the issue of Captain Parry's voyage of discovery. Captain Sabine, who accompanied him on his former voyage, told me that Parry requested no one to think about him till the autumn of 1824, but that he should expect to find a ship ready to receive him about that time near Behring's Straits. Upon my expressing some wonder, what could possibly detain him so long; Captain Sabine observed, that the projection of a single cape or promontory farther into the Northern Ocean than he expected, might delay him for a year. A physician told me, that if, in the former voyage, Captain Parry had not possessed uncommon powers of keeping the sailors constantly *amused*, they would have been sick with the scurvy. You surprise me by saying that your good Archbishop has been in danger from the Jesuits; but I believe they are concealed in places where you would think them less likely to be found than in Ireland. A gentle-

man who had been warned by a perfect *stranger*, to escape from the inquisition at Lisbon, saw many years afterwards, a man cutting up a sheep as a butcher at Norwich, whom he recognized as the friend to whom he had been indebted for his safety. He naturally asked in what way he could best return the obligation:—to which question the answer was, 'by never taking the least notice to any one, that you ever saw me before.'

The kind and solemn farewell with which you conclude your letter to one who is nearer eighty-four than eighty-three, and who does not want Horace to remind him—

'Omnem crede Diem tibi diluxisse supremum.'

affected me much. God be with you, my dear friend, in life or in death.

Your's most affectionately,

W. W. PEPYS.

From Mrs. H. More to a Friend.

Barley Wood, Nov. 1823.

What is become of you? Where are you? What are you doing? It would indeed be 'germane to the matter' to put these interrogatories to *me*, as I have long been in your debt for a delightful letter. But there is a reason for your not asking *where* I am, as I am sure to be found in the bow-window in my bed-chamber. It is now about two years since I have been down stairs, and, I think, four

years and a quarter since I have been in any house besides my own. It is not at present that my locomotive powers are not equal to travel down stairs, but that this unmannerly summer made my good Dr. Carrick order me to run no risk. I have, however, a pleasant prison, and am not anxious for a gaol delivery. My health is much better, through the great mercy of God, than there was any human probability would ever be the case; but with frequent salutary interruptions of bad nights. These are necessary to remind me that this is not my rest. I see a good deal of company in the middle of the day.' But the *post* occupies and fatigues me much more than my guests. If you saw my table on most days, you would think, that if I were not a minister of state, I was become at least a clerk in a public office. These petty businesses often prevent my writing to those dear friends with whom it would be my delight to have more intercourse. I find, however, a good deal of time to work with my *hands*, while Miss Frowd reads for the entertainment of my *head*. The learned labours of my knitting-needle are now accumulating to be sent to America to the Missionary Society, who sell them there, and send the produce to the Barley Wood school at Ceylon. So you see I am still good for something.

The Protestant church which is being erected over the very ashes of that arch-fiend Voltaire, is too wonderful not to be just hinted at. That he whose constant cry it was, '*Il faut écraser l'Infame*,' should have the gospel of the Saviour he vilified,

and whose very name he swore he would exterminate, preached over his grave, is an instance of the antidote following the poison, the most striking! How I honour the Baron de Stäel. Had his unhappy mother employed *her* talents (unrivalled by any woman certainly) in the way her son has employed his, she would have been as much the object of love and esteem, as she always must be of admiration.

Adieu, my dear M——. That God may bless you with all the best of his blessings, prays

Your very affectionate

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

December 26, 1823.

My dear Friend,

I hear from others a favourable report of your health. I thank God for this comfort amidst the sad reports I receive of other dear friends. The ranks of the righteous seem to be thinning sadly. That dear Mr. G—— should be taken in the midst of his usefulness, and I spared in the midst of my uselessness, is among the daily proofs that we receive, that God's ways are not as our ways. Preparation is necessary for me, and therefore *time* is given me; yet my time is not so much my own as you would imagine. I have had too many cares and interruptions, and too little leisure and repose, for age and sickness; too much of Martha—too little of Mary. Yet Bishop Hall says, by way

of comfort, 'It was Martha who went to meet Jesus.'

Of all the interesting events which almost every day now produces, I think not one has excited my feelings so much as the raising a church at Ferney. That the execrable being, who declared he would never rest till he had exterminated the very name of Jesus, should have the gospel preached over his tomb, and the publication of that gospel poured from that press which had so long been made the vehicle of his abominations, is indeed 'the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' I cannot help thinking that independently of religious feelings, it is more worth-while as a matter of mere curiosity to an inquisitive mind, to be alive now, than at almost any period that history presents to us. I need not enumerate to you the astonishing and prosperous institutions of piety and charity, nor the successful projects of philosophy, mechanics, &c.

But how I run on! I pray God to give you and all your dear family, the blessings of the present gracious and hallowed season.

Pray sometimes for one who stands as much in need of your petitions, as any for whom they can be offered.

Your very affectionate,

H. MORE.

From Mr. James Montgomery to Mrs. H. Hore.

Sheffield, 1824.

DEAR MADAM,

Your letter inclosing £11. from Mr. S., Mrs. W., and Mr. P., came to hand this morning; and I have paid the amount to the treasurer of the fund for the use of Mrs. C—— and her children. Accept for them the expression of my sincerest thanks. You have done well, and you have influenced others to do likewise, beyond what you yourself may be aware of. I ventured to publish an extract from your former letter in the Iris! and though I cannot specifically state the effect, I am as confident that there was a blessing on it, as if I could enumerate all the good feelings, good purposes, and good works, it produced among benevolent and Christian readers. Though it was a bold liberty to take with the very first communication that I ever received from your hands, there was no time to ask permission, and I chose rather to hazard the responsibility of giving it seasonable publicity, than the responsibility of withholding it a day longer than I could help. I considered—and I considered rightly, that some persons have that to give which is more valuable than gold or silver; and as you are of this privileged number, I could not in my conscience deny to the widow and the fatherless, the authority and influence of your name and your example, not only in contributing liberally to their relief, but in sanctioning and recommending those excellent forms of

prayer which the departed servant of the Lord has left, not merely as a legacy, which may produce a small pecuniary advantage to his family, but as an inheritance to the church itself, to be enjoyed by all its members—and here I mean the church of Christ generally,—who are inclined to avail themselves of such a spiritual provision of "daily bread" for their families. Forgive what may seem praise in this statement, in reference to yourself; but I could not explain the motive for that which I had done without your leave, and avoid saying that which, however agreeable to myself to avow, you may feel humbled, and yet, I trust, gratified to hear, because there is truth and honesty in the fact, and in the feeling with which I write it. The subscription for this family has indeed gone on gloriously; I believe it amounts to about £4000. And surely this is a token for good, that God is indeed blessing the faithful testimony of the gospel of his Son, by whomsoever preached—when so many people of all classes, from the archbishop and the peer down to very humble individuals, are made willing to contribute so freely to the comfort of those who are rendered dear to the living, because they belonged to one who had laboured in the Lord, and was "esteemed very highly for his work's sake;" and who having died in the Lord also, his works not only followed him to the judgment-seat, but are thus made to follow him in blessings to those who give, and those who receive, this unexampled bounty. I cannot imagine the possibility of such a sum of money being poured in from all quarters, all ranks, all kinds (if

I may use the word) of people, for the family of any minister of another character than the late Mr. C——. As much money might be raised, perhaps, in many instances; but then it would be among rich and powerful connections, and within a certain locality or sphere of personal influence. His town's people (not of his church) have generously made one cause with those more directly attached to him; but a very large proportion of the sums contributed has come from distant parts of the kingdom—from strangers who knew him only by his writings and his character, or who had occasionally witnessed his zeal, and faith, and fervour on Missionary and Bible Society occasions.

I am crowding my paper, and setting you a difficult task to read my scrawl, but my hand has run faster and longer than I thought it could do when I took up the pen, being exceedingly unwell; though like the breathing of a vein in some complaints, I feel better for the exercise, which is more than I have had courage to take in the same way for several days. Mrs. C—— was exceedingly grateful for your former kindnesses, and this additional proof of your remembrance will cheer her heart. She droops much, but who would not, circumstanced as she is? He was no ordinary man.

Accept my best thanks for your too good opinion of me: would that I merited it!

I am, very truly and respectfully,

Your obliged friend,

J. MONTGOMERY.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Tryphena Bathurst.

1824.

MY DEAR LADY TRYPHENA,

I might with truth and propriety say, my dear *ladies*, for I remember each and all with undiminished respect and affection. It will rejoice my heart to hear a good report of the health of all: especially of my dear Lady Tryphena's eyes. What a consolation that she has in her own family, able and kind readers. I take the liberty of again troubling you with poor M——'s little annual remittance. I hope the poor soul's family calamities are diminished; as to myself, through the great mercy of my heavenly Father, I have been wonderfully carried through the vicissitudes of the weather during the last winter; and though I do not quit my apartment, I see a great deal of company; too much, my kind physician says—but most of them are among the excellent of the earth, and some come from far. I only see them in a morning; and manage very well when they are all of one party; but when I am obliged to split my attentions, it is a little fatiguing; for instance, I had the other day three ladies from the highlands of Scotland, three gentlemen from the land's end in Cornwall, and one from Dublin. They had never seen each other, nor had I ever seen any but the latter.

I envy those who are in London this week, which I call the saints' festival; so many distinguished scholars and Christians will speak at the different

religious and charitable public meetings, I hope, with profit. As to my insignificant self, I can find sufficient employment, which, if not splendid, is not quite useless. At Bristol, Clifton, and Bath, they have an annual Bazaar for the different charitable societies, which, by means of contributions of ladies' different works, produces a great deal of money. You will see, that in my old age I am brought so low as to write halfpenny papers: I enclose you a specimen. Every year I write some such trifle as the enclosed. The ladies who conduct the bazaars in the different places, get these paltry papers printed, sometimes on coloured papers, and by selling them for a shilling, twenty pounds have been collected in the year. I spend all my leisure in knitting garters and muffatees a little decorated: these, by the lady customers giving five times more than they are worth, bring in the year no contemptible sum.

I have lost so many of my contemporaries within the last year, particularly in the higher classes, that I am ready to ask with Dr. Johnson, where is the world into which I was born?—*they* taken, *I* spared—*they* of great importance in society, *I* of little or none; but by thus extending my life, God has been pleased to give me a longer space for repentance and preparation. May it not have been given in vain.

Adieu, my dear ladies, I heartily pray God to bless you in time and eternity.

Your faithful and obedient,

H. More.

Mrs. H. More seemed to view her wonderful rescue from the opening grave as an imperative call upon her to improve with increased vigilance every passing hour to the temporal or spiritual benefit of her fellow-creatures. She considered that her life was thus unexpectedly given back to her for this purpose; and every day witnessed some proof of her benevolence. It was no uncommon thing for those who solicited her contributions to find that she had been beforehand with them, and that before their charity had set out, hers had reached its object; while the manner which accompanied her kindnesses gave completeness to their Christian character. She still continued as much alive as ever to the pleasures of intellectual and instructive intercourse with her friends; and it was admitted on all hands that her conversation had lost none of its accustomed sprightliness.

In the month of July in this year (1824), the Wrington Bible Meeting took place, of which she was still the strength and cement, although unable to be personally present. The apostolic Bishop of Ohio, (Bishop Chase,) was brought to the meeting by Sir T. Acland, and was one of seventeen who dined at Barley Wood, when the business was over. After dinner, the whole party assembled in Mrs. More's apartment, when an animated and interesting conversation was carried on during several hours, in which Mrs. More, now in her 79th year, bore a conspicuous part, and the good American bishop, who pronounced the parting prayer, brought away strong impressions of the conservative power of

vital faith, in keeping the heart warm and the head clear, under the weight of years, and amidst all the aggravations of infirmity and pain.

The intermission was short. In the course of September Mrs. More was again laid upon the bed of sickness. She was to be subjected to a fresh trial; and again her Christian part was to maintain its accustomed conflict with irritating pains and loathsome remedies; and on this, as on other like occasions, the perfect composure of mind, into which she had long settled, and her habitual resignation to the divine will, were great auxiliaries to the skill and care of her physician.

She recovered from this severe attack, but not till she had made her sick chamber again the scene of an edifying patience, and a school of spiritual instruction. She said she wished to bear her dying testimony to the goodness of God, that her blessings had always been much greater than her sufferings; and added, as one proof of the mercy shown her, even in her privations, that for many years she had lost her taste and smell, which had been taken from her by a violent attack of fever, and had once thought it an affliction, but having since that period been almost perpetually constrained to feed on drugs, she now felt her loss changed to gain, as her medicines were disarmed of their power of tormenting her. Somebody speaking of a very fine house they had recently seen, she said, 'Do they ever suspect that so mean a thing as death can enter amongst all that finery? take physic, pomp;' and then raising herself in her bed with surprising energy, though

obliged to pause for breath between the words, she repeated,

> 'Oh, insolence of wealth, with all thy store
> How durst thou let one worthy man be poor?'

On another occasion she thus broke forth, 'What sinful, vile, miserable bodies we have, and yet we can be proud, and dainty, and fastidious.' When she heard the bell toll for the funeral of her late medical attendant, she exclaimed, 'Happy Mr. James, he has escaped before me! Pray sing the Funeral Hymn at family prayer this evening.' Upon those about her answering that nobody had spirits to raise their voice in song, she said, 'Why not? it will raise your hearts in love.' In a moment of particular suffering, she exclaimed, 'Can my friends wish such a state as mine to be prolonged? death would be the greatest mercy—but it is all best. I am not yet fit, I want a few more stripes, or I should not have them, for He does nothing without design.' She once or twice remarked, with grateful emotion, upon the affecting beauty of that expression, "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes;" not only that they should be wiped away, but that God himself would wipe them away.

Yet once more was it the good pleasure of Providence, to raise up this eminent Christian to bear a little longer her testimony to the power of faith, and the Spirit's operation on the heart and understanding. Before she was able to quit her bed, she had vigour to project, and partly to execute a plan to which she had been often urged when in tolerable health,—that of extracting from all her later works,

each of which contained a chapter on prayer, her thoughts upon that all-important subject. These passages, when brought together with some additions, composed a little volume, to which she prefixed a few pious and touching sentences, by way of preface, and bequeathed it to her friends, not expecting herself to witness its publication. No sooner was this little book advertised, than the whole edition was bespoken, and another was in preparation before she herself had received a single copy of the first. It reached a third edition within three months of its first appearance.

From Sir W. W. Pepys to Mrs. H. More.

Potterells, January 7, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have just finished your 'Spirit of Prayer,' for which I give you my sincerest thanks. I have told my family, what, if said only to you, might savour too much of compliment,—that I do not recollect to have ever risen from a book which gave me greater *pleasure;* I said actual *pleasure,*—not merely instruction or useful exhortation, but positive delight. There is such an animated spirit of piety running through the whole of it, that not to have greatly relished it, would have impeached one's taste, even more than one's principles. Mrs. Montagu and I used always to agree that you had more wit in your serious writings than other people had when they meant to be professedly witty; and I used to tell her that whenever I should see

you, I should plague you by complimenting you upon the wit of your writings, and not upon the good which I thought they would do: as to this last treatise, I hope to have it always upon my table, and to read it over and over again as long as I shall wish to cherish the spirit of piety; which I pray to God may be as long as I live.

Mrs. H. Bowdler writes me word that she saw you lately, and that you were still in your chamber. She says, 'I left her with feelings of respect and admiration which I cannot describe. I never saw her more agreeable or more animated than on this last visit.' Though you have long since been raised above the praise of us poor mortals, yet if any such can give you pleasure, it must be when it comes from such a person as Mrs. Bowdler.

We are just now reading in an evening a memoir of Mr. John Bowdler, her brother, written by his son, which shews him to have been worthy of that excellent family to which he belonged. I have long known and highly respected Thomas Bowdler, but of John I knew nothing, except an admirable saying, which I remember was attributed to him, some years ago, when it was the fashion to lament over the state of this unhappy country.—'If,' said he, 'a man were to go from the northern to the southern extremity of this island, with his eyes shut and his ears open, he would think that the country was sinking into an abyss of destruction; but if he were to return with his ears shut and his eyes open, he would be satisfied that we had the greatest reason to be thankful for our prosperity.' As we

have not finished the Memoir, I can only hope that this observation has been preserved in it. What would he have said had he lived to see the *present* state of this country?

We hope to return to our winter quarters on Friday next, the 14th, and, (blessed be God) in the same state of health and spirits as though Tuesday next would not complete my 85th year. I will not fill my paper with any effusions of that gratitude which the most obdurate heart must feel for such unmerited kindness. I wonder whether I shall ever see that young lady[1] in whose favour you have so highly prepossessed me, by the account which you gave of her kindness and attentions to you. If that false sentiment be so applauded,

'My friend must hate the man who injures me.'

surely it is equally fair, that your friend should like, (I suppose I must not say *love*) the young lady, who has shewn such attachment to you; pray remember me to her, and tell her, that I think she has much more reason to value herself upon the conquest of an old man who has never seen her, than of any young man who has.

We have been of late very much pleased in an evening, by the Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Clarke, the traveller, which we thought an acquisition, as it is so difficult to find any book that will suit equally the taste and ages of a whole family circle. For my part, when I am alone, I feel that I have so

[1] Miss Frowd, to whose disinterested and devoted friendship Mrs. More owed much of the comfort of her latter years.

little concern with this world, and so much with the next, that I am apt to reproach myself if I bestow much time on any book that has not some *tendency* at least, to prepare me for the awful change I must expect so soon to undergo. Dr. Doddridge on the words "wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?" recommends that answer to those who lose their time on the curiosities of literature, instead of being about their heavenly "father's business;" and quotes the last words of a great scholar '*Heu! vitam perdidi operose nihil agendo.*' This, my dear friend, will never rise up, I trust, as a just accusation against you, who have employed those brilliant talents which God has bestowed on you, so much to his glory and the good of your fellow-creatures. I sometimes compare you with those who have attained the summit of earthly renown, and ask myself which I had rather be at this period of my life. I need not tell you the answer, which would be attended with still more self-reproach than it is, did I not feel that the mediocrity of my own talents exempts me, in some degree, from much of that responsibility which is attached to such as your's. But this is too fearful a subject to dwell upon, for we have all so much to be forgiven that it is idle to compare the quantities. May God in his mercy receive us both, through our only Mediator and Advocate.

Adieu, my most valued friend, I can never say how much I am,

Your's affectionately,

W. W. PEPYS.

From W. Gray, Esq. to Mrs. H. More.

York, January 21, 1825.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Though I fear that even the receipt of a letter may now be fatiguing, I cannot forbear acknowledging the continuance of your kind attention in transmitting, by your bookseller, the small volume on 'the Spirit of Prayer.' I have perused it with interest; and, if not also with profit, the fault is all my own. It was well, instead of engaging at this late crisis in anything savouring of novelty or originality, to select and place in the public hand that part of the spiritual armour which is so pre-eminently necessary to bring into use and efficacy all the other parts of the sacred panoply which you have been labouring so long to recommend for the purposes of the Christian warfare. May the divine blessing rest upon the whole, and render it prosperous in accomplishing the objects for which it is intended!

What shall I say to you further, my dear Madam, in this probably, my last communication? I congratulate you, "that now is your salvation so much nearer than when you believed;" that your own warfare, your toils and your labours, are so fast approaching to a close, and you are about to enter into that "rest which remaineth for the people of God." I might safely speak also of heavenly rewards, and of that glory and honour and immortality reserved for those who patiently continue in well-doing; not

for their own sakes, but for that of their Saviour: but I know you would not like me to dwell upon these in your case, whatever I may think and hope: yet, surely, that peace and rest which I first spoke of, and which constitutes the hope and the prospect of the very lowest order of Christians, is in itself a delightful privilege. To have done for ever with *sin*, as well as suffering—with Satan and his temptations —with that world, which, notwithstanding all its gratifications and its indulgences, is still a "wicked," and an ensnaring world; even these negative blessings are more than a counterbalance for all the privations and trials of the Christian life: but what are these, compared with the positive felicity of "awaking after the divine likeness;" of worshipping before the throne of God and the Lamb; of being for ever with the Lord Jesus, to behold his glory, and to witness his triumphs!

And may I not also congratulate you, my dear Madam, and rejoice with you, on having lived to see what we now see *upon earth*, the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, to a degree, which I dare say we neither of us at our entrance on the Christian life expected to witness, whatever might have been the language of our prayers, or the complexion of our wishes. Let us take the comfort of it. We may be farther cheered by the persuasion, that, whether present with or absent from the body, we shall be favoured with a consciousness of the spreading of the Redeemer's kingdom in this lower world: and though he, who is as yet the Prince of it, seems to be preparing a resistance which may for a time

seem to succeed, yet we shall in the end rejoice in the overthrow of him and his dominion.

I have little intelligence of a local description which can be interesting to you. Perhaps you have heard of the death of Miss Buchanan, the unmarried daughter of the late excellent Dr. Buchanan, which was a truly happy one. She resided with Mrs. Thompson, the mother of the second Mrs. Buchanan, at Shelton, near this place: a lady rich in good works and Christian graces, who had educated her and her sister from the time of the death of their mother-in-law, and was rewarded by finding in Miss B. (who lived to the age, I think, of 26,) an intelligent and pious friend. The young lady, though sincere in religion, walked heavily, and enjoyed few of its comforts; but last summer, while visiting her younger sister, who is married near Glasgow, she fell in with Dr. Chalmers, who entered into her case, and placed so strongly before her eyes the comforts of the Gospel, that she came back rejoicing. This peace and hope appeared yet more abundant at the close of her illness, which was a short one, (though attended with intervals of delirium,) so that she had a strong foretaste of heaven before she entered it. I have heard of late of two or three other instances of these divine manifestations in the case of dying saints. They are rare, and generally vouchsafed to younger Christians. I suppose you will think with me, that although they ought to be gratefully welcomed, they should not be eagerly coveted. If, as in the case of Mr. Scott and Mr. Richardson, faith and patience

are exercised, when the flesh and the heart fail, God is more glorified, and the believer more evidently distinguished as such, than by his departing in triumph.

I am at this moment reminded of a circumstance concerning my dear friend Mr. Richardson, which shows that in life, as well as in death, God in his sovereign pleasure occasionally visits his faithful people with the special light of his countenance. Knowing that by this time you partake of my interest in that venerable character, I am tempted to transcribe the account, which I received this month in a letter from Mrs. Dikes, wife of the Rev. Mr. Dikes, of Hull (a daughter of the late Mr. Hey). She said she found it in a letter to her husband, from a colleague of his, dated Oct. 1817, who had been attending a Clerical Society, from which the former happened to be absent.

'We were at Hotham last week: all the party pretty well, except Mr. Richardson, who had been over-exerting himself. He talked more about himself than usual; chiefly to tell us how very happy he was, and had been for half-a-year past. He seemed to describe himself as in a state of almost constant enjoyment, beyond what he had ever known; a glory shining upon all God's word and ways and all his dealings with him, which was unspeakably delightful to him. Of course it was very gratifying to hear him talk in this way, especially as he has usually struck so different a chord. He said he was quite an astonishment to himself; but he added, that he spoke rather under an impression that he should not meet us again.'

You will recollect the sombre complexion of Mr. R.'s religious state from his private thoughts. This gleam, however, (which is an enlargement upon what he records of himself at that period) shews how kind and indulgent the Almighty is in supplying his faithful people with these cordials in time of need .... If such heavenly enjoyments can be had in the midst of the sorrows and sufferings of this life, what must they be hereafter when possessed without alloy and without interruption!

I have detained you longer, perhaps, than I ought. I will only add, that as the best testimony of my obligations to you, I still endeavour to bear you in my heart at the throne of grace, (alas! how poorly and inadequately) and trust that now and then—occupied as you must be with many persons and things of more consequence—I shall be remembered in your prayers.

Mrs. Gray, who is increasingly infirm in body, but, I trust, strong in spirit, joins me in her Christian regards and best wishes. We beg also to be remembered cordially to those excellent ladies, who have favoured us with accounts of and from you. In this we do not pretend to be entirely disinterested, hoping they may be enticed to renew these accounts, should you, as you intimate to us in print, continue unable to resume the pen.

I am, most respectfully and affectionately,
my dear Madam,
Your faithful friend and servant,
WM. GRAY.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. Daniel Wilson.

Barley Wood, March 24, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

Whatever zeal and piety may do, flesh and blood, I am sure, with strength nearly exhausted by suffering, cannot hold out. I dread the effect of such exertion. As to my unworthy self, if I were a disciple of Prince Hohenloe, I should pass for a standing miracle; and, indeed, even in the sober sense of Protestantism, I am a miracle of mercy and forbearance. I have been three times nearly given over in the last year, and, with an interval of one year only, I have been confined to my chamber, and chiefly to my bed, for nearly five years. These visitations have been accompanied with great mercies, for in all this succession of dangerously high fevers, I never had one moment's delirium. I have since had an inflammation so violent that for the last six months "my right hand forgot its cunning," so that I could not hold a pen, and even now I can only scrawl a little at a time, and that not with impunity. My hand will probably never be restored.

I think that if I could see the abolition of the slavery of the body in the West Indies, and of the slavery of the soul in Ireland and Popish Europe, I could sing my *nunc dimittis* with joy. If they carry their cause in Parliament, we must pray that God may produce good out of this great evil.

Mr. Wilberforce visited me in the winter, in

better health than I had expected. I earnestly hope he will devote his honourable retreat from public life to what appears to me to be an important object—the history of his *own* life, political, religious, and social. It would be a manual for statesmen as well as private Christians. It would be difficult to find another man of his deep experimental religion who has been the bosom friend and associate of cabinet ministers; which he was for many years after I first knew him, and with a disinterestedness which gave a true elevation to his character.

I should be astonished at any persons of decent character taking in that infamous ———, if I did not know that the public appetite for calumny can feed on the pernicious aliment, however coarsely administered. I am ashamed to send you such a miserable scrawl, but I longed to call myself to your remembrance, that I might request your prayers. You cannot offer them where they are more needed.

When are we to expect Bishop Butler? Ever, my dear and honoured friend, with true regard,

Your grateful and affectionate,

H. More.

From Mr. Stephen to Mrs. H. More.

Missenden, Bucks, May 29, 1825.

My dear Madam,

I have just been reading the last chapter of your work on Prayer, and I mean to read it again today to a young woman in this village, to whom it

will be very seasonable, for she is in the last stage of a consumption, and apparently very near her end; but likely, I fear, to have much sharper sufferings than she has yet sustained, before she is released. Happily she is a sincere and well-taught Christian; knows by experience the blessed efficacy of prayer; and has hitherto, in the full and near prospect of approaching death, been wonderfully sustained. To say that she is patient and tranquil would be too little. She is content, thankful, and cheerful; and I should say *joyous*, if the word did not raise the idea of triumph or exaltation of spirits, which she is too meek and humble to display or feel. To this interesting sufferer, your work, especially the chapter I have just read, will, I doubt not, be highly acceptable and useful. Very many, I am sure, in similar circumstances, will owe to you the same benefit,—especially when they learn that your own couch, when you compiled it, was not 'a bed of roses,' but that you were sustaining the very trials you depict, and using the same composing and invigorating cordial which your pen has recommended to others.

I most sincerely congratulate you, my dear Madam, on this very appropriate and happy finish of your labours. Of all practical subjects, prayer is the best. I would rather have prayer without faith or love, than faith and love, if they could exist without prayer; for they may be lost without it, and where it is, they will not long be wanting. I am certain of this at least, that the man who persists in prayer will not long entertain any doubt

whatever of some of the most important fundamental truths of religion. He will learn from the impressive and decisive testimony of his own experience, that verily and indeed there is a God who governs the world,—intimately governs it, by a providence as particular as all the concerns, however minute, of all his rational creatures;—that he hears and answers their petitions,—that he rewards what is right, and punishes what is wrong in their conduct, and that he is mainly intent on the purifying and elevating of their moral natures, though often under circumstances, and by means, which make a future retributory state absolutely necessary for the vindication of his justice, and mercy, and goodness, i. e. of the very attributes which prayer and experience have shewn him to possess. But the effect does not end here. Among all the various proofs we have that Christianity came from God, I know of none so strong, judging from the force of it on my own mind, as the wonderful correspondence of the gospel with all that prayer and experience teach us of the ways of God with man. Christ taught us all those wonderful truths which prayer and experience confirm. He taught us moreover what they cannot teach, but what falls in admirably with all the discoveries they make, and solves the difficulties with which those discoveries would otherwise be attended. It was he also that gave us this telescope for the discovery of unseen truths. He was our Galileo as well as our Newton, in heavenly things; for he taught us to pray; and there is no duty which by precept and example he so carefully inculcated.

I have sometimes put this argument to philosophical unbelievers, who deny or doubt a particular providence. ' ' You believe in the existence of the lately-discovered planets, and in other astronomical facts, which you yourself have never observed, and you would think it absurd scepticism in any man to doubt them. Why? Because all who have used the proper glasses, and carefully made the proper observations, concur in affirming their truth. Now you will find no man who has long been in the habit of private prayer, who will not tell you that he has had many and decisive proofs, decisive at least in their number and coincidence, that his prayers were heard, and practically answered in the occurrences of his life; and though not always in the way he wished, yet very often and very strikingly even in that way, and almost always, when he has prayed earnestly, in a way which he sooner or later has discovered to be best for his temporal or moral welfare. However-widely devout men disagree in other points, in this they are all agreed, and very many have declared, that things have never gone well with them through the day, when their morning prayers have been distracted, cold, or languid. To suppose that it is with all these witnesses the dream of superstition, is no less irrational than it would be to suppose that all the observers of the Georgium Sidus, of Pallas and Ceres, have been deceived by meteors, or some defect in their glasses. That the majority of mankind have had no such evidence, having never been in the habit of prayer, would be as idle an objection as that the planets just

mentioned have not been seen by those who never looked for them in a proper direction, and by the aid of a proper telescope. Your scepticism is therefore as unphilosophical in the one case, as it would be in the other. You gave your confidence to Herschell, when, announcing the most stupendous discoveries, he told you, 'Look and you shall see;' but you refuse it to Christ, when revealing a providence without which a sparrow falls not to the ground, and who when teaching a truth so credible as that God governs the world which he made, says to you, "Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."'

I have been led insensibly by this very interesting subject away from the purpose with which I took up the pen; which was to thank you heartily for the pleasure and honour conferred on me by the present of your work, and to make the best apology I could for not sooner acknowledging that favour. I can truly say, that had I been less sensible of its value, I should have returned thanks for it sooner, but not liking to express my sense of such a gift, from such a giver, in a hasty way, I waited for that leisure which I very rarely find. I cannot indeed say that it has never been found till now, but never before in concurrence with the recollection that I had such a letter to write.

With the highest respect and esteem,
I am, my dear Madam,
Very sincerely and affectionately your's,
JAMES STEPHEN.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Harford.

Barley Wood.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have been much entertained with your picturesque letter. Scotland is a country I should particularly like to visit, as its scenes retain so much of their original character, and have not been spoiled by art and industry; which, though very good things in themselves, yet efface the old ideas which contribute to the pleasant romance of life. I particularly envy you the sight of Staffa's cave. Its Laird, or as he styles himself, *Staffa* only, has visited me, and I remember his account of his little empire was very amusing. But if these scenes had my admiration, Dumblane would have my homage. Of Leighton I could almost say with Burnet, 'if I am not the better for that man, I shall have to answer for it at the day of judgment.' What sacrilege to demolish his cathedral!

The heat here is almost tropical. Not a blade of grass left. The complexion of my field is hardly distinguishable from the gravel walk. I believe the farmers, like Milton's Satan, 'never see the sun, except to tell him how they hate his beams.' What a fine description there is in the 11th of Jeremiah of a drought! "And the nobles sent their little ones to the water; they came to the pits and found none; they returned with their vessels empty, and were ashamed and confounded. And the ploughmen were ashamed, for there *was no grass.* And the

asses snuffed up the wind, for there was *no grass!*" &c. Pray turn to the chapter.

I have just had a visit from a very old and interesting friend, Mrs. ——. We had not met for twenty-seven years. We lived much together when I lived in the great and gay world. She told me that when my little book of 'Manners of the Great' was first published, (anonymously,) she was sitting with the queen, who was reading it. When her majesty came to the passage which censured the practice of ladies in sending on Sundays for a hair-dresser, she exclaimed, 'This I am sure is Hannah More; she is in the right, and I will never send for one again.' She did not mean she would not have her hair dressed on a Sunday, but she would not compel a poor tradesman to violate the Sabbath, but rather employ one of her own household.

A letter from —— tells me that Mrs. —— is doing well after her confinement. They still feel the loss of their son. I never saw a lovelier youth, or one better disposed. *Oh vita humana chi est si bella in vista!* &c. &c. What a sweet passage in Petrarch follows! With kind love to Mrs. H-

Believe me, my dear friend,

Your's, very sincerely,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Hart Davis.

1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

I trouble your inexhaustible kindness to forward the enclosed, which contains a letter from me to a valuable man at New York. I have a warm feeling of kindness towards him, for having (as the first printer in America) printed thirty editions of Cœlebs, 1000 copies each, and so of my other unworthy writings.

I hope you are enjoying this fine weather at your country retreat. The Caledonian ramblers are, I hope, turning their faces homewards; we want them much. The face of things in Ireland, I rejoice to hear is more favourable. I have just had a letter from one of the best and wisest men in that country. Mr. Harford must know him as one of the favourite friends at Bellevue. His heart always so overflows with kindness and affection to me, that I cannot send you his letter, but I will quote part of it:—'This strange country of ours, which excites so much of the cares of the good people of England, never was so quiet, and I do verily believe that we shall have no serious disturbances; for though there is much inflammatory matter, and though there are enough flaming orators among us; yet there is a non-conductor between these two, and that is the Roman Catholic gentry, who, believe me, are very sincerely attached to the British Constitution; for they are not so blinded by party, as not to see that

they may traverse the whole world, or call up the spirits of all the ancient legislators and statesmen, and that nothing could be devised to compare with the British Constitution; and be assured they will stick to it, even on the present terms; which however they are persuaded will not last, and so am I: the higher classes hang loosely to their faith, and *names* are the last things that are given up. You will at length see the advantage of letting them mix freely among you, and thereby detaching them from their angry party, and the religion of an ignorant priesthood, and thus preparing the way for the coming in of the truth. As to the roaring orators of the Catholic Board, *we now* understand them well. Mr. —— means to swell his lawyer's bag much more than to vent his zeal for popery, and he gets so much money by it that he will never risk his neck in a rebellion. He is quite of opinion, with the priest of Padua, that he would rather be excommunicated for thirty years than hanged for half an hour, though he struts upon the public stage a very Bolivar,' &c.

This, my dear Sir, is the opinion of an acute and near observer. I thought you would be amused with it. I am, I bless God, pretty well, though rather overdone with the two interfering claims of company and business. I see so many strangers whom I know not yet how to refuse. My most affectionate regards to your whole circle; I hope the Spaniard will get safe back, but, I fear, to an unhappy country.

H. More.

From the same to the same.

Barley Wood, Oct. 28, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

Miss —— told you what a singular visitor called here the other day. I had heard so much of this extraordinary being, Rowland Hill, that knowing he was on a visit in the neighbourhood, I begged my friend to bring him. I had been told so much too of his oddities in the pulpit, that I was prepared for something amusingly absurd. But as the phrase is, I reckoned without my host, or rather without my guest. He is extremely well-bred; abounding in pointed wit, very cheerful, in argument solid, sober and sound, quite free from the infirmities of age, and retaining all those gentlemanly manners which one had rather a right to expect from his birth and early habits, than from his irregular clerical performances. As a proof that he takes good works largely into his notions of religion, when I asked him if it were true that he had vaccinated six thousand poor people with his own hand, his answer was, 'very near eight thousand.' He did not, to my great surprise, discover one eccentricity in manner, sentiment or language. I was well acquainted with his brother, Sir Richard, who was a man of polished manners, very agreeable, and very pious.

I fear you will be hardly able to decipher this scrawl. If your ladies are returned home, my most affectionate regards attend them.

Ever, my dear Sir,

Your very obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

From the Rev. J. Foster[1] to Mrs. More.

Stapleton, near Bristol.

DEAR MADAM,

I should never have thought of such a thing as requesting your acceptance of a new copy of an old and common book, on account of the piece prefixed to this edition of it, had not Mr. Cottle told me that such a liberty had been taken by the writers of some of the Essays, accompanying the late reprints at Glasgow of a number of other old books.

I am aware that the vast accumulation on your premises, of the productions of contemporary book-makers, must have suggested to you the idea of the comfortable provision you will have of materials for lighting your fires, in case of any scarcity of chips and shavings. But, on the supposition that you will order them to be taken for that use in the *order of time*, that is of *their dates*, I may venture to calculate on a considerable term of exemption for this volume; and may even hope for it an extension of that term by way of special favour, on account of so minor a part of it being the work of any other than the excellent Doddridge.

If I could be confident in reckoning on any decay of memory in such a veteran, I should not be doing wisely in taking this opportunity of recalling to your recollection, by confessing, my sins against, I must not say courtesy, but even all civility, propriety, and

[1] Author of 'Essays,"—a work which needs no other title to designate them to the reader.

decorum, in having received in former years, presents of copies of several of your valuable works, without returning so much as a line of acknowledgment. I wish I could find any better extenuation than to say, that in each instance I really did feel grateful, and very greatly flattered; that I intended writing soon to say so; that a sad habit of procrastinating all things, deferred it till I became ashamed to write at all; and that then I said to myself in excuse, Mrs. More is, necessarily, quite certain, without being told it, that I, with every intelligent reader of her works, holds them and their author in high respect and admiration, and will be sure that I value as I ought, these personal tokens of her friendly remembrance.

Then occurred one circumstance, now many years past, which would have seemed to render it indispensable on *my own* account, however otherwise superfluous to you, to convey to you some brief but strong expression of my high and invariable respect, if I had not become informed that a suspicion excited in your mind against me had been obviated. I am referring to what you may have probably dismissed from your memory;—the appearance of an unaccountably captious article in the *Eclectic Review*. No one could be more surprised and displeased at that article than myself: and I am confident, that from no quarter did the editor receive a more speedy and indignant reprehension.

In common with all the true friends of religion, and the improvement of the age, I am gratified to think to what an extraordinary length the sovereign

disposer of our allotment on earth has protracted your life and eminent usefulness. It is very pleasing to hear that you have experienced a considerable alleviation of infirmity and illness. Deeply grateful as you must be for having been appointed so long to prosecute with success so important an employment, you will wait with calm acquiescence and quiet anticipation, the hour when the great master shall call his servant to his presence and her eternal reward.

I am, dear Madam,
With the highest respect and regard,
Your friend and servant.
J. FOSTER.

A longer interval of moderate health and spirits now succeeded, than she had for many years enjoyed, or than was considered possible by her friends. Bordering on the age of eighty-two, she was able to declare that she could scarcely recollect any part of her life in which she had been so little confined to her bed, as during the last two years. These two years however, deprived her of three of her oldest and best friends—Sir William W. Pepys, the venerable Bishop of Durham, and Lady Cremorne, who had been the last survivors of that society in which she had passed so large a proportion of her time in elegant and intellectual enjoyment, while her custom continued of paying an annual visit to London. She often reverted to it as an affecting and admonitory reflection, that she had thus seen, as it were, a whole generation pass away.

Sir William maintained an affectionate and constant correspondence with her to the last year of his life; and from the good Bishop she received more than one kind and friendly note, written with his own hand, not many months before his decease, at the age of ninety-one.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. Pepys.[1]

Barley Wood, June 17, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

I hardly know how to write to you, and still less do I know how to forbear. I would not intrude upon you in the first moments of your affliction; and indeed I had a faint hope that the sad intelligence might not be true, several false reports of the death of some of my friends having been afterwards contradicted. Most deeply do I sympathize with you and yours, on the irreparable loss of the best of fathers and of friends. When I consider the loss of lady Pepys and her family, I ought not to dwell on my own. And yet I may be allowed to mourn with no common sorrow. Our acquaintance of between forty and fifty years, which ripened into a firm and lasting friendship, has proved one of the most pleasant events of my life. He was a shining ornament of that select society in which for a long series of years we passed so many agreeable evenings together. His fine taste, his various literature, which he had always at command, his polished

[1] Son of her late excellent correspondent.

manners, the happy union of the gentleman and the scholar, which rendered him so interesting a companion, are still fresh in my mind and heart. I believe he was the last of that society, as he was, perhaps the most accomplished. I told him not long since, that he and I were 'the leavings of Pharsalia.' His correspondence since our long separation has been a source of solid pleasure to me. His letters, without losing any thing of their elegance and vivacity, have been imbued with a spirit of piety truly gratifying. His last was as lively as any of its predecessors, and the hand-writing so beautiful, that I showed it as a perfect specimen. There was not in this letter the slightest mention of illness; it overflowed as usual with that devout gratitude to his heavenly Father, for the abundance of his family mercies, and the virtues of his children.

My amiable friend and companion,[1] between whom and Sir William, so many pleasant messages have past, sincerely laments him. To my poor, and schools, he was a bountiful benefactor! Death has lately thinned the ranks of my friends; among the more distinguished were the late Bishop of Salisbury, and the Dean of Canterbury. I lately reckoned up thirty physicians who had attended me in numberless successive illnesses—all taken!—I left!

You will, I trust, forgive my troubling you on this sad occasion. You probably do not remember

[1] Miss Frowd.

me; but I have not forgotten your running into the drawing-room, at six years old, and giving an animated account of the discovery of America, which you had just read. I beg to be most affectionately remembered to Lady Pepys and family, who have my cordial prayers.

Though my health is better than usual, yet at my time of life, I feel on the verge of eternity. An awful, but not a fearful anticipation.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Very truly and faithfully, your obliged,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My health, through the great mercy of God, is marvellous, all things considered; but I am feeling the common affliction of those who live to an advanced age,—that almost all my contemporaries are dropping before me. In one month I can reckon the Bishop of Salisbury, my valuable friend the Rev. Mr. Jones, and a loss that afflicted me very deeply, that of Sir William Pepys. We had lived in undiminished friendship near fifty years; he was a scholar and a gentleman, and one of the principal ornaments of the select society in which I passed so many pleasant days; he was the Lælius of my now forgotten little poem, the *Bas. Bleu.* Fifteen or twenty years ago, when I gave up London entirely, we continued our intercourse by letters, and I had

the great satisfaction of remarking his gradual advance in piety. I had made him a present of a Bible, marking those portions on which I wished him more particularly to dwell: he studied it constantly. His letters for several past years, without losing any of that classic elegance for which he was remarkable, were characterized by a spirit of devotion truly gratifying.

Ask Mrs. W. if she remembers going to dear old Jones's church at Shipham, on her marriage! In the sixty-one years that he was in orders, he omitted duty only four times. A more exemplary minister I never knew. Ten clergymen attended his funeral, so much was he respected, though poor. As to myself, I think I was never more hurried, more engaged, or more loaded with cares than at present. I do not mean afflictions, but a total want of that article for which I built my house and planted my grove,—I mean retirement; it is a thing I only know by name. I think Miss Frowd says that I saw eighty persons last week, and it is commonly the same every week. I know not how to help it. If my guests are old, I see them out of respect; if young, I hope I may do them a little good; if they come from a distance, I feel as if I ought to see them on that account; if near home, my neighbours would be jealous of my seeing strangers, and excluding them. My *levée*, however, is from twelve to three o'clock, so that I get my mornings and evenings to myself, except now and then an old friend steals in quietly for a night or two, as the franker of this letter for example.

It is a singular circumstance, that one of my things, '*Christian Morals*,' I believe, has just now been translated into Dutch, by a converted Jew at the Hague. *Practical Piety* has been published in Dutch at Amsterdam, of which I cannot read even the title page. Love to Mrs. W.

Your's affectionately,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

Barley Wood, June 9, 1825.

MY DEAREST LADY OLIVIA,

It is so long since we have had any intercourse, that I am not certain on which side the debt lies, but I rather think I owe you, in common with other obligations, the debt of the last letter. I hope most cordially that the domestic health and comforts you so feelingly described are mercifully continued to you. My contemporaries are dropping away very fast. In one month only, the Bishop of Salisbury, the Dean of Canterbury, and my old and accomplished friend, Sir William Pepys. Our acquaintance began near fifty years ago: he was the 'Lælius' in my little poem, 'The Bas Bleu.' As he was the chief ornament, so he was the last survivor of the select society which gave birth to that trifle. The scholar and the polished gentleman were united in him. Since my giving up spending my winters in London, we have kept up an interesting correspondence. His son, the present baronet, has written me a letter full of the over-

flowings of sorrow and filial piety. The next death within the month, of my aged friends, was that of the venerable clergyman of Shipham, my holy, heavenly-minded neighbour, Mr. Jones, who in sixty-one years had missed his Sunday duty only four times. All the clergy for many miles round attended him to the grave, and I hope will join to pay his funeral expences. I was so fortunate as to obtain this little living for him thirty-five years ago.

Among my late stranger-visitors was a lady who had been maid of honour to the Empress Catherine of Russia. She had the remains of beauty, was richly dressed, sensible, and was not ignorant of religion. She was originally English.

I am expecting my valuable friend the Dean of Salisbury, the king's chaplain, from Brighton. I had the great satisfaction to hear that his majesty received the sacrament on Easter-day, not as a *king*, but as a *Christian*; not solitarily or separately, but with his servants. My most respectful regards to Lady Mandeville.

Ever, my dearest lady,
your obliged and faithful,
H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

Barley Wood, August 3, 1825.

My dear Friends,

I received your very kind and interesting letter with that pleasure which every attention and remembrance of me from you is calculated to inspire.

I rejoice to hear such favourable accounts of the health of both, and that you have it still in contemplation to visit England once more. Though I hardly dare look forward to the hope of profiting by that visit, yet I ought thankfully to acknowledge that it has pleased God to restore me to a large measure of health. I see a great deal of company (a great deal too much says my kind physician) but it is only in the morning; my day *levée* is from twelve to three, and I have the whole evening to recover. I am, however, confined to my own and the adjoining room, more through precaution than necessity.

It is a singular satisfaction to me that I have lived to see such an increase of genuine religion among the higher classes of society. Mr. Wilberforce and I agree that where we knew one instance thirty years ago, there are now a dozen or more. "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Nothing could gratify me more than your very pleasing information that Mr. Huber, to my other obligations, has added that of translating my little work on Prayer. May the Almighty water this labour of love with the dew of his blessing. I never was more agreeably surprised than with the extraordinary success of this small publication. I was to all appearance on a dying bed, when I felt an irresistible impulse to do *something* for my Christian friends in my last days. Beyond *them* I never looked for any further circulation, but to my great surprise, it is already in the fourth edition, and above five thousand copies have been sold.

It is an humbling thing to know that instru-

mentality may be separated from personal piety. But dear Mr. Huber is in all respects eminently qualified for the work he has so kindly undertaken. He is a consummate master in both languages, and his style is perfectly pure.

A friend from the Hague writes me that my 'Practical Piety' has been lately translated by a converted Jew. How wonderful! I had lately a visit from the principal bookseller of New York, who told me he had sold thirty thousand copies of 'Cœlebs,' and he added, it did more good there than my decidedly religious writings; because it was read universally by *worldly* people, who might shrink from some of the others. You would be surprised to see the number of superior Americans who visit me. They are a very improving people. They are running the race of glory with us; I hope they will make us quicken our pace.

I did receive and admire the admirable work you were good enough to send me, 'L'Explication des Caractères de la Charité,' which, I believe is not the work you now mention, though it seems to be by the same author. I think I have never had any longing for any thing of which I have heard or read since my confinement of five years, so much as for your enchanted castle, which seems made for the habitation of sylphs and fairies; though to be sure the luxury of hot-houses, &c. seems more suited to beings encumbered with flesh and blood.

I have survived almost all my contemporaries. I have lost in one month several distinguished per-

sons of nearly my own standing. The last has been the deepest wound,—Sir W. Pepys. For forty-five years we lived in the closest friendship. He was perfectly the scholar and the gentleman. Immediately before that illness, which ended in his death, I had a letter from him, written in an exquisite hand (at eighty-five) full of wit and classical taste. We kept up our correspondence since I left London, and I had the satisfaction to witness his growing piety, and taste for spiritual things. He was the last survivor of our old set.

About twenty years ago I had one of my dreadful fevers, in which I lost both smell and taste; and I have never in the smallest degree recovered either. You will say this was a hardship; but it was a mercy, as all divine appointments are; for having been compelled to live on medicine for many years rather than food, what disgusts have I been spared! Then how richly has it been made up, in the more valuable, I may say intellectual, senses, for my sight and hearing are perfect. We shall always find mercy behind a cloud if we look for it, and the doctrine of *compensation* is a favourite theme with me.

With my most cordial prayers for your happiness in time and eternity, believe me,

My dear friends,

Your faithful and very affectionate,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. D. Wilson.

Barley Wood, Sept. 2, 1825.

MY VERY DEAR, KIND FRIEND,

If ingratitude be worse than the sin of witchcraft, then must I be worse than the witch of Endor. I may say with truth, what a great man said of himself *without* truth, that 'I spend my life in laboriously doing nothing.' Did you think it possible that there could have been found a point of resemblance between me and Grotius?[1]—or to go on quoting, I resemble Macbeth, not indeed murdering my king, but my time, for,

> 'Like a man on double business bent,
> I stand in doubt which I shall first achieve,
> And so do neither.'

Now I have nearly exhausted my whole stock of learning upon you, I will endeavour to extract plain matter of fact out of my own head, or rather out of my own heart, for that I take to be the seat of gratitude. I cannot, however, say that I am going even now to be original, because I have frequently aforetime had occasion to express to you my thanks for repeated kindnesses of the same nature. I fear it has been too much my practice to try to appear better than I am, but I must do myself the justice, in the present instance, to say that I appear worse; for your precious treasures, both old

[1] The phrase has been often borrowed; but I believe it first occurs in Seneca de Brev. Vit. EDIT

and new, did not reach me till some weeks after you sent them to Mrs. M.

I have been exceedingly concerned to hear that you have been again indisposed. I pray God to render your physical powers as efficient as your intellectual, for the purposes to which they have been so successfully devoted. Miss Frowd reads me one of your sermons every evening, and we find that 'increase of appetite doth grow with what it feeds on.' Another quotation! I really cannot help it, though I may truly say that for a very long season,

> 'Verse I abjured, nor will forgive that friend,
> Who in my hearing shall a rhyme commend.'

Again! but like Desdemona, 'I do conceal the thing I am, by seeming otherwise.' For I declare seriously in prose and truth that this unhappy schism in the Bible Society afflicts me by day, and keeps me awake by night. I know not how you, my dear Sir, feel on this all-important subject, and perhaps I may be presumptuous in setting the opinion of an obscure ignorant person like myself against that of so many wise and good men. My two quarto Bibles, printed at our two universities, have both the Apocrypha; but who ever thought of reading it?

> 'Perhaps to be forbid may tempt one
> To wish for what one never dreamt on.'

I wish these rhymes did not put themselves in my way—but what can I do? I heartily wish the Apocrypha was out of every Bible; but if the Papists will not take a Bible without it, is there any

comparison between having a Bible with it, and having *no Bible at all?* The one is like a slight disease compared with, perhaps, death—

'Death! unrepealable, eternal death!'

I must transcribe a passage from a letter just received from my good friend Mr. Butterworth: 'Our agent from South America, Mr. Thompson, is just returned. He brings most gratifying intelligence of the impatience of the people to possess the Scriptures. A Columbian Bible Society, for the circulation of the Holy Scriptures at home and abroad, is established in the Roman Catholic capital of Bogota. The Secretary of State for Foreign affairs presided at the meeting, with the Minister of Finance, and some of the more eminent priests, who triumphantly confuted the more ignorant priests who were too narrow-minded for the circulation of the Scriptures.' I never was so ready to sing my '*nunc dimittis*' as when I read this! What answer can be made to this? but my nerves will bear no more.

'That excellent being —— has hitherto, I understand chiefly disseminated the New Testament. Now we all acknowledge this to be the best book in the world; but still there is wanting the strong basis of the Old Testament to give firmness and validity to the New. The patterns of heavenly things which are shadowed out in the ancient Scriptures, acquire their value by their exact correspondence to the heavenly things themselves, when the fulness of time was come; as these in their turn

derive confirmation by their perfect agreement with types and figures. *Query*, whether by withholding the Old Testament, as a *plan* to avoid the present difficulty, the enemy may not charge us with the sin of "*taking* from the word of God." But, alas! I am a miserable theologian.

Ever, my dear Friend, your's,

H. More.

From the Rev. Rowland Hill to Mrs. H. More.

Bristol, October, 1825.

Dear Madam,

An old man, who can scarcely see to read, has entertained himself with making play-things for children, and you have a large family of them. He conceives, however, that his boxes are better calculated for the private circles of children, than for public schools. However, as you are so warm and kind a patroness of early education, he sends you some of them; and more are at your service, if required. It may be necessary to observe, that there are ten alphabets in each set of the letter-boxes; and what additions are made to the vowels and consonants mostly in use are to be seen in the enclosed card sent with this. A neat and impressive poet is rarely to be found, but without much vanity we may attempt to rhyme for children. Such a chiming style of writing is the best calculated to impress their memories, and to engage their attention.

I send you also my little tracts, made since my short residence in this city. Such a liberty, however,

I should not have taken, but at your own request. Had you seen them in manuscript, I am sure the public would have been the better for it; as it is, perhaps another edition may still be amended by your corrections. You will see by the tenor of these few pages, that public-houses, the bane of the country, excite the strongest indignation of my mind. Nothing worse, excepting Antinomianism in the church. I really have so much better an opinion of hogs than of these latter, that were any of that sort to be permitted to make any of their vile preachments in their hog-sties, I think the stench of it would prove so disgusting to them as would banish them from their own filthy abode as fast as their legs would enable them to make their escape.

At the conclusion of these dialogues you will find a few more lines drest in rhyme. Had they past under your correcting eye, before the public eye had been upon them, I should with the greater confidence have sent them to the press; but I find, if ever I attempt any thing of this sort, I soon aim beyond my reach. It is easier for me to trot on with my good old friends Sternhold and Hopkins, and by the aid of similar abilities; and in their language I bring this letter to a close.

> 'With this my love doth come to you,
> My love it is both sure and true,
> And eke, the same likewise, also,
> Unto your household, it doth go.'

One stanza of theirs, however, I shall never equal;—may it be my last song when I escape out of this body of sin and death.

'Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask!
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come!'

Forgive, dear Madam, this little bit of paper loquacity from one who scarcely sees what he writes, though still

Your affectionate
ROWLAND HILL.

From Mrs. H. More to Lady Olivia Sparrow.

Barley Wood, Dec. 1825.

MY DEAREST LADY OLIVIA.

I grieve heartily to think how long, how very long it is since we have had any communication together. I have been overdone with cares, and business, and company, to such a degree, as to have been deprived of the power to indulge in the high gratification of *correspondence* in the primary and best sense of the word, which I take to be the *responding* of the *heart* in friendship. I steal at last a quiet quarter of an hour to assure my dear Lady O. that forgetfulness or wilful negligence has had no part in my silence. I have long been wishing to know the state of your health, and that of Lady Mandeville and her dear little ones, and whether the measles are increased; in short, all about you and yours, in all of whom I must ever take the deepest interest. My own health, through the great mercy of God, has been better than for some years past. It is a matter of wonder as well as gratitude that

this should be the case at my advanced age, though I have as much employment and fatigue as at any former period. Among my too numerous visitors I have the pleasure to say that there are many who are among the 'excellent of the earth, and such as delight in virtue.'

My neighbour, Lord M—— S——, is truly a most warm and zealous Christian. I have long watched his progress in religion. He has been at the opening of his new church near Dublin, which has cost him four thousand pounds. He has endowed the church, the school, and minister, so that it is always secured to be in pious hands. I have now been confined seven years and two months to my apartment, consisting of two rooms, having opened a communication to the adjoining one, which I have made a drawing-room, so that I have room for exercise; it is no want of strength which confines me, but my friendly physician will not allow me to walk out, as a cold has so often threatened to be fatal to me.

I am almost ashamed of this egotism, but I hope you will pay me in kind. Though I boast of my health, my mind is in a continual state of anxiety from the distress which surrounds me. You have heard me speak of the two mining villages, where I have had a school nearly fifty years, of about 300, young and old. This gives me a peculiar interest in the wants of these poor people; for though their ground is covered with the ore by which they used to subsist, they cannot sell any, such is the state of trade! If I were not so old, and of course on

the very verge of eternity, not looking forward with the expectation of passing through another cold winter, I could not do what I have lately done, and am now doing for these suffering people. They are quite insulated on the Mendip hills, and though their number amounts to twelve hundred, there is not one able to assist another with a basin of broth. If, my dearest lady, you would spare a small charity, I shall most thankfully dispose of it. Pray pardon this freedom. How many years since we have met! O what delight would it afford me once more to see you. But we must content ourselves with praying for each other, till, in God's appointed time, we meet in a blessed land where there is neither sin, nor sorrow, nor separation.

Your's affectionately,

H. More.

Amongst her most interesting visitors about this time were Dr. Marshman, of whose invaluable Christian labours and interesting and informing conversation she spoke with great delight; and the pious and eccentric Rowland Hill, whose interview with her is related in so fresh and lively a manner by her kind friend Miss Frowd, then resident in the house, that she must forgive the liberty here taken of introducing a portion of her letter.

'You cannot imagine how delighted we were with dear old Rowland; instead of a coarse, quaint being, disposed to deal out his witty sarcasms against all, however good, who were not of his *particular genus*, we found a mild mellowed Chris-

tian, of a liberality which really astonished us! He quite overflowed with amiable and truly pious conversation, and this was so seasoned with point, humour, and a delightful oddity which was all his own, that we were beyond measure entertained as well as edified by his company: it made the three hours he spent with us, appear no more than half an hour. He talked with cordial love of Wilberforce, and spoke very highly of Archbishop Magee. He is an excellent hater of Antinomian doctrines, and I was glad to see such a soundness of Christian principle in the good old man. Upon the question being put to him 'How many persons he had vaccinated with his own hand?' Mrs. M. said 'I have heard as many as six thousand.' 'Yes, Madam,' he replied, 'nearer eight thousand.' We talked of every body, from John Bunyan to John Locke, and he really showed an excellent discrimination and tact in character. But the most beautiful feature of all was the spirit of love and charity which was eminently conspicuous in this Christian veteran. I cannot express to you how interesting a spectacle it was to see these two *already* half-beatified servants of their common Lord, greeting one another for the first, and probably the last time on this side Jordan, preparatory to the consummation of a union and friendship which will last for ever in the regions of eternal felicity. I suppose that no two persons, in their own generation, have done more good in their *respective ways* than Hannah More and Rowland Hill. Both have exceeded fourscore; both retain

health and vigour of intellect; both are on the extreme verge of eternity, waiting for the glorious summons, "Come, ye blessed of my Father." He concluded this very interesting visit with a fine prayer, which was poured forth in an excellent voice and manner. I really don't know that upon any occasion I have been more gratified.'

From Mrs. H. More to the Miss Roberts's.

Barley Wood, 1826.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

This comes with my kind love to you both: I am pretty well for me, and hope you are very well for you. Early in the morning arrived dear old Rowland Hill and another saintly man. The veteran gave us an incomparable prayer. Our next guests were dear good Mr. —— and ——. Miss Frowd is delighted with his deeply devout mind; they dined and staid till evening, when they gave place to Dr. Bridges, who drank tea, and passed the evening. He prayed and expounded in his energetic and powerful way. We had several others of the masculine gender, but I think, not a *single* woman (I don't mean an *unmarried* one) all the day.

We have settled with Mr. Hensman to receive the sacrament on Wednesday morning, about eleven or twelve o'clock I suppose. We may expect Madam Margaret to join us. I grieve that I could not send a letter inclosed in one from the Duchess of Beaufort. It was the dying history of a little

sainted child of Lady Elizabeth O'Brien. It was such a picture of infant piety as I never heard. I had not time to copy it, but it drew tears, not only from my eyes, but from those of others. He called for passages of scripture frequently. He was so gentle, that after a rattling in his throat, which immediately preceded his death, he said, 'Indeed I could not help making that noise.'

Saturday.—This day has doubled the number of females to the male list. God bless you both.

Yours, most faithfully,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. D. Wilson.

(Extract.)

August 3, 1826.

As to their reproaching you with being a Calvinist, 'I wish,' as Bishop Horsley said in his incomparable charge, 'that before they abuse Calvinism, they would just take the pains to inquire what it is.' I hope to make you smile for a moment, when I tell you a short story. A little party was sitting at a *comfortable* game of whist, when one of the set having a slight head-ache, turned about and asked a lady who was sitting by, to take her cards for a few minutes; the lady excused herself by saying, that really she could not play; on which the other exclaimed, 'Now, that is what I call Calvinism!' It is a pity that Bishop Horsley could not have been by to have heard this satisfac-

tory exposition of the doctrine—and so practical too!

You must not fancy that I am grown poetical in my old age. I have long abjured all attempts at works of imagination. The only one of my youthful fond attachments which exists still in its full force, is a passion for scenery, raising flowers, and landscape gardening, in which I can still indulge in some measure, as far as opening a walk from my chamber window, among a little grove of trees I myself planted twenty-four years ago. I wish you could come and see how I flourish in my small territory. A little change of scene and a little journey would do you good, and I should be quite happy if you and your's would spend two or three days here.

But I am running away from my object, which is, that I scribbled the inclosed rhymes in a state of mind not very different from that which you describe. Perhaps you will not be displeased at the similarity of our sentiments. You will be so good as not to let this bagatelle go out of your own hands. After all that religion can do, and really does, in respect to our feelings, we may yet say with Dr. Young,

> 'Go bid physicians preach our *veins* to temper,
> And with an argument new set a *pulse*.'

When you are looking for one who stands peculiarly in need of the prayers of her Christian friends, think, I beseech you, of

Your very faithful and affectionate,

H. More.

SOLITARY MUSINGS.

Lord! when dejected I appear,
And love is half absorbed in fear,
E'en then I know I'm not forgot,
Thou'rt present, though I see thee not;
Thy boundless mercy's still the same,
Though I am cold, nor feel the flame,
Though dull and hard my sluggish sense,
Faith still maintains its evidence.
O would thy cheering beams so shine,
That I might always feel thee mine!
Yet though a cloud may sometimes rise,
And dim the brightness of the skies;
By faith thy goodness I will bless;
I shall be safe, though comfortless:
Still, still my grateful soul shall melt,
At what in brighter days I felt;
O wayward heart! thine is the blame,
Though I may change, GOD is the same.
Not feebler faith, nor colder prayer,
My state and sentence shall declare,
Nor nerves nor feelings shall decide;
By safer signs I shall be tried.
Is the fixed tenor of my mind
To Christ and righteousness inclined?
For sin, is my contrition deep?
For past offences do I weep?
Do I submit my stubborn will
To Him who guides, and guards me still?
Then shall my peaceful bosom prove,
That God, *not loving* is, but *Love*.

From Mrs. H. More to an awakened Infidel.

Barley Wood, Aug. 27, 1826.[1]

SIR,

I have received your very affecting letter. I have read it with deep attention, and feel sincerely interested in the narrative of your own state of mind. Your candid confession, however, and the deep sense you express of horror for your unhappy situation, give me a strong hope that through the infinite grace and mercy of God in Christ, you may be restored to peace of mind here, and find pardon and acceptance hereafter. There is a humility, a self-condemnation in your letter, which give an evidence of deep repentance. The best counsel I can give, is what you know already. Be frequent in prayer. Offer up all your petitions in the name, and through the merits, death, and intercession of the blessed Saviour of sinners. Read the Psalms, which are a storehouse inexhaustible of prayer. Read the New Testament, especially the gospel of St. John. Again, I repeat, "watch and pray," and remember that to doubt the will and power of God to forgive, and to cherish despair, is a greater sin than perhaps you have ever committed. Have no doubt or fear except of yourself; never distrust God. Observe the beautiful view taken of belief and practice, in the various definitions of Christianity, viz. 'Repentance towards God, and faith in our

[1] Mrs. More was now in her eighty-second year.

Lord Jesus Christ.' Again, 'without faith, it is impossible to please God;' "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

I shall take the liberty to send you a very few small books by the Bristol coach to F——. You will pay particular attention to Bishop Gastrell on the Promises. Oh, read those promises: get them not only by head, but by heart. They are the precious food which sustains the Christian life. Family prayer is a commanded duty; you will find also some excellent prayers in the small edition of Doddridge.

O Sir! lose no time; do not content yourself with *intending*. "*Now* is the appointed time." Neither fancy it is too late; it is never too late to *begin*, but it is always too late to *delay*. Be sure to reject all dark and gloomy thoughts, as suggestions of the great enemy of souls. I have always admired that expression of Scripture, "Through the terrors of the Lord we *persuade* men;" observe the gracious word *persuade*, when one might have feared the awful one of *terrify*. Let it be your especial care to vindicate the ways of Divine Providence to your children: show them how strikingly they are proved in sacred, and even in profane history. In both they will see, that prosperity is no certain mark of God's favour, nor adverse circumstances any proof of his displeasure. Read to them the 12th chapter of the Hebrews,—there they will see that "whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth;" that he does not indulge, but scourge, every son whom he receiveth. Without these instances, we should want one of the strongest

confirmations of a future state of retribution ; there all these discrepancies will be reconciled, and the love of God, under the severest dispensations, be made obvious. Have you no enlightened friend, no neighbouring pious minister with whom you could confer on all these important subjects? It would be far better to open your heart to some decided Christian, than to let these fatal feelings prey on your heart in secret. Forgive the freedom of this letter ; her poor prayers shall be offered to our heavenly Father for you, by

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

Your kind and interesting letter cheered my heart, and served to put me in more humour with myself than it found me. It brought back former days to my mind. I too, who am much older than you, have not one contemporary left. My early set, the Johnsons, the Garricks, the Burkes, the Bryants, the Reynolds's, &c, I do not reckon, as they were old; of my second set, the Bishop of Durham, and Lady Cremorne, were the last, both ninety-four : of your period, (alas, poor H. Thornton!) there remain yourself, (to me a host) the Gisbornes, the Babingtons, my old accomplished friend, now new neighbour, the Bishop of Bristol, &c. Do not say you have nothing to do in your

retirement from public life; yes, my dear friend, I can point out to you an employment, not less important than those in which you spent so many laborious days and nights. You *can*, and you must write the history of your own life; such a work would be sure to embrace three great classes of readers, the fashionable, the religious, and the political. You, who were so long the intimate friend of the first minister in the world, might introduce such a proportion of public and political remark, as would attract the worldly, who might thus be seduced to read the abundant instruction of the more serious pages. They will meet with what will benefit their souls, while they look for nothing less. You say in your letter how much time you have lost by pausing too long, and making too much preparation before you begin to set about any thing. My fault is of a directly contrary character: in avoiding Scylla, I have fallen upon Charybdis; for I have such a horror of delay, that I called myself, and they now call me, the ultra-anti-procrastinator. Though I have not done *much*, yet with a sickly life, and an annual dangerous fever of long duration, which I have had till the last two years, if I had been sober and considerate, I should have done *nothing*. My thick volume, *Moral Sketches*, more than five hundred pages, was first thought of in January, entirely written, printed, and published at the end of August. In the September of the same year dear Patty died. Could I have foreseen this, or had I delayed the work, it would never have been written. I do not mean that it would have

been any loss to the world, but that it would never have existed. So much in favour of rashness.

Do you know that I am very desirous of selling Barley Wood,—the reversion I mean. I have written to *my* friends to name it to *theirs*. I am unwilling to advertise, as it would bring strangers, and I do not like the publicity. Within the last two years, I have spent nearly a thousand pounds in enlarging and embellishing the grounds, and have put those and the house in complete repair. All the demands, both of family and charity, are so much enlarged, that I have exceeded my income in the last two years by £300. I have sunk a little from my four per cents; yet, as Pope says of Allen, 'it is pleasanter to give than to bequeath.' The worst is, that I am still alive, but though not in bad health, yet at eighty-two, I consider myself at the very verge of eternity, so that, though I must unavoidably lose by the sale, yet the purchaser must very soon become the possessor. My neighbour, Mrs. —— has just sold her place for ——, it is a nice place, but not to be compared in point of scenery with mine, and has nearly four acres less land.

Ever your's,

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to the Miss Roberts's.

1827.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

It is well Miss Frowd has left me only a little space, for I have little to say, and little time in which to say it; there are three littles for you; three greats (if there were such a word) would not more than express my affection for you both. I am going to give, for the second time this week, the most illustrious proof of a great soul,—of duty triumphing over self, that has been given in modern times. The first of these glorious victories was writing to put off D. W. from fulfilling his promise of coming over to us a second time; the other is to desire you will come on Monday instead of Saturday.

It is not always that I set my conscience above my feelings, but you must encourage a young beginner in integrity and self-denial, and not think of being so base as to subtract these two days from your allotted visit; but let me have my fair tale. I have too many petty cares at that age when the grasshopper is a burthen. I have *many* grasshoppers, and seem to have less time and more labour than ever I had in the busiest periods of active life; and half my interruptions are of a paltry kind —albums, and autographs, &c. Did I ever tell you that R—— I—— said to me, that if he were engaged to the prettiest woman in the world, he would break off the match if she kept an album? it is (said he) the essence of folly and vanity,—a

vile way of seeming literary. He is a coarse man, but very clever.

The Dean of Salisbury, his wife, and son, passed three nights here: he preached two most awakening sermons at Wrington. I have had a heavy heart and weeping eyes; dear Mrs. Carrol has "entered into the joy of her Lord." She was gradually becoming disqualified for usefulness, yet her zeal lasted as long as her senses. Two more Bishops gone to their last audit! it is really striking and awful, and I hope will quicken the zeal of the survivors! When have I written so long a scrawl! I am sorry to send you so many papers, but I am half distracted at the daily applications which I do not trouble you with naming. One is often tempted to wish one had but £60. a year, to buy bread and cheese; and then perhaps they would leave me to pursue my narrow way in quiet! And now this is to certify, and by these presents you are certified, that you shall be met at Bulgin's at two of the clock on Monday, by my coachman, with his leathern convenience. I commend you to God and the word of his grace! May we meet in health and peace, if it be his blessed will!

Ever yours, while

H. More.

From Mrs. H. More to Sir Edmund Hartopp.

Barley Wood, May 9, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR EDMUND,

My heart has ached for you and your dear Lady. I have forborne, however, to express the deep sympathy I have felt, because I did not dare intrude upon the sabbath of your sorrows, which I considered as sacred. It is among the imperfections of human things, that while we can feel so much for the afflictions of our friends, we cannot diminish them. I both admired and loved the inestimable treasure you have lost. It is a fresh illustration of Cowper's remark, that

'God moves in a mysterious way.'

A life so useful, a character so every way not merely amiable, but so very estimable, with all the means and the will to do so much good, and to be a blessing to all around her, taken away in the prime of her life and her usefulness;—this is a lesson more striking and awakening than a hundred sermons.

We know, my dear Sir, that the Judge of all the earth cannot but do right. Yet is it not among the secret things of God, that while this charming lady is taken from us so early, I, who am of so little use, am preserved through what Pope calls

'That long disease, my life,'

to my eighty-third year? I consider myself so much on the very edge of eternity, that having no one to succeed me in the house which I have built, and

the woods which I have planted, I have come to a resolution to sell the reversion of Barley Wood if I can. The purchaser will soon become the inhabitant if he likes it. Being pretty well just now, I hope I shall have the honour and pleasure of showing you and Lady Hartopp how much it is enlarged and improved, though I have not walked round it for eight years; and of assuring you that I am, with the highest respect and esteem,

My dear Sir Edmund,
your very obliged, and very faithful.
humble servant,
H. More.

It has already appeared that Mrs. More had become desirous of disposing of the reversion of Barley Wood, but an event now took place which made it necessary for her to part with the possession.

Under a system of excessive tolerance and indulgence, virtue loses something of its value and reward; and of this species of tacit injustice and indirect mischief to morality, Mrs. More's memory must suffer the imputation. To bestow confidence, where experience should awaken suspicion and inspire caution, is to sleep on duty; and although age and infirmity, seconded by a gentle temperament, might plead her excuse with society for the facility with which she exposed herself to be ill-treated, yet it must be owned, that when her sound understanding had health and strength for their allies, she discovered too little of that vigilant exactness so essential to the equity and consistency of moral

rule. Her domestic government was such as might be expected from one whose reluctance to offend, or even to displease, was too apt to disarm her prudence; and when the ill effects of this amiable weakness, which at the age of eighty-three had nature on its side, were evident in the waste and misconduct of her servants, after trying in vain to correct the evil by mild remonstrance, she sank quietly under what seemed inevitable, and determined to take the infliction as a chastisement to which it was her duty to submit, without struggle and without complaint. At length, however, such discoveries were made, as induced her friends to represent to her the danger of her appearing to be a patroness of vice; or at least indifferent to its progress; and thereby, of lessening the beneficial influence of which her writings had hitherto been productive. The thought of such a consequence made her forget her age and infirmity. She took the decided resolution of quitting for ever her Barley Wood, the retreat in which her happy Christian sisterhood had taken sweet counsel together with her for so many years, and breathed their parting breaths in spiritual trust and triumph. All her domestics, who had so long felt and abused her goodness, were cashiered, and at a bleak season of the year, and on an inclement day, after a long confinement to her chamber, with her kind and faithful friend, who had kept close to her in all her distress, she removed to Clifton. From her apartment she was attended by several of the principal gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who had come

to her that morning to protect her from the approach of any thing that might discompose her. She descended the stairs with a placid countenance, and walked silently for a few minutes round the lower room, the walls of which were covered with the portraits of all her old and dear friends, who had successively gone before her; and as she was assisted into the carriage, she cast one pensive parting look upon her bowers, saying, 'I am driven like Eve out of Paradise; but not, like Eve, by angels.'

A few lines written during the struggle and suspense of the first discovery, from Barley Wood, to two beloved friends who had a considerable share in extricating her from her distressing situation, cannot but be interesting.

From Mrs. H. More, to the Miss Roberts's.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

If I were to write to you as often as I have some new service to thank you for, I should be always writing, and you always reading. I have been quite overwhelmed with this heavy blow. I strive and fervently pray for divine support and direction; but such is the variety of difficulties which await me for the next month, that I sink under the thought. I bless God I slept last night, but like the disciples, it was from sorrow. My kind partner in these sufferings, Miss Frowd, is, I am grieved to say, in bed with a sad cold; this adds much to my distress. You *must* indeed, my dear friends, you *must* come to advise which of

the painful paths before me I must pursue. I shall break my heart, if you refuse this my, perhaps, last request. I would consult with you what gentlemen I shall get to stay with me in the dreaded moment of separation. The shocking conduct of the people below, it seems, has been long the subject of discourse with the whole neighbourhood. I alone was left in ignorance. I am more obliged to dear Mr. Harford, than I can say; he is a true Christian friend, and the station he fills gives authority to his judgment. He has so many engagements on his hands, that I avoid troubling him continually with letters, though he always most kindly attends to them. I really think this shock has hurt my hearing and my memory!

Your's, my dearest friends,

Most affectionately,

H. More.

Resentment, however, could find no permanent home in her breast; it was speedily dislodged; and if the thought of her late unworthy household occurred to her mind, it merely led her to pray that they might be brought to repentance. 'People exclaim,' said she, 'against their ingratitude towards *me*, but it is their sinfulness towards *God* that forms the melancholy part of the case!'

The habitual contentedness of her disposition made her easily accommodate herself to her new residence, to the beauties of which she soon became thankfully alive; nor was she less so to the affectionate assiduity with which all her friends gathered

round her; and the numerous attentions which they were eager to pay her. She fixed her abode on Windsor Terrace, in Clifton.

In one of her playful moments she drew up the following list, in commemoration of the kind attention she received from so many quarters.

'*Sketch of my Court at Windsor Terrace.* 1828.

The Duke of Gloucester, Sir Thomas Acland, Sir Edmond Hartopp, and Mr. Harford, my sportsmen. Mr. Battersby, Mr. Pigott, and Mrs. Addington, my fruiterers. Mrs. Walker Gray, my confectioner. Mr. Edward Brice, my fishmonger. Dr. Carrick, my state physician and zealous friend. Mrs. La Touche, my silk mercer and clothier. Bishop of Salisbury, my oculist. Miss Roberts's, my counsellers, *not* solicitors; for they give more than they take. Miss Davids', my old friends and new neighbours. Messrs. Hensman and Elwin, my spiritual directors. Mr. Wilberforce, my guide, philosopher, and friend. Miss Frowd, my domestic chaplain, secretary, and house apothecary, knitter, and lamp-lighter, missionary to my numerous and learned seminaries, and without controversy, the queen of clubs.[1] Mr. Huber, my incomparable translator, who, by his superiority, puts the original out of countenance. Mr. Cadell, accoucheur to the Muses, who has introduced many a sad sickly brat to see the light, but whispers that they must not depend on a long life!'

[1] In allusion to the village clubs which had been set on foot by Mrs. More.

The influx of visitors, which poured in upon her, was now perfectly overwhelming and bewildering, till she was persuaded by the friends more immediately about her, to reserve two fixed days in every week to herself for quiet and calm recollection.

In the mean time she gradually contracted her earthly concerns into as small a compass as possible. Her little estate at Barley Wood was disposed of to William Harford, Esq. the brother of her much esteemed friend the possessor of Blaise Castle; and she shortly afterwards negociated with her bookseller the sale of the copyright of the last portion of her works, comprehending ten volumes. Their sale had continued so steady as to afford a constant increase to her income, which overplus she laid up in no earthly treasury; and her expenditure being no longer unduly increased by fraud and peculation, she found herself able to send forth the streams of her bounty more abundantly than ever; and this she did with an unsparing hand, her whole heart seeming to be set on "devising liberal things." There was something, indeed, of excess on this side of her character, which laid the foundation for a report in distant quarters, that the source of her charity was dried up, and that great pecuniary losses had caused her abrupt removal from Barley Wood.

She received a letter full of affectionate condolence from one of her excellent transatlantic friends, suggesting every pious motive for acquiescence in her change of circumstances, and conveying an intimation that her American admirers

would gladly unite in helping to form a fund sufficient to preserve her from all fear of future pecuniary difficulties.

It has been mentioned, that one of her American friends had told her that her 'Hints for the Education of a Young Princess,' was the only one of her works which was excluded from publication in his country, their republican principles making them adverse to everything connected with royalty; but she was now informed that they had at length adopted it as a generally useful work, upon which she exclaimed, 'I have conquered America!'

MEMOIRS.

PART V.

FROM A. D. 1828 TO A. D. 1833.

PART V.

CHAPTER I.

THE period of Mrs. More's departure from Barley Wood and settlement at Clifton may be considered as the close of her literary, active, and intellectual life. It was an affecting incident. The place she had left, never to return to it, had grown up into great beauty, partly under her own superintendence, and partly under the care of those whose memory had taken root in the soil. Much of what was best and most approved in character, worth, and station, was associated with the recollections by which that retreat had been in a manner consecrated.

But on the other hand, the painful discoveries which had been made at this place, of ingratitude and baseness in those whom her bounty had so long fed and fostered, had, it is to be presumed,

somewhat diminished its attraction; so that upon the whole there was but little cause of regret in adopting a change which the helplessness and infirmities of age had rendered expedient.

It has been observed that this removal from Barley Wood was an affecting incident; but it was as instructive as it was affecting. It was an incident, all the circumstances of which bore testimony to the strength and patience of a mind which no temporal cross or discomfort could subdue. Surrounded by domestics in whom she could no longer confide, and fully aware of her danger, for some time before she was extricated from it, her deportment betrayed neither fretfulness nor alarm. The boon of a most patient temper, still further tranquillized by religious trust, sustained her at an elevation far above the reach of ordinary vexations.

The house on Windsor Terrace to which Mrs. More was now removed, was an elegant and convenient residence, within a few doors of her most intimate and affectionate friends, and in the neighbourhood of many who had made a part of her society for a considerable period: nor let it be forgotten that she had still in Miss Frowd the same companion to whose voluntary and affectionate assiduity we find so many grateful allusions in her letters.

Her change of place had little of the shock of transition There was nothing strange or novel in the new scene. She was brought back to terminate her pilgrimage where her career of useful-

ness had begun. The vicinity of Bristol had so long been a witness and participator of her virtues, so long identified with her fame and glory, that one could not have seen her living elsewhere without looking upon the removal as akin to one of those dislocations which are produced by a convulsion of nature. It is in that vicinity that she has left so many monuments of her benevolence. There, the schools and public institutions of charity are so many living and lasting records of her compassionate feelings and social sympathies.

To this neighbourhood, from which, as the starting post of her brilliant course, she had set out some sixty years before, with the whispers of conscious power urging her forward in a career of publicity from which the modesty and moderation of her disposition shrunk back with trembling, she came at last, her race being ended, to receive a victor's reward in that peace which speaks comfort to the weary soul, and follows it to the land of the saint's inheritance, where there is quietness and assurance for ever.

But it pleased Providence to lengthen out a little the last scene of her existence, that as it had been seen in her how a godly woman could live, both in the world and above it, so in her it might be seen how gracefully a godly woman could pass out of it into a better.

Soon after her fixing her abode at Clifton, it was remarked by her more intimate friends, with that sadness of feeling with which we always see, in the case of an eminently-gifted person, the approach

of the great leveller, that her memory had begun to serve her less faithfully, and to betray her into repetitions and mistakes. Still her vivacity maintained a long contest with decaying nature; and though her powers were less uniform, they sparkled occasionally with their accustomed brilliance; and even her wit would sometimes resume its seat, to the surprise of those who were looking daily for the escape of her spirit.

It must be confessed, however, that as her valuable life drew towards its end, her mind partook more and more of the general decay; and that for some time previous to her departure she was unfit, though unconscious of her unfitness, to receive the visits of homage, respect, or curiosity, which continued to flow in upon her. But her philanthropy, which she had always indulged to an extent almost bordering on excess, made it an uneasy effort for her to refuse admittance to any visitor; and however expedient it was to spare her these excitements, this comparative seclusion was neither wholly agreeable to herself nor satisfactory to others. But it was considered by her medical advisers as absolutely necessary to the preservation of her existence.

The remission of intellectual labour, however essential it may be at a late period of life to the support of the animal frame, opens an escape to the stores of memory, and accelerates the decline of mental energy. To preserve the faculties from decay, as years increase, is not within the power of perishing mortality; but to protract the date

of their use and efficiency is more or less the effect of a perseverance which keeps them in a constant and equitable exercise, at a middle point between exertion and quiescence. From the earliest age at which the faculties usually attain their maturity, to a very late period of her life, Mrs. More had kept her mind, if not at the top of its bent, yet at a considerable stretch; and when her last long vacation from study and composition was entered upon, the retrograde course became more and more decided, till time completed the undoing of its own work, and dissolved the structure which long exercise and experience had raised to so lofty an elevation.

But it was not on every subject that the mind of this extraordinary woman could be said to have lost its energy, even when her last sickness had brought her to the verge of eternity. There was one theme on which it appeared to have gathered strength, so that it might be said that the force of her intellect was rather diverted than destroyed. While that side of her understanding which looked towards the world was dim and obscure, that which was turned towards heaven continued bright and lucid. She retained to the last an unclouded remembrance of the mercies of her heavenly Friend and Guide, as her single ground of hope and trust, through faith in the great sacrifice; and if a text from scripture was quoted to her for consolation, she would follow it out by applying it to herself, or respond to it with holy fervour, in words borrowed from the same authentic source.

She had been brought up in two schools—the school of the world, and the school that calls us out of it. In the early part of her course, the world's vanities and flatteries had got the start of better counsels, and somewhat engrossed her for a time; but her principles remained sound, and concentrating themselves in the recesses of her bosom, waited there for the quickening influence of those truths which come with a mysterious vocation to the hearts of some, showing them to themselves as the heirs of corruption, and the pupils of grace,—beset with numberless perils, and having only one way of escape. The learning of the latter school, long before age or infirmity had imposed their interdicts, had brought this eminent lady entirely under its discipline, and armed her for those frequent conflicts in which she became a conqueror through Him, who, by the trials and exercises of affliction, fulfils his purposes of preparation and reward.

Her learning in this school was turned all to profit. There was no waste of intellect in fruitless research. Her religion was all text; at once compendious and comprehensive,—in its creed a span long, but in its moral dimensions as large as life and all its charities. That which gives wisdom to the simple, gave simplicity to her wisdom. It was always in preparation, and ready for use. Her confession of faith, as gathered from her declarations, her practice and her correspondence was this—that God wrought *for* her by the blood of his atonement, *in* her by the operation of his Spirit, and *around* her by the manifestations of his Providence;

—benefits to be sought by prayer, faith, and penitence. This seemed to be the sum and substance of her theology; which, like its founder, had no form or comeliness, after the fashion of the world's glory, and approved itself to those only in whose hearts the truth in its simplicity, was acknowledged and embraced.

Mrs. More came to reside on Windsor Terrace, on the 18th of April, 1828, at the age of eighty-three, where she lived in Christian composure to the 7th of September, 1833, a period of five years and a half. The reader will be helped to some idea of her average mental capacity during the first four years of her residence at Clifton, from the age of eighty-three to eighty-seven, from the following letters, the first written in the month of October, 1828, the others in 1829 and 1830.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Windsor Terrace, October 27, 1828.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I cannot express the immense joy your most welcome letter gave me. It is delightful to think we shall meet once more on this side Jordan. I am diminishing my worldly cares. I have sold Barley Wood, and have just parted with the copyright to Cadell, of those few of my writings which I had not sold him before. I have exchanged eight 'pampered minions,' for four sober servants. I have greatly lessened my house expenses, which enables me to maintain my schools, and enlarge

my charities. My schools alone, with clothing, rents, &c. cost me £250 a year. Dear good Miss Frowd looks after them, though we are removed much farther from them. The squire of Cheddar attends them for almost the whole of Sunday, and keeps and sends me an accurate statement of merits and wants; so that I have many comforts.

As I have sold my carriage and horses, I want no coachman; as I have no garden, I want no gardener. My removal here has been providentially directed to my good. I have two pious clergymen, whom I call my chaplains, and who frequently devote an evening to expound and pray with my family, uniformly on Saturdays. My most kind and skilful physician, Dr. Carrick, who used to have twelve miles to come to me, has now not much above two hundred yards. I found this a great comfort lately, when he attended me every day, sometimes twice, for a strange complaint—a total deficiency of bile. By the blessing of God on his skill, I am nearly recovered; but I am still left to feed on drugs. As to your kind visit, we can give you two beds, and one for a female servant; I am sorry I can do no more. The house, though good, furnishes few conveniences. We have no servant's hall, of course no second table; but we are surrounded with hotels, lodging-houses, &c. I am expecting soon to see my much-valued friend Mr. Huber and his wife, from Geneva. He is a man of great talents and piety. I owe him much—he has translated many of my works into French, and is now going on with the 'Essay on St. Paul.' It

gratifies me that his translation of the 'Spirit of Prayer,' is now circulating in Paris. I have just received a valuable work from Madame Necker de Saussure. Miss Frowd desires her best respects. She is my great earthly treasure. She joins to sincere piety, great activity and useful knowledge. She has the entire management of my family, and is very judicious in the common offices of life. She reads well, and she reads much to me. I have much more to say, and much, I trust, to hear when we meet. May the God of all grace and goodness preserve you, my dear friend,

Fervently prays,

HANNAH MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. and Mrs. Huber.

January 14, 1829.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

I believe the inclosed trumpery lines are what you desired; and trumpery as they are, is there any command of yours I would not obey, or any wish, however insignificant, I would not gratify?

I do not like these *prendre congés*, as they indicate the loss I am soon to sustain. If I were to repeat the acts of kindness you have bestowed on unworthy me, my paper would not contain them. I hardly dare expect to see you this side Jordan, but we can pray for each other. Miss Frowd joins in kind regards with, my very dear friends,

Your ever obliged, faithful, and affectionate,

H. MORE.

COWPER'S POEMS—VOL. I. PAGE 19.

Poor England! thou art a devoted deer,
Beset with every ill but that of fear;
Undaunted still, though wearied and perplext,
Once Chatham saved thee, but who saves thee next?

I ADD,

'Who saves? Again the glorious trophy's won,
For Chatham's name is lost in Chatham's son;
To him the muse a loftier praise shall yield,
A sword was Chatham—Pitt both sword and shield!'

Mrs. H. More to a Friend.

1829.

We are all agitation and confusion about the Oxford business. I tell my friends they must be all alive. The interest of our church and our country is at stake. We have just got your note, and the printed paper. Send down by coach at least a dozen of the same, and I will disperse them among all who are likely to turn them to a good account. I did not expect to see the king surrounced by a half-Protestant ministry; had it been Turkish or Jewish, I might have put up with it. My dear and able friends, the Miss Roberts's and Miss Frowd, are running about like mad folks; and I am not over sound. My duty as well as love to the champion of Protestantism. God bless you all.

H. More.

To a friend on the Oxford election of 1829.

Joy, joy, joy to you, to me! Joy to the individual victorious Protestant! Joy to the great Protestant cause! I have been almost out of my wits ever since I received your delightful letter, in which insanity, my dear colleague, Miss Frowd, joined me. That dear valuable Sir T. Acland brought the first news of a great majority; and though I could scarcely doubt of our success, yet I applied the words once used to me by my old friend Dr. Johnson, 'My dear, I must always doubt of that which has not yet happened.'

Nothing short of this great event could have induced me to hold a pen. I have been confined to my bed, and still am, by a severe cough and cold. My good doctor attends me daily, and rejoices in our joy, but he would scold me for writing. I cannot answer the earlier part of your letter, not being sufficiently stout to say more than that I am,

Your ever affectionate,

H. More.

'The last time,' says Dr. Valpy, 'that I saw her, was at Clifton, in 1831. Her rule was to admit none of her friends on Wednesday, but, finding that my stay was short, she desired that I would come to her. I stayed with her above an hour; and she appeared to be in full possession of her bodily and mental powers. She pointed to a large bookcase, which contained nothing but her own

publications, and translations from them in various languages. She said, that when she began to write, she printed her first works merely for the use of her young friends and pupils, expecting nothing like the extensive sale which they obtained. 'I know not,' she added, 'how far my writings have promoted the spiritual welfare of my readers, but they have enabled me to do good by private charity and public beneficence. I am almost ashamed to say that they have brought me *thirty thousand pounds.*"

Her last letter was addressed to one of her most valued friends, who must forgive the mention here made of his kind and effectual services, in facilitating and protecting the removal of this aged and ill-requited benefactress of the poor, from the place where every breeze whispered her charities, and every cottage was warmed by her benevolence, with a frame as little fit for the journey, as it was for war, to her new abode; where every local reminiscence was to be dispersed, and the thread which held in continuity the texture of her interests and affections was to be broken. Of this gentleman's friendship, and particularly his prompt and timely aid in the moment when, without the kindest and most judicious treatment, she must have sunk under the infliction, she always expressed herself with the liveliest gratitude.

The letter alluded to as being one of the last from her pen, was written to acknowledge a present of a book which she had received from this friend.

From Mrs. H. More to a Friend.

7th May, 1832, *(88th year of her age.)*

MY DEAR AND TOO KIND FRIEND,

If you could look into my heart, you would see more pleasure and gratitude at one peep, than you would find in a whole folio full of elaborate compliment. I am delighted with, and I hope edified by, your highly-finished work. I am enchanted to find powerful reasoning and profound reflections so frequently diversified by the brilliant, the sprightly, and the gay. The work is at once Christian and classical.

I remain, your's sincerely,

H. MORE.

An extract from a letter written by Mrs. More's long-attached and highly-valued friend and physician, Dr. Carrick, of Clifton, will very suitably bring us to the close of her long and Christian life.

From Dr. Carrick to the Editor.

Clifton, Dec. 30, 1833.

From the time Mrs. More removed from Barley Wood to Clifton, in the spring of 1828, her health was never otherwise than in a very uncertain and precarious state, and she seldom continued beyond a few days exempt from some attack of greater or less severity. Yet, although so frequently suffering from disease, she was but seldom, during the five years and a half she lived at Clifton, subjected to

such violent inflammatory seizures as those she had sustained at Barley Wood; from which she had escaped with extreme difficulty, and altogether contrary to reasonable expectation. At all periods of her life, Mrs. More had been liable to dangerous inflammatory affections of the chest; and during her latter years, it seemed always improbable that she would be able to survive another such attack. The anxiety of her friends was therefore peculiarly awakened for her safety during the winter season, and every possible precaution was employed to obviate the recurrence of catarrhal affection, by which it seemed most probable she would ultimately be carried off. By the unremitting care and attention, chiefly of her attached and judicious friend, Miss Frowd, this principal cause of alarm and anxiety had been in a great measure warded off or essentially mitigated during several successive winters, and especially in the last, that of 1831—2. About the middle of November, however, of 1832, some degree of catarrhal affection, without any assignable cause, supervened, which gradually extended to the chest, in the usual form of bronchites in elderly persons, although milder perhaps in appearance than on some former occasions.

Towards the end of November, these catarrhal symptoms seemed to be giving way, when, during the night of the 26th of that month, a considerable degree of bewilderment, or mild delirium, was observed to supervene, which continued with only occasional remission or abatement to the termination of her life, about ten months afterwards.

For some time previous to the period alluded to, it was apparent to those who had frequent opportunity of seeing Mrs. More, that her intellectual energy was gradually undergoing a process of deterioration and decay; imperceptibly indeed from day to day, but sufficiently obvious at longer intervals. Towards the end of the year 1832, a still more considerable falling off, both in her mental and bodily powers, was observed to take place. Whether the severe illness and death of her respected and excellent friend, Miss Roberts, had a decided influence on Mrs. More's state of health, I would not venture to say; but it certainly was about the period of that melancholy event, the latter end of September, that a very marked deterioration of her faculties became observable; but it was not till about two months afterwards, the 26th of November, that her intellectual powers sustained their last and greatest shock, upon the translation, as it seemed, of morbid action from the chest to the head. From that period her symptoms underwent but little alteration. A slight or moderate degree of fever continued slowly to waste her strength. The catarrhal symptoms, however, did not recur. About a fortnight before her death, her appetite for food, which had hitherto been sufficient for her condition, suddenly failed, and a total rejection of nourishment led unavoidably to the termination of her lengthened struggle.

For the space of a week or more, she scarcely seemed to recognize those about her, with the exception of perhaps one or two individuals. The

last day, the 7th of September, she did not speak, but without any painful or convulsive effort, quietly and placidly ceased to breathe.

To the friends and admirers of Mrs. Hannah More, it was painful during her latter years to see those great and brilliant talents, which had justly raised her to the highest pinnacle of celebrity, descending to the level of more ordinary persons. Yet there was this consoling circumstance in the case of this admirable woman; that while the grand and vigorous qualities of her mind submitted to decay, the good, the kind, the beneficent, suffered no diminution nor abatement, to the last moment of consciousness. Age, which of necessity shrinks and impairs the bodily powers, generally blunts sensibility, and narrows the social virtues. The soul which in youth, and in the prime of life, teemed with every liberal and benevolent quality, is not unfrequently observed to grow cold and insensible, parsimonious, and even avaricious, when sinking into the grave. With this remarkable woman it was signally the reverse. Her well-known beneficent and charitable qualities, not only suffered no abatement, but expanded with her years.

So long as her intellectual faculties remained but moderately impaired, her wonted cheerfulness and playfulness of disposition did not forsake her; and at no period of her declining life did an impatient or querulous expression escape her lips, even in moments of painful suffering.

During her latter years, indeed, it was her constant and ardent wish that she might be permitted

to quit that terrestrial stage, on which she considered she had finished her destined part: but this desire did not proceed from impatience to escape from mortal suffering, but solely from her anxiety to enter on that state of blessed immortality, to which she aspired with humble confidence in the merits of her Redeemer,—an anxiety at all times qualified and subdued by an entire and willing submission to the divine decrees: "Not my will, but thine be done!"

It seems worthy of remark, that as it pleased the Almighty to protect this distinguished woman to a very advanced period of life, from the infirmities of temper, which often tend to render age both unamiable and unhappy, so it likewise accorded with his goodness to spare her from many of those bodily infirmities, which usually accompany length of years. To the very last her eye was not dim; she could read with ease, and without spectacles, the smallest print. Her hearing was almost unimpaired; and until very near the close of life, her features were not shrunk, nor wrinkled, nor uncomely, and her person retained to a considerable degree its wonted appearance, as at a much earlier period. Even to the last, her death-bed was attended with few of the pains and infirmities which are almost inseparable from sinking nature.

It has been my fortune, during a long and close intercourse with mankind, to have enjoyed many and valuable opportunities of observing and studying the human character, under various and trying circumstances; but never, I can say with truth,

have I known a character in all respects so perfect, as that of Mrs. Hannah More.

I remain,
Very truly and respectfully your's,
A. CARRICK.

It has already been observed that as the life of Hannah More approached its termination, her thoughts often travelled to far distant scenes, and seemed sometimes to be lost in visions of eternity. The forces that kept the citadel seemed to be gradually disappearing, except those clear thoughts and holy certainties which still sustained her spirits, and suffered neither sadness nor distrust to intrude upon her last hours. Amidst all her wanderings she was coherent and consistent on whatever had an immediate relation to the place to which she was going.

'Upon one occasion,' says the faithful friend who was always about her dying bed, 'in the early part of her illness, I read to her the office for the visitation of the sick, and the burial service in the Book of Common Prayer. She was still and engaged, while I was reading, with her hands clasped in devotion. Some of the verses in the Psalms, after I had begun them, she would finish, exclaiming with rapture, "how beautiful, how sweet—delighting the taste and touching the heart.' The fifty-first Psalm was continually on her lips: "Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me."

When the prison doors were open, and her soul was on the point of escaping to its true home, though a thick veil was spread over the world she was leaving, no look of regret, but one of sweet sympathy with its trials and sorrows, was often cast behind her; nor could the awful change which awaited her, dislodge from her heart that love of souls which had supported her through so many years of bodily suffering, in her various works of Christian beneficence. Prayer was the last thing that lived in her,—every breath was prayer; and in the vital energy of her expiring petitions, her affectionate friends, and those that administered to her wants, and soothed her last conflict, were earnestly commended to the great Advocate of repentant sinners. The lady who had long taken such kind care of her, and was kneeling at the bed's side, was thus addressed by her shortly before her departure: 'I love you, my dear child, with fervency. It will be pleasant to you twenty years hence to remember that I said this on my death-bed. Be near me, and with me as much as you can,—will you? I may last out a few days—how long does the doctor think I shall live?' 'She was always,' says this lady, 'bestowing blessings on those around her, and hoping they should meet in a happier world—in an eternal and glorious world;' and when she was told of some presents made in her name to those who were employed in her service, with a smile almost amounting to a laugh, she exclaimed, 'I am glad of it, glad of it.' Adverting to her own frame of spirit, she said, 'I hope my

temper is not peevish, or troublesome.' And on being answered that it was the temper of an angel, she said, 'Oh no, not of an angel! but of a very highly-favoured servant of the Lord, my Saviour.'

The Psalms, and other passages of Scripture were perpetually breaking from her lips, and it seemed extraordinary to those who were about her, that her memory, which had let almost every terrestrial impression slip away, had kept the registry of her devout recollections unobliterated and unimpaired. The loins of her mind were girded up, and her soul braced, as it were, to meet without amazement the strange and awful encounter which was approaching. Like one preparing for a great expedition, all impediments were thrown aside, all but the necessary implements to set up her tabernacle in the place of her destination and final rest.

'She was sometimes,' says Miss Frowd, 'painfully conscious of the disturbed and confused state of her mind. One day she put her hand to her head, and exclaimed, 'I am all confusion, I seem quite to have lost my understanding. My mind is all so (shaking her hand before her eyes); I used to entertain my friends and be agreeable to them. But if I shed tears, they are tears of gratitude, and flow from a sense of my unworthiness.'

The philosophical reader, when he contemplates this buoyancy of hope and trust amidst the languors of a last sickness, at an age verging on fourscore years and ten, will find a difficulty in accounting for it by any analogies of nature; and if he is determined to see nothing supernatural in it, he must be content

to sit down in ignorance and wonder; but to the Christian inquirer the phenomenon will shew itself under another aspect: he will see and adore in it the Spirit's work and the succours of Divine help; he will see in it the process of a second birth in a dying child of Adam; he will see in it the funeral of death, its sting extracted, the grave spoiled, and Satan discomfited; he will find in it the best comment upon the Psalmist's exclamation, "Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

To save space, we lay before our Christian readers the sentences which escaped from her lips at intervals during the latter portions of her last illness, requesting them not to forget that at this period she had arrived at her eighty-ninth year. They were committed to writing by one[1] who dearly prized her posthumous honour for the sake of the generation which has succeeded her; but whom neither this nor any other consideration could ever have induced to dress up her sentiments in any other idiom than her own. Plain as it was, it was the vehicle of her last earnest pleadings with her merciful and awful Judge.

She said to those who surrounded her—"Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." 'Jesus is all in all: God of grace, God of light, God of love: Whom have I in heaven but thee?' When very sick she said, 'What can I do? What can I *not* do with Christ? I know that my Redeemer liveth. Happy, happy are those who are expecting to be together in a better world. The

[1] The survivor of the two Miss Roberts's.

thought of that world lifts the mind above itself. My God! my God! I bless thy holy name. Oh the love of Christ, the love of Christ! Mercy, Lord, is all I ask! I am never tired of prayer. Pray, pray, that the dear mistress of this house may be supported in her last hours. I pray to God to forgive my many offences, to make me humble, and looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith. Lord stablish, strengthen us! "The heavens declare the glory of God,"—how I love that Psalm! O eternal, immortal Lord, I prostrate myself before thee, utterly unworthy of thy mercy! Holy Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit! into thy hands I commend my unworthy self—unworthy but penitent!' Upon being asked if any thing could be done to make her more comfortable, she said 'nothing, but love me, and forgive me when I am impatient.' Upon her servant's proposing to read a chapter to her, she said, 'What are you going to read?' and upon being told the resurrection of Christ, she said, 'If we meet at his feet we shall be equal!' She said to her attendant, who had been repeating some psalms and hymns, 'You cannot have your mind too much stored with these things; when you get old, or are in solitude, they will supply you with comfort.' After repeating the Doxology, she said to her servant, 'the word Trinity you know means three. I once lived in a street called Trinity Street; I do think it very wrong to give such sacred names to common things.' She often exclaimed, 'Lord, have mercy upon me: Christ, have mercy upon me, and make me patient under my sufferings. Take away

my perverse and selfish spirit, and give me a conformity to thy will. May thy will be done in me, and by me, to thy praise and glory: I desire only to be found at the foot of the cross. Lord! I am thine, I am not my own, I am bought with a price, a precious price, even the death of the Lord Jesus Christ. Lord have mercy upon me, grant me an abundant entrance into thy kingdom! Jesus my Saviour and my friend.' She talked much of the many mercies of God to her, through her very long life. To an intimate friend she said, she hoped they should meet in glory; for herself she had but one object in view, and that was to wait the Lord's time. 'Lord! strengthen my resignation to thy holy will. Lord! have mercy upon me a miserable sinner. Thou hast not left me comfortless. Oh Lord! strengthen me in the knowledge of my Saviour Jesus Christ, whom I love and honour. How many parts of Scripture speak of the necessity of our being born again! Raise my desires; purify my affections, sanctify my soul. To go to heaven—think what *that* is! To go to my Saviour! who died that I might live! Lord, humble me, subdue every evil temper in me. May we meet in a robe of glory; through Christ's merits alone can we be saved! Look down, O Lord, upon thy unworthy servant with eyes of compassion.' A friend said to her 'Our good works will not save us.' She replied, 'Our good works are nothing, but without them we cannot be saved. You must pray for me, that my sins may be forgiven me for Christ's sake.' After repeating the 51st Psalm, she said, 'Pour out such

a measure of thy grace upon me, that I may be enabled to serve thee in spirit, soul, and body; and that loving thee, I may come unto thee through Jesus Christ. Oh, my Saviour, forsake not her whom thou hast redeemed.' Feeling herself lingering long in her sickness, she said to a friend, 'My dear, do people never die? Oh glorious grave! I pray for those I love, and for those I pity and do not love.' She said, 'It pleases God to afflict me, not for his pleasure, but to do me good, to make me humble and thankful; Lord, I believe, I *do* believe with all the powers of my weak, sinful heart. Lord Jesus! look down upon me from thy holy habitation, strengthen my faith, and quicken me in my preparation! Support me in that trying hour when I most need it! It is a glorious thing to die!' When one talked to her of her good deeds, she said, 'Talk not so vainly, I utterly cast them from me, and fall low at the foot of the cross.'

The gradual dissolution and departure of this gentle ornament of her sex, shall be described in the natural and affecting language of the friend who cheered and comforted her last days and her last hours, and counted the last beat of her pulse. 'During this illness of ten months, the time was passed in a series of alternations between restlessness and composure, long sleeps, and long wakefulness, with occasional great excitement, elevated and sunken spirits. At length, nature seemed to shrink from further conflict, and the time of her deliverance drew near. On Friday, the 6th of September, 1833, we offered up the morning family devotion

by her bed-side: she was silent, and apparently attentive, with her hands devoutly lifted up. From eight in the evening of this day, till nearly nine, I sat watching her. Her face was smooth and glowing. There was an unusual brightness in its expression. She smiled, and endeavouring to raise herself a little from her pillow, she reached out her arms as if catching at something, and while making this effort, she once called, 'Patty,' (the name of her last and dearest sister,) very plainly, and exclaimed, 'Joy!' In this state of quietness and inward peace, she remained for about an hour. At half-past nine o'clock, Dr. Carrick came. The pulse had become extremely quick and weak. At about ten, the symptoms of speedy departure could not be doubted. She fell into a dozing sleep, and slight convulsions succeeded, which seemed to be attended with no pain. She breathed softly, and looked serene. The pulse became fainter and fainter, and as quick as lightning. It was almost extinct from twelve o'clock, when the whole frame was very serene. With the exception of a sigh or a groan, there was nothing but the gentle breathing of infant sleep. Contrary to expectation, she survived the night. At six o'clock on Saturday morning, I sent in for Miss Roberts. She continued till ten minutes after one, when I saw the last gentle breath escape; and one more was added "to that multitude which no man can number, who sing the praises of God and of the Lamb for ever and ever."

CHAPTER II.

THUS ended the long life of this distinguished lady; not the last, I trust, of the female worthies of this land, but one who more, perhaps, than any other, carried in her opinions, habits, and predilections the sample of a straight-minded English woman, combining natural manners with polished breeding, home culture with elegant attainments, and preserving in an æra of revolutionary rage and moral bewilderment, a loyal heart, a regulated spirit, a simple faith, and a holy walk. A patriot, too, as much as a woman can be without purchasing the distinction at the price of qualities essential to the true relative place in society which the sex should maintain: adding strength and safety to the moral foundations of liberty, by prudent teaching and example, and leaving it to the rougher sex to tread the doubtful path of speculative daring upon the thin border which separates between liberty and licentiousness.

Her love of her country, and her love of her species, were without any alloy of party feelings

or prejudices. To her sound and correct understanding, liberty presented itself as including among its essential constituents, loyalty, allegiance, security, and duty. Patriotism in this view of it should be placed in the front of her character, since it really took the lead of every other *temporal* object.

As a writer, all the powers of her mind were devoted to the solid improvement of society. Her aims were all practical; and it would be difficult to name another who has laid before the public so copious a variety of original thoughts and reasonings, without any admixture of speculation or hypothesis. To keep within this tangible barrier, without contracting the range of her imagination, or denying to truth any advantage to which it is fairly entitled, of illustration or entertainment, is a secret in the art of composition with which few, if any, have been so well acquainted. Her indefatigable pen was ever at work; kept in motion by a principle of incessant activity, never needing the refreshment of change; never weary in well-doing. Thus to do good and to distribute, was no less the work of her head than of her hand, and the rich and the great were among the objects of her charity. The specific relief of which they stood in need, she was ever forward to supply; and as she had passed so many of her earliest years among them, she knew well their wants, and how to administer to them.

She was a woman of business in all the concerns of humanity, refined or common, special or general, and had a sort of righteous cunning in

dealing with different cases; exposing without irritating, reproving without discouraging, probing without wounding; always placing duty upon its right motives, and showing the perversity of error, by bringing it into close comparison with the loveliest forms of truth and godliness.

It was the privilege of her intellect to work successfully in the face of forbidding circumstances; such as in ordinary cases repress vigour, and slacken perseverance. In her early life, her powers of conversation led her into varied society, and principally into those assemblies where intellect is in the breath, and where minds capable of things of lasting effect and extensive benefit often lay out their strength in thoughts that do but gild the fugitive hour, and soon fade from the memory. Those who move amidst such fascinations, are seldom extensive contributors to the treasury of human knowledge. It was therefore the more remarkable, that Hannah More, during this part of her life, was actually accumulating, projecting, and accomplishing beneficial schemes and purposes; and as some rivers are said to pass through large receptacles of water without intermixture in their passage, and to roll onwards in their own course till their destination is completed,—in some such manner did this single-minded woman travel through this gay medium without disturbance or diversion, till in no long time she gained a clear and uninterrupted current, dispensing beauty and fertility throughout her beneficent progress.

The qualities of Mrs. More, considered absolutely,

have been deservedly the object of her country's homage and admiration, but when regarded as actively contending with the false sentiments, new theories, and foreign fashions which have, within these last forty years, been gaining so fast upon us, the worth of her character becomes very conspicuous. He who has observed the traces of the old English mind gradually growing fainter as it recedes into the great limbo of forgotten things, will think with sadness of our common loss in the departure of a person of such influence and authority on the side of moderation, loyalty, high breeding, and honour, and all those things which belong to our national and homely habitudes. If Mr. Burke as a philosophical, and Mr. Pitt as a practical statesman, successfully resisted in their days the raving theories of revolutionary extravagance, Hannah More, as a moralist,—a scriptural moralist, standing in the old paths,—shared largely with them the glory of this conservative warfare.

She was always opposed in youth and in age to whatever in sentiment or practice carried the mind to a distance from the soberness of self-distrust, and the light and leading of Scripture. That wisdom was her's which uttereth her voice in the streets—that crieth at the gates, and at the entrance of the city. It was her privilege in an extraordinary manner to compel attention. The harp and viol, the wheel and the forge were still, for an interval at least, to favour the voice of this charmer, charming so wisely. Her hints, her admonitions, and her remonstrances found their way every where, even where sprightlier

moralists had been denied access. And all this was done without lowering the quality of religion, or disguising its interdicts with any arts of pleasing, or adventitious aids. Her moral writings, containing nothing but the pure ethics of the gospel, without anecdote, or ridicule, or satire, or any other superadded attraction but those of good composition and beautiful illustration, showed her to be in possession of the secret of gaining readers without cost or sacrifice on the side of truth or humanity, or any breach of the law of kindness.

On questions of party politics, she wrote and conversed but little; deeming them to be no proper part of a woman's province; but as far as she allowed herself to take a side in political contentions, she was thoroughly loyal and monarchical—of such principles as would have proclaimed her a staunch whig after the fashion of Lord Somers in his day. But in these days, when old things are shaken out of their places, and the notions and distinctions of a former period are lost in a crowd of new names and designations, so that the age of George the Third is already falling into virtual obscurity, it would be difficult to assign to Hannah More her proper political place among modern patriots or partizans. The more things were shaken around her, or trembled under her, the firmer was the hold she took on the pillars of the temple: and in this position she maintained her integrity and consistency to the last, amidst the new aspects of the political and religious community; and though she was too candid and generous to renounce friendships on account of any

honest change of opinion, she was too true to her own principles, and too sensible of the value of ancient institutions, not to deplore the growing contempt for things tried and approved. It may be that in some things her mind was over-strenuous, and her adherence and opposition too unqualified; and I know not whether the totality of her hatred of every thing French—of French morality, French politics, French philosophy, and French fashions, might not have bordered on excess; but her feeling for the maintenance of what was understood by 'the good old cause,' involving the great securities and pledges of social happiness and national prosperity, was such as to make every attempt at removing landmarks regarded by her with suspicion at least, if not with aversion.

On the concession of the claims of the Catholics to political power, whether right or wrong, her opinion was never altered. She always regarded it as the beginning of a succession of evil measures, which were gradually to change the whole face and character of our fundamental institutions, and turn the genius of the country towards objects of a disorganizing tendency. She considered Protestantism as the basis of our government, and she loved it best in its connection with the character and discipline of the Church of England; but she could not move in correspondence with those eager men who were for reforming reformation, and measuring religious advancement by the length of its departure from the practice of the papal church. She was very liberal but very staunch; and although she could not

but see that religious communities take up notions of each other's creed too much upon trust, and with too little forbearance and candour; yet, of a religion which professedly regards our church as polluted, and founded on usurpation, she thought it not illiberal to be distrustful. She looked upon the alliance of church and state as founded upon nature rather than legislation; human societies being always in fact found in practical alliance with religion; and opinion, which is always at work, being itself determined and modelled by the influence of its secret and persuasive power. Such appears to have been her general views of this subject, as gathered from her works, her correspondence, and her conversation.

It gave her considerable uneasiness to witness what she called the defection of some of her best friends, whose change of opinion on the question before the legislature, respecting the admission of the Roman Catholics to power, made a vacancy about this graceful pillar, which rendered its elevation more noble and conspicuous. But the difference between them reached no further than the point to which it related; and it does not appear that any one of her intimate friendships were materially diminished or disturbed by these contrarieties of opinion. If at any time she entered into controversy, it was always an exercise of her charity, and a test of her self-control.

On her religious opinions, much need not be said. She was too pious to be a professed theologian, and too much in earnest for curious criticism,

or speculative discussion. To make a right application of religious truth, to bring it home to the conscience, and to be conformed to its precepts, was, she thought, our immediate concern with revelation, as soon as its great doctrines of redemption and grace were vitally apprehended. After saying this, it is almost needless to add that she was adverse to theological disputation. Wrapping herself up in a simple and humble belief, she went out to meet the accidents and storms of life, with a composure of mind, and a pious fortitude, which made her walk as instructive as her writings.

In treating of these subjects, in her books and her letters, her views appeared to have been remarkably plain and practical. She knew it was the first business of an author to get readers; and she saw that others obtained them by striking out new and adventurous paths of research or conjecture; but her mind was so determined towards what was useful, solid, and saving upon this great topic, that trite as was the theme of practical piety, she could not forbear again going over where so many footsteps had been, that scarcely a spot of freshness or floridity remained. But as her light tread proceeded along this beaten path, a new life of green and gay variety sprung up beneath her: surprising the senses with new colours and new odours, from products bursting into being in quick and endless succession. Her powers were inexhaustible. Again and again she recurred to the same subject, and still varying the dress of her thought where the thought was repeated, she cheated

the light-minded into reading her again and again, and still again and again the pious fraud succeeded. Had she lived the life of a patriarch, it seems as if every year of that life would have been marked with some fresh expansion of Christian verity and duty.

So close was the connection between faith and practice, doctrine and duty, in the religion of Mrs. More, that many years ago she drew upon herself some strong animadversions from a pious dignitary of our church, who charged her before the public with advancing opinions on this subject, of dangerous consequence. Mrs. More had said that the Apostolic writers, after having explained the doctrines of Christianity, proceeded 'to exhibit all the duties which grow out of them as the natural and necessary productions of such a living root.' Great fault was found with her use of the term 'necessary,' as implying, that when once the doctrines of Christianity are assented to, every thing necessary to salvation so inevitably follows, as to render moral exertion superfluous; whereas the passage was obviously susceptible both of a logical and practical exposition, as implying, that the doctrines and duties of the Christian system are so intimately connected, as to make it impossible, on rational grounds, to admit the truth of the doctrines, and deny the exigency of the duties; or, that whenever the doctrines have taken root, they must necessarily prepare the heart of the person who has embraced them, for every thing that is just and true, honest and pure, lovely and of good report. There is not

the remotest intimation of any such necessity as supersedes exertion, but a clear assertion of a strong consequence which implies or secures performance by a virtual or moral necessity.

If Mrs. More's religion was moral, her morality was altogether religious. She knew of no worth in human actions, but as they belonged to faith; which in her view was of such large dimensions as to encompass the motive and the object of whatever was good in conduct. As far as inferences may be drawn from her writings and her conversation, of the quality of her religion, it altogether excluded a speculative faith. It might be consistent with her avowed opinions to suppose a speculative belief, but not to hold the possibility of a speculative faith. According to her view of the subject, scriptural faith was essentially practical. It was with her the root and principle of spiritual life; the very door through which sanctification enters into the soul's recesses, to concentrate its strength, spiritualize its affections, and determine its will.

It was this decided and prominent part of her character and mental constitution, which specifically distinguished her among Christians. A peculiar soundness of sentiment domesticated and tempered all her reasonings and opinions, without subduing their natural and free-born energy. There is a greatness which owes its effect in part to the sacrifice of symmetry; genius is aggrandized by its eccentricities; learning claims many privileges for itself, and wit often acknowledges none in others; the details of duties and reciprocities are not seldom

trampled upon by those to whom the world's flattery concedes the charter of despising ordinary things; but Hannah More, caressed by princes and nobles, the delight of intellectual society, the centre round which so many luminaries revolved, having her name echoed from shore to shore through the civilized world, was yet a plain, home-bred, practical, and true-hearted woman; who managed so to live through a life of unusual length, that while one half of her contemporaries were drawing largely from her stores of instruction and entertainment, the other half knew her only by the solace imparted by her labours of love. While she was employed in the daily office of cherishing virtue, advocating merit, animating diligence, and clearing the road to happiness, she stood at the gate of mercy a humble supplicant for grace and forgiveness, and rested the success of all her endeavours on their conformity to the will of heaven.

She was a person to live with, to converse with, and to pray with. Her powers were capable of dilating or contracting their dimensions, as occasion required. Every one found it easy to deal with her in a commerce of benevolence. Her genius invited a near approach. It was great and commanding, but it was lovely and kind. Genius, in general, requires to be placed at a certain distance to produce its effect. The equilibrium of the mind is often disturbed by it,—its stability shaken, and its moral texture dissolved; and often out of this elementary disorder, forms and combinations arise, which the mastery of genius moulds and disposes at will.

It claims our homage, and visits as a conqueror, to whom belongs the tribute of suit and service. But to domicile and diet with genius, is for the most part an unenviable lot. Its hearth and home are not usually the scene of comfort. In Mrs. More the colours of character were so blended that all was consistency, quiet, and pleasantness around her. Her wit was entirely subordinate to her good nature. Her great qualities did homage to her little graces.

Her manners were unostentatious and unconstrained; and although she could not but be sensible that she was always in all companies a principal object of attention, this consciousness produced in her neither reserve nor effort. She had the art of saying and communicating much, without seeming to engross a larger share of the conversation than others; and as she could afford better than most, to throw away her opportunities of excelling, it was one of the exercises of her skill in which she took most pleasure, to give confidence to the timorous, ease to the embarrassed, and its full credit to common sense. It was the prerogative of her superiority, to maintain the fundamental rights of social equality, by the equal distribution of her kind attentions.

Her friends were often astonished at the candour and good humour with which she listened to criticisms on her works. What was accomplished with so little labour, was never so fondly cherished by her, as to become a subject of fretful anxiety. Those who pointed out defects, or repetitions, or

redundancies in her compositions, were always considered by her as giving proof of their kind feelings towards her. To those who treated her with severity, she was too conscious of the careless rapidity with which she generally worked, to be offended at that which she had taken so little pains to avert; or to be wounded by the sharp animadversions which her own salutary censures naturally provoked. It is true that the homage of the world attended her throughout her life, with little interruption, but then it is equally true, that homage is not the nurse of contentedness, nor fame and success the usual preservatives of a patient spirit, and a gentle temper.

No exemptions or immunities of genius were claimed by her. In her dress she was very neat and decorous, but also very plain and frugal. A great enemy to singularity and artifice, but especially to the artifice of seeming to despise art, as far as it was called for by the infirmities of our condition, and the duty of reciprocal respect. She was, however, so little taken with the tinsel of life, and studious decoration, that what she often said of herself has been confirmed by the testimony of those who knew her longest and best, that she never wore a jewel or trinket, or any adjunct to her dress, of the merely ornamental kind, in her whole life, though much of that life was spent in the society of the great and splendid.

A very distinguishing part of her character was her 'consideration;'—a word not yet perhaps of abstract and special force enough to designate a

particular virtue, but to which Mrs. More had attached a sort of technical meaning, by declaring a half-intention of writing a treatise upon what she called 'the law of consideration.' Taking it, however, in her own sense, as expressing an anxiety to carry one's-self in one's daily intercourse, especially with inferiors, and in the common matters of life, so as to be the author of as little unnecessary uneasiness, trouble, or inconvenience as possible in any supposed case, she may be said to have practised it herself to perfection. She would suffer considerable privations, rather than allow her wants to harass others, and would often express a dread of appearing to her servants to be regardless of the trouble she was giving them. She carried, indeed, this little morality to a remarkable extent. She never rang a bell without asking herself why, and when doubtful whether she had rung or not, would wait a considerable time, to avoid the suspicion of impatience.

Her thoughts were always on the business before her, nor was any thing too small for her attention, if it affected the feelings, or comfort, or interests of the meanest about her. She had no aberrations or fits of absence to require the apology of wit, or to favour its effect on weak judgments. She despised all shapes of affectation; but the affectation of absence of mind, as indicating abstraction of thought, she considered as the lowest of those little cheats which we are hourly passing upon each other.

A cultivated relish for rural scenery was one of her distinctions, and so great was her delight in the

disposition of her garden and grounds, that she would sometimes say that Providence had consulted her good by disabling her, during the greatest part of the year, from exposing herself to the air, as there was danger, had it been otherwise, of her allowing this strong propensity to absorb too large a portion of her time. Akin to this innocent relish was the gaiety with which she entered into the happiness of young children, who were seldom introduced to her without receiving some advice from her, conveyed in so pleasing a form as to engage their attention, and impress their memories.

It was always, however, the foible of her mind to lean too much towards indulgence, the predominance of which propensity was sometimes productive of consequences injurious to her quiet, and laid her open to much disappointment from ingratitude. Her laxity in this respect was not however accompanied by any disregard of order and regularity. When in health she was punctiliously exact in the economy of her household; in observing rules, and times and seasons; and more especially in the dispensation of her charities, and the discharge of all her pecuniary obligations.

She composed with remarkable rapidity, seldom reforming or retouching her sentences; and the same ability and habit appeared in all her transactions, small or great; her promptitude in business being stimulated by her anxiety to save others from inconvenience or disappointment. Similar motives induced her to arrange her papers and accounts with minute exactness.

The energy of her mind in carrying into execution any purpose which had been adopted after sufficient consideration was very remarkable. In conformity with this part of her character, her plan was, in any new resolution which involved the exercise of self-denial, to contend with the most difficult part of the undertaking first, after which, she used to say, she found the remaining sacrifices comparatively easy to be submitted to. On this principle having resolved to desist from going to the theatre about the time her play of 'Percy' was revived, she made *that* the immediate occasion for carrying her new resolution into practice. Mrs. Siddons was then at the height of her glory, and was to act the part of the heroine of the tragedy, a character which she was said to exhibit with remarkable success; and Mrs. Hannah More was in the midst of a brilliant society of friends and admirers, who all attended the representation; but here she was determined to make her first stand against this particular temptation, and to break the spell of the enchantment while standing in the centre of the magic circle.

Another anecdote will show the same principle brought into exercise on a very different occasion. As her limited income began to be sensibly diminished at one time by her travelling expences, she determined to perform her journeys in stage coaches; and in order to overcome at once every obstacle that pride might interpose, she resolved to pay a visit to a nobleman, on which she was about to set out, in one of these vehicles; which, as there was a

public road through the park, set her down at the door of the mansion. She has more than once described her conflicting sensations when his Lordship, proceeding through a line of servants in rich liveries, came to hand her out of her conveyance,—a conveyance at that time much less used than at present, by persons of high respectability. Thus it was the policy of this able tactician to commence her operations by a decisive blow, whereby the main strength of the opposing force was at once broken and dispersed, and her victory made easy and secure.

Those who lived much with her, speak with delight of her equability. None of those little petty peevishness with which some are so fond of spicing their intercourse and their friendships, played off in her commerce with her friends or dependents. As she was scrupulous of giving offence, so she suspected none of intending it towards herself. She lived in an immunity from quarrels, and above the need of explanation.

That she was very sensible to human praise cannot be denied, but neither can it be denied that she was prompt to praise others, and had an alacrity in pointing out the merits of contemporary writers. Her charity, in thinking and speaking of others, ran sometimes into excess: it was the charity that "hopeth all things," but it was carried so far as sometimes to confound the distinctions of character and actions. She had the finest tact in distinguishing and appreciating in the abstract, but her good nature and sensibility to kindness suspended the exercise of her moral discrimination in some in-

stances wherein wit courted her favour, and waited upon her genius.

Beyond the limits which have been expressly propounded in the written word as essential articles of belief, she knew that there was an area in which sincere Christians may expatiate at some *distance* from each other, without any hostile separation or substantial *difference*. She knew that a religion of general laws, which lays little stress on modes of opinion, and precise observances, in comparison with the service of the heart and a sound trust in the revealed plan of redeeming mercy—admitted of some variety in the particular application of it to the conscience, and even as to the extent of its practical requirements in the different circumstances of its professors; and to the farthest bound of this reasonable latitude she always carried her tolerance and her charity, if not her friendship and affection; but in the earlier part of her life, when her views of the sanctity of the gospel dispensation were only in the first stage of their advancement, she certainly allowed herself what may be called a free intercourse with those whose wit or reputation for wit, formed their chief, or perhaps their only recommendation.

It is on such a subject a painful employment to particularize; but the long and animated correspondence carried on between Hannah More and Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, seems to require some explanation, and perhaps apology.

Premising that the letters of Mr. Walpole to Mrs. More were always restricted in sentiment and expression to the decorum which politeness and

respect towards a female of so much worth and dignity demanded, it is but truth to say, that the general conversation, correspondence and avowed principles of that nobleman, were such as to throw him out of the circle of Christian fellowship. It had been well if that pretender to good epistolary writing had erred only in supposing it to consist in a vacant vivacity of expression, the disdain of propriety, grace, and grammar, and a triumphant neglect of those rules of decent circumspection which, in unprivileged cases, it is customary to regard. Such mistakes imply only the union of defective judgment with blunted sensibilities; but it could belong only to a vicious constitution of mind to mistake vulgarity for vigour, and blasphemy for wit; to introduce religion only for the purpose of insulting it; to scatter abroad the scandals of private history, and the profligate gossip of the great; to make, in short, whatever is serious, or tender, or lovely in life, the perpetual theme of a flippant and heartless banter.

Had Lord Orford lived a few years longer he must have given up 'holy Hannah,' as he was accustomed to call her, or have given up his own affectations and follies, and cast all his egotism and profanity at her feet. The wand of the necromancer must have been broken; and the fascinations of his false wit have retired before the bright ascendant of her pure and prevailing superiority. She was soaring, about the time of his decease, into an element into which his wings of gossamer could never have borne him.

As she advanced in age and wisdom, and with a

prayerful policy kept closer to God, and at a greater distance from worldly connections, she drew around her the best and wisest of her contemporaries: many of whom have come before the reader in the course of the correspondence in which she engaged during the latter half of her life. Hardly an individual distinguished for learning, virtue, or piety, during this period, was a stranger to her merit, or without a participation in her interests and her objects. Such influence possessed by a retired female, during many years confined to her chamber, and constrained to pass much of her time on the couch of sickness and pain, while a series of strange occurrences were shaking the world out of its sober senses, and indisposing it to be governed by the lessons of practical prudence, was a fact so striking and peculiar that none can help acknowledging its testimony to the force of truth, when it goes forth in the demonstration of that power which the word of wisdom imparts.

Of her zeal in the cause of the Bible and Missionary societies, and her warm interest in the progress of the Slave question, as it struggled through its various stages, enough has already transpired in the correspondence which has been produced. She had her right hand on every engine that was at work for the enlargement of human happiness. Her heart and head were always busy in the great commerce of time with eternity. To bring christianity into the intercourse of life, was the great aim of all her best efforts. She lived emphatically and gloriously for *others*; for

herself humbly, simply, and sparingly; and while her name was noised abroad and repeated wherever genius and virtue were respected, she was passing her time in her tranquil retreat,—in privacy and prayer, and peace: discoursing with her pious friends, and with the scenery around her.

Of the works of her pen, we may in truth aver that they have raised for her a monument which can never fail to remind her country of what it owes her. They are, for the most part, elevated above criticism by the noble purposes to which they were devoted, and by the decisive suffrages of the moral public. Her biography, however, would be considered defective if it did not bring her entire character before the world. There was hardly a period of her life which was not stamped with her intelligence. From her infantine days, books were her playthings, and her first discoveries were their own reward. The conscious capacity of doing good and making happy, seemed to possess her earliest thoughts, and to prompt her first wishes and efforts. That, setting out in such a course, and excited by the anticipations and predictions of all around her, she nevertheless set her first foot upon life's open stage without art or enthusiasm, and with neither singularity of deportment nor conceit of superiority,—that she carried with her the same consistency and sobriety of character when her powers and reputation had reached their highest point,—and terminated her career with a composure which infirmities could not disturb, and a beneficence which age could not contract,—are truths which those who

admire excellence will delight in contemplating, and those who love their country will, especially in its present crisis, desire to see displayed and detailed with fidelity.

Some of her remarks, which have been preserved in the memory of her friends, and which may serve as specimens of the salt with which her conversation was usually seasoned, may deserve to detain the reader for a few moments.

She mentioned that her friend Mrs. K—— and a little worthy knot of her connexions, had with the best intentions, entered into an engagement by which they bound themselves to do some good work every day; but that she had prevailed with them to dissolve the contract; because, if they performed it they might be too triumphant; if they failed too desponding; advising them, however, still to work on in the spirit, though not in the letter of the engagement.

She remarked, one day, if we resolved things into their first principles, how few and simple they would be discovered to be. The vehicle of all knowledge was formed of the combinations of twenty-four letters; all calculations were generated from nine figures; and all the infinite variations of sound in music from eight notes.

She declared her strong objection to the application of consecrated words and phrases to familiar things. Such as the 'great unknown'—'the ascension' of a balloon;—the 'salvation' of the country; 'the christening' of a ship, and such like instances. She said she often tried to pass a day without once saying, in reference to earthly things, 'I wish.'

At a dinner party at Bath, the Rev. Mr. Jay, by whom the anecdote has been communicated, was lamenting the ingratitude Mrs. More had recently met with from a person he had recommended to her beneficence,—upon which he received a look from her which silenced him; and after dinner drawing him into a corner of the room, she said, 'You know we must never speak of such things as these before people; for they are always too backward to do good; and they are sure to dwell on such facts to justify their illiberality.' She finely added, 'It is well for us sometimes to meet with such instances of ingratitude, to shew us our motives; for if they have been right we shall not repent of our doing, though we lament the depravity of a fellow-creature. In these instances also, as in a glass, we may see little emblems of ourselves; for what, after all, is the ingratitude of any one towards us, compared with our ingratitude towards our infinite benefactor.'

Mr. Jay observes this was but in character with *all* she *said* and *did* through a long and favoured intimacy with her after he came to Bath; adding,—'Great as her fame has been, I never considered it equal to her merit. Such a fine and complete combination of talent and goodness, and of zeal and discretion, I never witnessed. All her resources, influences, and opportunities were simply and invariably made to subserve one purpose, in which she lived not to herself, but to Him who died for us and rose again.'

There was nothing he admired more than her

conversation; and not only its eloquence, but its judiciousness, its selectness, its appropriateness. Whatever was the party or the topic, "upon her tongue was the law of kindness." There never was a word to offend, or wound, or grieve, but always something to instruct and improve; "her speech was always with grace, seasoned with salt, and ministered to the edifying of the hearers."

'You could not,' says the same gentleman, 'touch her without finding her electrical wit, genius, and godliness. Her very praise was moral. If she praised a sermon, it was not a sermon that might have a little air of originality, but one that commended itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. She often remarked, that preaching was an instrument, and the best instrument was that which did its work best.'

Mr. Jay further relates, that when forty-four years ago he first saw her in his congregation, she tried him more than any person he had preached before; but when he had become acquainted with her, and was secure of her friendship, he was pleased to see her present. He soon made her a confidante; entreating her to point out any thing she deemed exceptionable, or capable of improvement in one so young and inexperienced; and he acknowledged with gratitude many valuable hints derived from her judgment in the discharge of his ministry.

He admired the moderation of her doctrinal sentiments, and her decided dislike of the jargon of the schools, and whatever men had rendered metaphysical and exclusive in the gospel of the God of

all grace. She was, however, he said, fond of reading the works of many of the old divines, and even those of the puritans and nonconformists, remarking with her inimitable smartness, 'that she found nothing better than the lean of their fat.'

The Editor of the Christian Observer, in his number for January 1835, affords the following pleasing memoranda:

'Mrs. More's conversation was always simple, though rich in literary allusion and anecdote, and full of point and epigram. You could never say she was trying to talk fine. A young lady who seemed to expect much Blue-stockingism at Barley Wood, once complained to the writer of these lines that Mrs. More had talked to her of nothing but Sunday Schools and tracts for the poor, except once *to admire her shawl.*

The writer was once reading with her for several evenings, while on a visit at Barley Wood, some of her publications which she was revising for press; but she would soon say: 'Enough of Hannah More; now let us have an hour of Howe or Leighton before prayers.' She often expressed a dislike to *stilted* conversation, mentioning the anecdote of the French wit, who begged his friend to go with him and talk bad grammar, by way of recreation, after coming from one of the old-fashioned literary display parties.

'One day, when a visitor seemed to expect some grand display, Mrs. More turned round playfully to the writer of this note, and smilingly said, 'I like fun, Mr. ——: do not you?' This word was,

however, singularly inappropriate; for her conversation was never mirthful or jocose; its characteristic, next to its moral and religious bearing, was literary vivacity: it was full of wit, but too refined for humour: the mind laughed, not the muscles; the countenance sparkled, but it was with an etherial flame: every thing was oxygen gas and intellectual champagne; and the eye, which her sisters called 'diamond,' and which the painters complained they could not put upon canvass, often gave signal by its coruscation, as the same sort of eye did in her friend Mr. Wilberforce, that something was forthcoming which in a less amiable and religiously-disciplined mind might have been very pretty satire, but which glanced off innoxiously in the shape of epigrammatic playfulness.

She certainly was no admirer of dulness. 'I agree,' said she, 'with Voltaire, where he says, 'I can away with writers of any calibre, except the wearisome ones;' or, as she allowed the maxim to be punningly translated to her, 'any *calibre* except *a great bore*.' Yet she had well studied what most persons would consider heavy authors; Rapin, for instance, whom she commends, is not a light one; and she strongly urges, in all her works, the solid before the shining, especially in books of education. In divinity, most of all her favourites were not superficial authors; no, nor even authors whose piety the world will half-forgive for the sake of their genius. 'What are you reading just now?' said she one day to the writer of this note. 'Jeremy Taylor.' 'Yes, one

reads him as the Shakspeare of the church; but I meant, for the heart.'

'But with all her abhorrence of prosing, she never said lively things for the sake of their liveliness. Her conversation was always instructive, and remarkably characterized by sobriety and good sense. Her advice-giving was singularly judicious. 'What do you do, Mrs. More, when young ladies come to you with their difficulties? Suppose, for instance, they have been brought up in a practically irreligious, though perhaps decorous circle; but, by the blessing of God, religion has touched their hearts; their affections are set upon things above, and not upon things upon the earth; they feel the importance of the soul and of eternity; but their friends and connexions, perhaps their own parents, oppose their conscientious feelings. The Bible tells them to come out from the world, and they wish to do so; but their friends wish them to live in it; and hence arise what appears to them conflicting obligations; they know not how to reconcile their duty to God with their duty to their parents; and they find much distress of mind, in being expected to join in gay parties, to attend various public amusements, and Sunday dinners, Sunday drives, and so forth.' 'It is a very affecting case,' she would say; 'but I always tell them to be very meek, very dutiful, very amiable, very patient; to pray much, and never to give unnecessary cause of offence; and that God will in time make their path clear before them.'

'But though there was not any ostentation in her allusions, the chief names which occur in the

above correspondence were as household words at Barley Wood; and the whole place echoed the names of Burke, Garrick, Johnson, Porteus, and other remarkable men of her early days. Burke owed a good share of his electioneering success at Bristol to the excellent canvassing of the Miss Mores; and often have we heard (though generally from meek-eyed 'Patty,' Mr. Wilberforce's prime friend; or from 'Sally,' the writer of 'The Two Soldiers,' and other of the Cheap Repository Tracts, who Garrick said had the greatest powers of humour of any woman he had ever met with) of the electioneering trophies; and above all, of 'the splendid speech'—splendid even now—and which will never be forgotten while the name either of Howard or of Burke is remembered.

'The writer well remembers being much struck with her manner, the last time he saw her at Barley Wood, shortly before her departure from that place, when calling on her with his family, she presented to them, as was her hospitable custom, some of her books, and among others, to one of them her own Greek Grammar, saying, 'I am eighty-three years old, and it is time I should have done with Greek; you, I suppose, are just beginning; so here is my Greek Grammar.' To give up elegant literature, was in her case to sever one strong tie to earth, and she appeared so to feel it, though contentedly and even joyfully.—Barley Wood is a mournful place now, to those who knew it formerly. Its tenants are gone;—but they are at rest, for they rest in Christ.'

CHAPTER III.

It is not intended, because it would serve no good purpose, to treat of the merits of *all* Mrs. More's productions, or to introduce in the exact order of their publication, those which will be made the subject of remark. Those of her works which were written with the same design, or belong to the same class of composition, may be properly taken into consideration together.

In her early days, when her imagination was the faculty most in exercise, poetry appears to have excited the first essays of her genius; and before she was eighteen years old (1762), her little work, called 'a Search after Happiness,' which she styled 'a Pastoral Drama,' was given to the public. It was by no means a specimen, or an earnest of her poetical powers; but it had the merit of being on a par with the purpose for which it was designed, —'to furnish a substitute,' as she states in a few words prefixed to the performance, by way of preface, 'for the very improper custom which

then prevailed, of allowing plays, and those not always of the purest kind, to be acted by young ladies in boarding schools; and to afford them an innocent, and, perhaps, not altogether unuseful amusement, in the exercise of recitation.'

If young ladies must have plays, or need the exercise of recitation, there could not well have been devised a more harmless contribution to their amusement. A visit of four young females, whose erring apprehensions of what was good for them had involved them in vanity and vexation, to the retreat of a virtuous lady, who with her two daughters had renounced the world, and fixed herself in a secluded spot, where her sanctity and benevolence invested her with a sort of oracular authority, in order to be guided by her into the way which leads to peace and contentment, was not a subject to kindle the fervours of poetry, but was well adapted to convey instruction in a pleasing form to the capacities of those for whose use it was designed; and that intention was well carried into effect. The versification is smooth, and the sentiments pure, correct, and exalted.

About the year 1783, Mrs. More gave to the world her 'Sacred Dramas,' in which her flight was far above the level of her first immature essays; but her flight was into a region too still and sacred for dramatic effect. The subjects were 'Moses in the Bulrushes,' 'David and Goliah,' 'Belshazzar and Daniel.' All very interestingly and beautifully narrated in the inspired volume; and on that account the less open to any modern

effort of experimental poetry. Besides which, it seems doubtful whether those consecrated subjects with which truth is so essentially connected, will admit of that room and space in which poetic invention delights to expatiate. The drama especially depends for its effect upon its success in imposing its fabrications on the mind with the strongest semblance of reality: and in this object it must be very liable to fail when the truth is in such near neighbourhood, or rather, I would say, so palpably and solemnly impressed upon the mind, as to break all the spells of fiction, and disperse the creations of fancy. Nor will scriptural story supply the materials of pathetic interest. In transactions in which the hand of infinite wisdom is visibly and specially operative in directing and controlling the process, human agency sinks into insignificance, and all the great inequalities which place man in striking contrast with himself, are laid level before the awful supremacy of transcendental power. The anxiety of suspense, the flutter of conjecture, the surprise of discovery, must be absent from the plot. The developement of passion, the tumults of undisciplined nature, and even the freedom of adventurous language, must be put under a decorous restraint. These are subjects, in short, which will neither admit into them the peripetia of the Greek tragedies, nor the mysteries which wait the developement of our modern drama. They are too awful for scenic exhibition,—too near us for poetic illusion,—and too simple and solemn for sudden and desultory emotion. These were difficulties in

the way of the poetess; and to these may be added the constraining consideration of the character and properties of the age and sex of those for whom these compositions were principally, if not altogether, designed—young females in the progress of their education. Yet, notwithstanding these opposing circumstances, the 'Sacred Dramas,' if they do not present a specimen of the ideal world, in which genius exercises its great prerogatives, and rears its royal standard, may still afford that practical ground on which innocence may tread securely, and on which the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace are authentically traced, and furnished with directories from sources of unerring instruction. These compositions are full of wise thoughts powerfully and gracefully expressed, replete with virtuous lore, and rich in the maxims of sacred truth.

The 'Sacred Dramas' have been noticed immediately after the 'Search after Happiness,' as having been written in the same spirit, and for the same didactic ends. But it is believed that the tragedies of 'Percy' and 'Fatal Falsehood' were both given to the public before the 'Sacred Dramas.' Her mind seemed unable to wander far from the 'courts of the Lord's house,' without a sort of self-rebuke which sent her back to her pre-engagement in the service of the soul, and the great and catholic work of moral beneficence. But as if to set forth the value of these talents which were soon to be devoted to the greatest ends of philanthropy, she made a display of them in

two tragedies which for pathos of sentiment, the exhibition of contending passions, and especially the grace of appropriate diction, have not been often excelled in modern poetry. Dramatic poets, in their search after the models and specimens of the disorderly and tumultuous affections, have too frequently found them in the conscious recesses of their own minds, but Hannah More had to fetch them from a distance from her own sound and healthful interior. The force, however, of her commanding genius made the muse attend her with her bowl and dagger, and all the forms and materials of tragic distress and perturbation.

There is a defect, perhaps, in the plot of 'Percy.' The violence done by the father to the heart and affections of the daughter, by compelling her to marry Douglas, after being betrothed to Percy, is so great, that the slight provocation given him, when on a hunting expedition on the borders of Northumberland, by some of the servants of Percy, the lord of that domain, affords rather too weak an apology, even in those sensitive days of feuds and family resentments, to account for so sudden a transition, and so tyrannical an exercise of parental authority. Neither can the obedience of the daughter to the commands even of a parent, when involving so much perfidy and cruelty, be excused on the plea of duty; far less be properly made to shine as a virtue.

Percy, the beloved object of the ill-used Elwina, returns from the holy war, covered with glory, and finds the unhappy Elwina the wife of his inveterate

enemy. Douglas, who had suspected the pre-engagement of his wife's affections, and whose fierce disposition had been much excited by the failure of his endeavours to produce in his wife any higher sentiment than respectful obedience, is carried to the extreme of jealous fury by the appearance of Percy at the castle; and thence the drama proceeds by rapid steps to its terrible catastrophe, which involves in a common destruction, all the principal parties to the distressful story.

The passions of love, jealousy, and revenge produce all their natural tumult in the bosom of the proud and furious Scot; and the description and developement of his turbulent character, partially subdued by the softer passions, is managed and conducted through all its progressive stages to its sanguinary result, with so correct an adherence to nature, thus darkened and disfigured, that the drama hardly affords a finer instance of bold and exact delineation. The moral impression is no less successfully kept in view. Meanwhile, the beautiful and insulated form of virtue rises majestically above these stormy elements in the person of Elwina; and comports with the skill and discernment of one who was a mistress of the art of representing female loveliness in the purest conception of the character. The much exercised mind of the heroine having been carried through its successive trials, and violent concussions, to its ultimate limit of patient endurance, is at length displayed to us in the state in which incoherence and absurdity either mar the dignity of sorrow, or mark the consummation of

suffering,—exhibit either an artificial assemblage of unconnected ideas, or the broken remains of an understanding in ruins. The distraction of Elwina has more of the characteristics of grief in its greatest aggravation, with less of the distortion of senseless raving, than will be easily found in dramatic poetry. It is a short and transient representation, winding up the heart-rending catastrophe without waste of words or wearisome expansion, and is dispatched, as indeed are all the images and creations of this brilliant writer, with a sort of aerial lightness, and felicitous forbearance.

Respecting the two other pieces of Mrs. More's dramatic composition, 'Fatal Falsehood,' and 'The Inflexible Captive,' the editor feels he has neither room nor right to trouble the reader with any remarks. It may suffice to say, that they both contain specimens of pathos, sentiment, and dramatic skill worthy of the author. But regard to truth extorts the confession, that in the plays of Mrs. More, which were acted on the public stage, there are passages in which concession was made (how was it to be avoided?) to the demands of an audience which looks only to be pleased or affected, through whatever medium such effects are to be produced. Some of the images pass the bounds of strict purity, and some trench too evidently on sacred ground by a scriptural style of expression on occasions ill-suited to such imitation. That what is here meant may not be misunderstood, and with a desire to protest against all meddling with Scripture, unless for "instruction in righteous-

ness," or purposes of holy illustration, an instance shall be produced from the last-mentioned drama, of the fault to which allusion has been made.

Enter EMMELINA *distracted.*

Off, off! I will have way! Ye shall not hold me!
I come to seek my Lord; is he not here?
Tell me, ye Virgins, have ye seen my Love?
Or know ye where his flocks repose at noon? &c.

Other passages might, perhaps, be shewn, to which similar objections might be made, (for at the period of Mrs. More's life in which she stood in a literary connexion with the stage, religion neither in her mind, nor in the character of its professors in general, was what it afterwards appeared in her teaching and her example) but any further remarks are rendered unnecessary by the beautiful preface which the authoress prefixed to her plays in the general edition of her works; in which, with an elegance of diction and correctness of thought no where surpassed,—she enters into the dangerous tendency of dramatic exhibitions. Nothing could more strikingly evince the candour of this excellent lady's mind, and its Christian progression and improvement, than the reason given by her for allowing her dramatic productions to be published just as they were written;—that she might ground on such publication her sentiments on the general tendency of the drama, and by including in her view her own compositions, might involve herself in the general effect of her own animadversions.

Such a sacrifice at the Christian's altar was calculated to go up as the incense of prayer to Him who listens only to the plea of the self-accuser.

Very imperfect justice at human hands would be rendered to her whom it is most desirable at this hour to present to her country, and especially to her sex, in her own proper moral attitude, were this preface to her tragedies not to be anxiously recommended to the perusal of all, but particularly of the young, and most of all of her own sex, who will therein recognize their danger from exposure to the influence of false principles and unsanctified sentiments. Being one of Mrs. More's most finished and decisive vindications of Christian morality on a topic of great practical concern, its importance seems to warrant the introduction of the following extracts:

'I have never perused any of those treatises, excellent as some of them are said to be, which pious divines have written against the pernicious tendency of theatrical entertainments. The convictions of my mind have arisen solely from experience and observation. I shall not, therefore, go over the well-trodden ground of those who have inveighed, with too much justice, against the immoral lives of many stage professors, allowing always for some very honourable exceptions. I shall not remark on the gross and palpable corruptions of those plays which are obviously written with an open disregard to all purity and virtue; nor shall I attempt to consider whether any and what material advantage would arise to the vain and the dissipated,

were they to exclude the theatre from its turn in their indiscriminate round of promiscuous pleasure. But I would coolly and respectfully address a few words to those many worthy and conscientious persons, who would not perhaps so early and incautiously expose their youthful offspring to the temptations of this amusement, if they themselves could be brought to see and feel the existence of its dangers.

'The question, then, which, with great deference I would propose, is not whether those who risk every thing may not risk this also; but whether the more correct and considerate Christian might not find it worth while to consider whether the amusement in question be entirely compatible with his avowed character? whether it be altogether consistent with the clearer views of one who professes to live in the sure and certain hope of that immortality which is brought to light by the Gospel?

'For however weighty the arguments in favour of the superior *rationality* of plays may be found in the scale, when a rational being puts one amusement in the balance against another;—however fairly he may oppose the stage to other diversions, as being more adapted to a man of sense;—yet this perhaps, will not quite vindicate it in the opinion of the more scrupulous Christian, who will not allow himself to think that of two evils *either* may be chosen. *His* amusements must be blameless as well as decorous; safe as well as rational; moral as well as intellectual. They must have

nothing in them which may be likely to excite any of the tempers which it is his daily task to subdue; any of the passions which it is his constant business to keep in order. *His* chosen amusements must not deliberately add to "the weight" which he is commanded "to lay aside;" they should not irritate the "besetting sin" against which he is struggling; they should not obstruct that "spiritual-mindedness" which he is told "is life and peace;" they should not inflame that "lust of the flesh, that lust of the eye, and that pride of life," which he is forbidden to gratify. A religious person, who occasionally indulges in an amusement not consonant to his general views and pursuits, inconceivably increases his own difficulties, by whetting tastes, and exciting appetites, which it will cause him so much work to counteract, as will greatly overbalance, in a conscientious mind, the short and trivial enjoyment. I speak now on the mere question of pleasure. Nay, the more keen his relish for the amusement, the more exquisite his discernment of the beauties of composition, or the graces of action may be, the more prudent he may perhaps find it to deny himself the gratification which is enjoyed at the slightest hazard of his higher interests: a gratification which to him will be the more dangerous in proportion as it is more enjoyed.

'A Christian in our days is seldom called in his ordinary course to great and signal sacrifices, to very striking and very ostensible renunciations; but he is daily called to a quiet, uniform, constant

series of self-denial in small things. A dangerous and bewitching, especially if it be not a disreputable, amusement, may perhaps have a just place among those sacrifices: and if he be really in earnest, he will not think it too much to renounce such petty enjoyments, were it only from the single consideration that it is well to seize every little occasion which occurs of evidencing to himself that he is constantly on the watch; and of proving to the world, that in small things as well as in great, he is a follower of *Him who 'pleased not himself.'*

'Little, unobserved, and unostentatious abstinences are among the silent deeds of his daily warfare. And whoever brings himself to exercise this habitual self-denial, even in doubtful cases, will soon learn, from happy experience, that in many instances abstinence is much more easily practised than temperance. There is in this case no excited sensibility to allay; there is no occasional remorse to be quieted; there is no lost ground to be recovered, no difficult backing out, only to get again to the same place where we were before. This observation adopted into practice might, it is presumed, effectually abolish the qualifying language of many of the mere *sober* frequenters of the theatre, 'that they go but *seldom*, and never but to a *good play*.' We give these moderate and discreet persons all due praise for comparative sobriety; but while they *go at all*, the principle is the same; they sanction, by going sometimes, a diversion which is not to be defended on strict Christian principles. Indeed their acknowledging that it should be but

sparingly frequented, probably arises from a conviction that it is not *quite* right.

'I have already remarked, that it is not the object of this address to pursue the usual track of attacking *bad* plays, of which the more prudent and virtuous seldom vindicate the principle, though they do not always scrupulously avoid attending the exhibition: I impose rather on myself the unpopular task of animadverting on the dangerous effects of those which come under the description of *good* plays; for from those chiefly arises the danger, if danger there be, to good people.

'Now, with all the allowed superiority justly ascribed to pieces of a better cast, it does not seem to be a complete justification of the amusement, that the play in question is more chaste in the sentiment, more pure in the expression, and more moral in the tendency than those which are avowedly objectionable; though I readily concede all the degrees of distinction, and very important they are, between such compositions and those of the opposite character. But the point for which I am contending is of another and a distinct nature; namely, that there will, generally speaking, still remain, even in Tragedies otherwise the most unexceptionable,—provided they are sufficiently impassioned to produce a powerful effect on the feelings, and have spirit enough to deserve to become popular—there will still remain an essential radical defect. What I insist on is, that there almost inevitably runs through the whole web of the tragic drama, for to this least blameable half of stage composition I

confine my remarks, (against comedy still stronger objections may be urged,) a prominent thread of false principle. It is generally the leading object of the poet to erect a standard of *honour*, in direct opposition to the standard of *Christianity*. And this is not done subordinately, incidentally, occasionally; but worldly honour is the very soul, and spirit, and life-giving principle of the drama. Honour is the religion of tragedy. It is her moral and political law. Its dictates form her institutes. Fear and shame are the capital crimes in her code. Against these, all the eloquence of her most powerful pleaders; against these, her penal statutes, pistol, sword, and poison, are in full force. Injured honour can only be vindicated at the point of the sword; the stains of injured reputation can only be washed out in blood. Love, jealousy, hatred, ambition, pride, revenge, are too often elevated into the rank of splendid virtues, and form a dazzling system of worldly morality, in direct contradiction to the spirit of that religion whose characteristics are "charity, meekness, peaceableness, long-suffering, gentleness, forgiveness." "The fruits of the Spirit" and the *fruits of the stage*, if the parallel were followed up, as it might easily be, would perhaps exhibit as pointed a contrast as human imagination could conceive.

'I by no means pretend to assert that religion is excluded from tragedies: it is often incidentally introduced; and many a period is beautifully turned, and many a moral is exquisitely pointed, with the finest sentiments of piety. But the single grains

of this counteracting principle scattered up and down the piece, do not extend their antiseptic property in a sufficient degree to preserve from corruption the body of a work, the general spirit and leading tempers of which, as was said above, are evidently not drawn from a religion, the very essence of which consists in "casting down high imaginations:" while, on the other hand, the leaven of the predominating evil secretly works and insinuates itself, till the whole mass becomes impregnated by the pervading principle. Now, if the directing principle be unsound, the virtues growing out of it will be unsound also; and no subordinate merit, no collateral excellences, no incidental morality can operate with effectual potency against an evil which is of prime and fundamental force and energy, and which forms the very essence of the work.

'A learned and witty friend, who thought differently on this subject, once asked me if I went so far as to think it necessary to try the merit of a song or a play by the Ten Commandments? To this may we not venture to answer, that neither a song nor a play should at least contain any thing *hostile* to the Ten Commandments: that if harmless merriment be not expected to *advance* religion, we must take care that it do not *oppose* it; that if we concede that our amusements are not expected to make us better than we are, ought we not to take care that they do not make us worse than they find us? Whatever pleasantry of idea, whatever gaiety of sentiment, whatever airiness of ex-

pression we innocently admit, should we not with jealousy watch against any unsoundness in the general principle, any mischief in the prevailing tendency?

'We cannot be too often reminded, that we are to an inconceivable degree the creatures of habit. Our tempers are not principally governed, nor our characters formed, by single marked actions; nor is the colour of our lives often determined by detached and prominent circumstances; but the character is gradually moulded by a series of seemingly insignificant, but constantly recurring, practices, which, incorporated into our habits, become part of ourselves.

'Now as these lesser habits, if they take a wrong direction, silently and imperceptibly eat out the very heart and life of vigorous virtue, they will be almost more sedulously watched by those who are careful to keep their consciences tenderly alive to the perception of sin, however they may elude the attention of ordinary Christians, than actions which deter by bold and decided evil.

When it is recollected how many young men pick up their habits of thinking and their notions of morality from the playhouse, it is not, perhaps, going too far to suspect, that the principles and examples exhibited on the stage may contribute in their full measure and proportion towards supplying a sort of regular aliment to the appetite (how dreadfully increased!) for duelling, and even suicide. For if religion teaches, and experience proves, the immense importance to our tempers

and morals of a regular attendance on public worship, which attendance is only required of us one day in a week; and if it be considered how much the heart and mind of the attentive hearer become gradually imbued with the principles they hear delivered on these stated though unfrequent attendances; who, that knows anything of the nature of the human heart, can help seeing how much more deep and lasting will be the impression likely to be made by a far more frequent attendance at those places where sentiments of a directly contrary tendency are exhibited: exhibited, too, with every addition which can charm the imagination and captivate the senses. Once in a week, it may be, young minds are braced by the invigorating principles of a strict and self-denying religion: on the intermediate nights their good resolutions, if such they have made, are melted down with all that can relax the soul, and dispose it to yield to the temptations against which it was the object of the Sunday's lecture to guard and fortify it. In the one case, there is every thing held out which can inflame or soothe corrupt nature, in opposition to those precepts which in the other case were directed to subdue it. And this one grand and important difference between the two cases should never be overlooked, that religious instruction applied to the human heart, is seed sown in an uncultivated soil, where much is to be cleared, to be broken up, and to be rooted out, before good fruit will be produced; whereas the theatrical seed, by lighting on the fertile soil prepared by nature for the congenial

implantation, is likely to shoot deep, spread wide, and bring forth fruit in abundance.

'But to drop all metaphor.—They are told—and from whose mouth do they hear it? that "blessed are the poor in spirit, the meek, and the peace-makers." Will not these, and such like humbling propositions, delivered one day in seven only, in all the sober and beautiful simplicity of our church, with all the force of truth indeed, but with all its plainness also, be more than counterbalanced by the splendid and much more frequent recurrence of the nightly exhibition, whose precise object it too often is, not only to preach, but to personify doctrines in diametrical and studied opposition to poverty of spirit, purity, meekness, forbearance, and forgiveness? Doctrines, not simply expressed, as those of the Sunday are, in the naked form of axioms, principles, and precepts, but realized, embodied, made alive, furnished with organs, clothed, decorated, brought into sprightly discourse, into interesting action; enforced with all the energy of passion, adorned with all the graces of language, and exhibited with every aid of emphatical delivery, and every attraction of appropriate gesture. To such a complicated temptation is it wise, studiously to expose frail and erring creatures? Is not the conflict too severe? Is not the competition too unequal?

'It is pleaded by the advocates for church music, that the organ and its vocal accompaniments assist devotion, by enlisting the senses on the side of religion; and it is justly pleaded as an argument in

favour of both, that the affections may fairly and properly derive every honest aid from any thing which helps to draw them off from the world to God. But is it not equally true, that the same species of assistance, in a wrong direction, will produce an equally forcible effect in its way, and at least equally contribute in drawing off the soul from God to the world? I do not presume to say that the injury will be inevitable, much less that it will be irretrievable: but I dare repeat that it is exposing feeble virtue to a powerful temptation, and to a hazard so great, that were the same reasoning applied to any worldly subject, it would be thought a folly to venture on any undertaking in which the chances against our coming off unhurt were so obviously against us. Besides, if we may pursue the doctrine of chances a little further, it is at best playing a most unprofitable game, where, if we could even be sure that nothing would be lost, it is clear to demonstration that nothing *can* be gained; so that the certain risk is not even counterbalanced by the possible success.

'Even in those plays in which the principles which false honour teaches are neither professedly inculcated nor vindicated; nay, where the practices above alluded to, and especially the practice of duelling, are even reprobated in the progress of the piece; yet the hero who has been reprieved from sin during four acts by the sage remonstrance of some interfering friend, or the imperious power of beauty,—beauty, which to a stage hero is that restraining or impelling power which law, or

conscience, or Scripture, is to other men,—in the conclusion, where the intrigue is dexterously completed, when the passion is worked up to its *acmé*, and the valedictory scene is so near at hand that it becomes inconvenient to the poet that his impetuosity should be any longer restrained, seasonably winds up the drama by stabbing either his worst enemy or his best benefactor, or, as it still more frequently happens, himself; and notwithstanding this criminal catastrophe, this same hero has been exhibited through all the preceding scenes, as such a combination of perfections; his behaviour has been so brave and so generous, (and bravery and generosity are two qualities which the world boldly stakes against both tables of the decalogue,) that the youthful spectator is too much tempted to consider as venial, the sudden and unpremeditated crime to which the unresisted impulse of the moment may have driven so accomplished a character. A little tame tag of morality, set to a few musical periods by the unimpassioned friend, is borne down, absorbed, lost, in the impetuous, but too engaging character of the feeling, fiery hero: a character, the errors of which are now consummated by an act of murder, so affectingly managed, that censure is swallowed up in pity, and the murderer is absolved by the weeping auditory, who are ready, if not to justify the crime, yet to vindicate the criminal. The drowsy moral antidote at the close, slowly attempts to creep after the poison of the piece,—but it creeps in vain; it can never expel that which it can never reach; for one stroke

of feeling, one natural expression of the passions, be the principle right or wrong, carries away the affections of the auditor beyond any poet's force of reasoning to control.'

We will now pass on to her other poetical productions, glancing at each of those which have attracted general attention, as cursorily as the respect due to them will allow.

The 'Reflections of King Hezekiah' in his last sickness, must not go without a tribute. It is a short effusion, containing lines worthy to be compared with the best of those with which the great imitator of Juvenal has made his original address us in English. As a vindication of this remark, will the reader accept the following specimen.

'What can I then expect from length of days?
More wealth, more wisdom, pleasure, health, or praise?
More pleasure! Hope not that, deluded King!
For when did age increase of pleasure bring?
Is health of years prolonged the common boast?
And dear-earned fame, is it not cheaply lost?
More wisdom! that indeed were happiness;
That were a wish a King might well confess;—
But when did wisdom covet length of days,
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
No,—wisdom views with an indifferent eye
All finite joys, all blessings born to die.
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast:
A spark, which upward tends by nature's force;
A stream diverted from its parent source;
A drop dissevered from the boundless sea;
A moment parted from eternity.'

In her poem on *Sensibility*, the line of discrimination between the true and false, was traced with

the finest touch, and nicest precision. Mrs. Grenville had written her well-known Ode on *Indifference*,—a quality which Mrs. More was desirous of taking down from its marble pedestal, and transferring its honours to a rightly constituted 'Sensibility.' In this fine poem, sensibility is presented to us as a motive to action, designed to impel us in a course of virtuous and beneficial exertion. To expend a resource of so much moral supply and stimulating power in vain emotion, idle sympathy, or fictitious distress, was considered by Mrs. More as a diversion of a blessing from its true intention: and with this view of the subject, she has, with great judgment and graphic force, brought before us the genuine quality in an almost tangible form, and in its practical bearings on life and its realities. The mind whose strings have too much tension, misses its object by shooting beyond it. Mistaking excess for excellence, over-wrought sensibility loses the relish of what is simple, wise, and good: nor deems anything great, or interesting, but what is exaggerated, or unattainable. It travels in state along the road of life, without regarding its ordinary details; regulating its course by a fanciful rule, which puts its value and usefulness at a speculative distance.

Mrs. More has, with great success, extricated the true from the specious kind, and furnished such tests as, if properly attended to, would go far towards securing us on the one hand from becoming the dupes of a counterfeit resemblance, and on the other from blending characters and qualities,

standing wide of each other, in a common suspicion. We dismiss these remarks with a few lines of this poem, to justify the commendation above bestowed upon it.

'Sweet Sensibility! thou keen delight!
Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!
Perception exquisite! fair virtue's seed!
Thou quick precursor of the lib'ral deed!
Thou hasty conscience! reason's blushing morn!
Instinctive kindness e'er reflection's born!
Prompt sense of equity! to thee belongs
The swift redress of unexamin'd wrongs;
Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
But always apt to choose the suffering side;
To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint.
She does not feel thy power who boasts thy flame,
And rounds her every period with thy name;
Nor she who vents her disproportioned sighs
With pining Lesbia when her sparrow dies;
Nor she who melts when hapless Shore expires,
While real misery unrelieved retires;
Who thinks feigned sorrows all her tears deserve,
And weeps o'er Werter, while her children starve.
As words are but the external marks to tell,
The fair ideas in the mind that dwell,
And only are of things the outward sign,
And not the things themselves they but define;
So exclamations, tender tones, fond tears,
And all the graceful drapery feeling wears;
These are her garb, not her: they but express
Her form, her semblance, her appropriate dress;
And these fair marks, reluctant I relate,—
These lovely symbols may be counterfeit.
There are who fill with brilliant plaints the page,
If a poor linnet meet the gunner's rage;
There are who for a dying fawn deplore,
As if friend, parent, country, were no more;
Who boast, quick rapture trembling in their eye,
If from the spider's snare they snatch a fly;
There are whose well-sung plaints each breast inflame,
And beak all hearts—but his from whom they came.

He, scorning life's low duties to attend,
Writes odes on friendship while he cheats his friend;
Of gaols and punishments he grieves to hear,
And pensions prisoned virtue with a tear;
While unpaid bills his creditor presents,
And ruined innocence his crime laments;
O Love Divine! Sole source of charity!
More dear one genuine deed perform'd for thee,
Than all the periods FEELING e'er could turn,—
Than all thy touching page, perverted STERNE.'

From this poem of feeling and wit, the transition is not sudden to one of wit and feeling. Such was the little production of her pen, which in allusion to the well-known appellation (how derived remains in learned obscurity,) given to female scholars, she called '*The Bas Bleu.*' It is a sprightly portraiture of what she considered to be the right constitution and character of social conversation, and deserves to rank among our best didactical compositions of a livelier kind. It reflects a vivacious image of that society of gay and graceful conversers which at Mrs. Montagu's, or Mrs. Vesey's, or Mr. Garrick's, seemed to give wings to time, and yet to place at a distance its solemn termination. A society, however, of which Hannah More made so considerable a part, could not be wholly without its proper counterpoise of thought and reflection. In this little poem the concern which the heart should have in all profitable conversation is admirably illustrated; and if that which gives it its proper scope, and connects it essentially with the great end and purpose of our being, is not, and perhaps could not, be brought distinctly and prominently into view, all that makes

it the harmonizing medium of a happy interchange of thought, the provocative of playful and sudden humour, and the dissipation of busy and official inquietude, was exhibited in great perfection as characteristic of these privileged assemblies.

It was in these meetings, and about the period of Mrs. More's coming annually to London, that the pleasures of refined conversation were most successfully cultivated; certainly not always, as has before been said, directed to its noblest end; but it was in its character, sterling, honourable, benevolent, and correct! It was altogether at an immeasurable moral distance from those detestable colleges of vice, frivolity and flattery, which about the same time received the homage of Paris, and of the continent in general; where no union or real sympathy of sentiment was to be found, save that only which subsists between wit and wickedness.

In the savage gaiety which reigned in these orgies scarcely one of the qualities which Hannah More has celebrated in her 'Bas Bleu' could have been recognized, or perhaps understood.

The elevation at which the sentiments of Mrs. More stood above the ordinary conception of good company and convivial entertainment, may be apprehended from the following specimen, among others of equal value in the poem.

'What lively pleasure to divine
The thought implied, the hinted line;
To feel allusion's artful force,
And trace the image to its source:
Quick memory blends her scatter'd rays,
'Till fancy kindles at the blaze;

The works of ages start to view,
And ancient wit elicits new.
But wit and parts if thus we praise,
What nobler altars should we raise,
Those sacrifices could we see,
Which wit, oh virtue! makes to thee.
At once the rising thought to dash,
To quench at once the bursting flash!
The shining mischief to subdue,
And lose the praise and pleasure too!
Tho' Venus' self, could you detect her,
Imbuing with her richest nectar
The thought unchaste—to check that thought,
To spurn a fame so dearly bought;
This is high principle's controul,
This is true continence of soul!
Blush, heroes! at your cheap renown,
A vanquish'd realm, a plunder'd town!
Your conquests were to gain a name,
This conquest triumphs over fame.'

The metrical tale of '*Florio*,' in which the silly imitation of vanities and follies bordering on depravity, adopted by a man of good principles and right feelings, in deference to rules settled by the senseless arbiters of fashion, is laid aside with disgust when virtue and good sense, in alliance with female loveliness, makes apparent to him the absurdity and danger of his aberrations, is told with great vivacity, grace, and vigour. The poem brings into juxtaposition correct principle and selfish levity, the majesty of moral truth and the meanness of the world's maxims, with a brilliancy of contrast hardly to be found in any of the stories in which instruction wins us in the disguise of entertainment. If the stupidity of fashionable life could be put out of countenance, it might well blush to see its deformity reflected in this clear and faithful mirror.

There are passages in this poem of great elegance and force, of which the reader will perhaps admit the following to be a sample.

'Exhausted Florio, at the age
When youth should rush on glory's stage,
When life should open fresh and new,
And ardent hope her schemes pursue,—
Of youthful gaiety bereft,
Had scarce an unbroached pleasure left;
He found already to his cost
The shining gloss of life was lost,
And pleasure was so coy a prude,
She fled the more, the more pursued;
Or if o'ertaken and caress'd,
He loath'd and left her when possess'd.

* * * * * * *

He thought the world to him was known,
Whereas he only knew the *town*.
In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.
Though high renown the youth had gain'd,
No flagrant crimes his life had stain'd;
No tool of falsehood, slave of passion;
But spoiled by CUSTOM and the FASHION.
Though known among *a certain set*,
He did not like to be in debt;
He shudder'd at the dicer's box,
Nor thought it very heterodox
That tradesmen should be sometimes paid,
And bargains kept as well as made.
His growing credit as a sinner,
Was that he liked to spoil a dinner;
Made pleasure and made business wait,
And still by system came too late;
Yet 'twas a hopeful indication
On which to found a reputation:
Small habits, well pursued, betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes,
And who a juster claim preferr'd
Than one who always broke his word.'

To do justice to these minor poems of Mrs. More, regard must be paid to the stage at which she was then arrived in her progress towards better things. They must be judged in reference to their scope and object, and the latitude in which she then lived; of which, if we look either to the character of the times, or of the society in which she moved, we must admit the temperature to have been spiritually cold.

The 'Tale of Florio' was, however, as far as it went, very usefully corrective of habits and practices, which, if compared with crimes that cry for vengeance, may seem to be hardly sinful; but which, if placed by the side of the gospel requisitions, (and what else afford the right standard?) are seen in their true dimensions, as evils which widen the distance between God and the soul, and are the forerunners of crimes which occasion their petty beginnings to be forgotten.

It is not intended in these cursory comments, to bring forward all Mrs. More's poems in numerical order; the reader will have no such ground of complaint; but among her poetical pieces of the lighter kind, it would look like insensibility to excellence, to omit to direct attention to her little tales and tracts in verse, which are full of genius, and have had their merit decided by the best testimony it was possible for her to receive,—their eager and universal acceptance by those for whose edification they were intended. The 'Carpet Weavers,' 'Faith and Works,' and many others of a like kind, are specimens of pious humour,

(if the phrase may be allowed,) in easy verse, which showed the author of 'Cœlebs,' and 'Christian Morals,' to be qualified by her versatile genius, to hold converse with intellect in all its varieties, to teach wisdom in all its forms, and to bring to view all the little disorders that endanger the web of our moral texture, in their smallest beginnings and remotest consequences.

Her two poetic tales, in which she gave an early specimen of her genius in the pathos of simple narrative,—'*Sir Eldred of the Bower*,' and '*The Bleeding Rock*,' drew much attention at the time they were produced. If they are forgotten, it is partly because innumerable competitors in the same walk have solicited, in succession, the ear of the public, each supplanting its precursor by its superior freshness; and partly, perhaps principally, because modern ears have for a considerable period been accustomed to a certain luxuriance of diction and remoteness of imagery, which indispose them to receive pleasure from the simpler structure and more natural order of the sentimental poetry of the last age. In the 'Bleeding Rock' there are many fine and well-constructed lines, and the whole poem is a good specimen of melodious versification. Perhaps 'Sir Eldred of the Bower,' has been less wronged by modern neglect.

The poem in which the vigour of her muse was most decidedly shown, was that which she composed on the black slave-trade; the whole is brilliant: and many of the passages deserve, both on account of the sentiment and poetical structure, to be enthroned

in the memory and the heart. The following lines are comprehended within this eulogy.

'O thou sad spirit, whose preposterous yoke,
The great deliverer, death, at length has broke!
Released from misery, and escaped from care,
Go meet that mercy man denies thee here:
In thy dark home, sure refuge of the oppress'd,
The wicked vex not, and the weary rest.
And if some notions, vague and undefined,
Of future terrors have assailed thy mind;
If such thy masters have presumed to teach,
(As terrors only they are prone to preach;
For should they paint eternal mercy's reign,
Where were th' oppressor's rod, the captive's chain?)
If, then, thy troubled soul has learned to dread,
The dark unknown, thy trembling footsteps tread:
On Him, who made thee what thou art, depend;
He who withholds the means, accepts the end
Thy mental night thy Saviour will not blame,
He died for those who never heard his name.
Nor thine the reckoning dire of light abused;
Knowledge disgraced, and liberty misused;
On thee no awful judge incensed shall sit
For parts perverted, or dishonoured wit;
When ignorance will be found the safest plea,
How many learn'd and wise shall envy thee!'

It is thus she anticipates what we have lived to witness:

'Shall Britain, where the soul of freedom reigns,
Forge chains for others she herself disdains?
Forbid it, heaven! O let the nations know
The liberty she tastes she will bestow;
Not to herself the glorious gift confined;
She spreads the blessings wide as human kind,
And scorning narrow views of time and place,
Bids all be free in earth's extended space:
What page of human annals can record
A deed so bright as human rights restored?

O may that god-like deed, that shining page
Redeem our fame, and consecrate our age,
And let this glory mark our favoured shore,
To curb false freedom, and the true restore.
'And see the cherub MERCY from above
Descending softly quits the sphere of love!
On Britain's Isle she sheds her heavenly dew,
And breathes her spirit o'er the enlighten'd few;
From soul to soul the generous influence steals,
Till every breast the soft contagion feels.
She speeds exulting to the burning shore
With the best message angels ever bore;
Hark! 'tis the note which spoke a Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high, and peace on earth!
'As the mild spirit hovers o'er the coast,
A fresher hue the withered landscapes boast;
Her healing smiles the ruined scenes repair,
And blasted nature wears a joyous air;
While she proclaims through all her spicy groves,
—Henceforth your fruits, your labours, and your loves,
All that your sires possessed, or you have sown,—
Sacred from plunder—all is now your own.'

Of her epitaphs, which were numerous, all that such poetry usually accomplishes was attained by her various muse, which seemed to shrink from no trial of her power, wherever friend or fellow-creature called for its exertion. These productions of her pen have usually as much point as those of our best epitaph-writers, with sentiments more in accordance with the principles of a pure faith.

Her 'Bible Rhymes,' her last poetical production, written when she was approaching her eightieth year, attracted comparatively but little attention. It is, however, an extraordinary performance for so trembling a pen; and when respect is had to the object contemplated, which was to allure young persons to the perusal of the Bible, by exhibiting

its contents in current and easy verse, unfolding them in their order, and assigning to each part its proper character and application, it is something to say that within the narrow circumspection of rhyming couplets in four feet metre, her genius found room to manifest its power, and adorn its subject. As a specimen has been produced from each of her larger poems, her Bible Rhymes more especially claim it at our hands, in justice to their neglected merit. She thus copies the imagery of Habakkuk:

God came from Teman; what array
Of confluent glories mark his way!
Brightness above, around was sent;
The pestilence before him went.
The skies with unknown splendours blaze,
Heaven shows his power, and earth his praise;
The everlasting mountains fled,
The rivers trembled in their bed;
Bowed the perpetual hills; the deep
Through the dark caves was heard to sweep.
His arrows fly. Lord! at thy will
Th' astonished sun and moon stand still:
The shining of thy glittering spear
Transfix the Heathen bands with fear.
One glance of thy pervading eye
Measures the earth; the nations fly
Dissolved and scattered; Cushan's tents
Burst forth in deep and loud laments;
They tremble at the distant sound,
Sudden the troops their tents surround.
Yet though Chaldea's hostile band
Pour in his hordes and spoil the land;
Yet though the fig-tree may be found
With neither fruit nor blossom crowned;
The olive and the vine decay,
And flocks and herds be torn away;
My song of praise my God shall hear,
More free, more fervent, more sincere.

Lord of my strength, my joy, my crown,
Thy boundless mercies let me own!
Thy great salvation sets me free,
I shall have all in having thee!

It is thus she speaks of the poetry of Isaiah, and of Him who is the subject of that poetry.

Here all God's attributes unite,
The gracious and the infinite:
Beyond imagination's dream,
Thy true, august, and holy theme;
All that the loftiest mind conceives,
All that the strongest faith believes,
All were too feeble to express,
God's love, his power, his holiness!
His length, his breadth, and depth, and height,
In all their wide extremes unite.

To him all Lebanon could bring
Only a worthless offering;
The waters at his bidding stand
Within the hollow of his hand;
The mountains in his scales are weighed;
The hills are in his balance laid;
Measured by his almighty hand,
The globe's a particle of sand!
Though with tremendous arm he come,
With power that strikes the nations dumb;
Centre and source of light and love,
In him we are, and live, and move.

Of her works in prose it may be said, that if their merit be estimated by what in the book-trade is called success, that merit has a testimony which few English works on subjects the most popular can boast. The eagerness with which edition after edition was absorbed by the public demand, has been alluded to in many places of the foregoing

correspondence. 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,' her first didactic work on morals, and the 'Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World,' which soon followed, at once proclaimed her sentiments to the public, and settled her true position in society. They were produced at a time in which to decide between God and the flattering world by which she was surrounded, must have caused her something of that agony of resolution which on less solid grounds others of her sex probably experience in passing from life and its endearments into the seclusion of the cloister; a separation certainly more violent and rending, and more imposing as a spectacle of self-conquest; but when it is considered how easily the mind that has surrendered itself to impulses is thrown from one extreme to another, and transported beyond its natural temperament, we shall see perhaps less real effort in the change and transition wrought under their influence, than in that quiet renunciation of habits, associations, and friendships, and that discriminative choice between what God and what the world approves, which are the results of a humble and teachable wisdom, bowing implicitly to the will of heaven, as authentically communicated by the word of inspiration. It is indeed up-hill labour,—a strong struggle against the stream, to turn the hopes, affections, and delights of the soul from their habitual tendencies, into a sober, spiritual, and self-denying course; but it is a labour and a struggle for eternal life.

Both her last-mentioned performances were very

successful and useful; but in her 'Strictures on Female Education,' she far surpassed her former doings, and took her place at once above all her contemporaries in the secret power of imparting moral truths in their most familiar and interesting forms. To those for whom it was especially intended, it is of a value to be estimated only by the worth of the soul; and happy are those parents in whose families the precepts of this admirable book have acquired their due ascendancy. They offer an excellent preservative against those aberrations of study, and that unsuitableness of occupation, which force the feminine mind out of its proper orbit, and perplex life by the dislocation of its duties, and the disturbance of its proper purposes and appointments.

In that fine production of her pen, 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife,' she has exemplified in the character of 'Lucilla' all her practical admonitions and all her delineations of female excellence. No writer could have moulded such a character, with thoughts so tender, and principles so firm, and with all the qualities appropriate to the sex so tempered and so balanced, but one who found the model, at least in many of its features, deposited in her own bosom.

But the beauty of the character consisted mainly it its nearness to the gospel pattern. This gave it a humility which mellowed its lustre; lowered the severity while it heightened the purity of the standard. All in the character of Lucilla that is above ordinary humanity is the bright emanation

of holiness and charity. Neither philosophy nor sentimentality impart to her any of their distinctions. Her strength lies in the consciousness of her weakness; her safety in her religious trust. Her virtue puts vice and folly to shame, not by the display of superiority, but by the speaking example of her quiet and unpretending course, which disclosed in every step and movement, some charm of unstudied propriety, some nameless grace of behaviour.

> Illam quidquid agit, quo quo vestigia flectit,
> Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.

As it is not the business of these pages to enlarge upon the merits of this or any of the works of Mrs. More, but to bring them distinctly and fairly before the reader, it will be enough, in this place, in justice to this admirable work, which, besides its pure and attractive story, exhibits the best specimen of elegant ethical dialogue to be found in any language, to direct attention to the principal figure—one of the most delicate and noble among the births of moral fiction. If brought into comparison with the 'Corinna' of Madame de Stäel, we see in them the strong characteristic differences of these two distinguished writers;—perhaps the greatest in modern times as fancy-dressers of the female character.

'Lucilla' is the true representative of feminine excellence within the legitimate range of allotted duties: the light of her example is therefore clear, serene, and constant. 'Corinna' is a figure of magical grace, but one that cannot be proposed

to the imitation of her sex, without inviting them to come out of their proper places. It is true that the character of 'Corinna' was not proposed for imitation, and the author was only pledged to consistency of delineation; but the tendency of the work was to transport the mind to the greatest distance from the knowledge of itself, and to interpose between the conscience and affections, between motives and actions, a metaphysical medium in which religion and nature, sensation and sentiment, principles and propensities, float together in mystical disorder. It is nevertheless the production of an extraordinary genius. With few features of a story, the tale is so contrived as to keep attention and expectation constantly on the stretch, and to occupy the heart and engage its sympathies in deep and continuous emotion. The reader is hurried on without a breathing interval, with his eyes for ever on 'Corinna,' overlooking a multitude of absurdities and contradictions for her sake. Till the faculty of discrimination is set free from the spell of her character, the faults of the work cannot be discerned. All is in subjection to the bright lady of the ascendant. It is not a probable character, as the world is constituted, but it is a supposable character under assumed circumstances. Having given her existence, and surrounded her with her proper atmosphere, the author stood only pledged to consistency. The character was her own to deal with as she pleased; and there is certainly something very admirable in the art by which she has contrived to merge the vanity of her principal character in the

brilliancy with which she has surrounded it. When Corinna comes forth in the panoply of her endowments, we think no more of her vanity than of that of the Roman General proceeding with his trophies in triumph to the capitol. There is a gaiety and a grace accompanying all she acts, and speaks,—a majesty in her brow, a goddess-like gait in her approach, which affects us almost supernaturally. A fatal passion seizes her: the graces and the muses gradually forsake her: the diadem drops from her temples: the incense of praise is withdrawn; a rapid direliction of her powers lets her down to the level of common beings; she sinks into obscurity and dies a pitiable death.

The work abounds in passages and descriptions of great strength and beauty; but there are also to be found in it many of the ordinary tricks, forced coincidences, and sentimental common-places of ephemeral novels. It has no moral, no illustration of duty, no lesson or example tending to the improvement of principle or practice. Beautiful lectures are given us on the fine arts; and whatever Madame de Stäel had borrowed from the scenery, colours, and atmosphere of Italy, she has abundantly repaid by the value of her descriptions of its treasures of genius, and by the wreaths with which she has decorated afresh its monuments of ancient excellence. But all the tremors and agitations which the mind suffers from this distressing tale of tumultuous sorrow, make no beneficial impression, inculcate no moral lesson, nor awaken or confirm any virtuous principle. They leave the

heart desolate; humanity, truth, and propriety sophisticated and perplexed, and vanity invested with the attractions of suffering innocence.

The 'Cœlebs' of Hannah More gives us the substance, not the sublimation of virtue—its duties rather than its sentiments—its actings rather than its energies. She never shoots beyond her mark, or suffers her imagination to invest her object with a brilliancy that perplexes her vision, or distracts her aim. Leaving to Madame de Stäel, and her German school, the virtue which flourishes upon the stock of man's natural perfectibility, or what is understood in the language of common intercourse by goodness of disposition, she derives her system of duty with great simplicity from the will of God made known in his sacred record—that record which is so far from admitting the heart to be an independent judge of morality, or recognizing its silent suffrage in favour of truth and heaven, that it finds only in that same heart a radical principle of resistance, and an anarchy of evil thoughts.

The Lucilla of Hannah More, is, like herself, thoroughly English; and if, as has been observed by Madame Necker de Saussure, in the Corinna of Madame de Stäel are shadowed out some of the extraordinary features of her own character, the heroine of Hannah More stands surely at no further distance from the amiable author of 'Cœlebs.' Madame de Stäel is only known to the editor of these pages in her character as a writer, whose soberest moods touched the borders of sentimental intoxication, and yet in whose enthusiasm there

appeared to enter a somewhat kindly mixture of tempering elements,—as a writer whose weaknesses and whose vanities were rendered incurable by being engrafted into her philosophy; who systematised what she ought to have subjugated; and blended together without the smallest regard to the various provinces of study, or the differences in the proper destination of our faculties, her feelings, her fancies, and her reasonings, in a combined and brilliant display of irregular force.

Leaving all this extravagance of feeling, and metaphysical sentimentality, it is very pleasing to pass the threshold of Mr. Stanley's house, and to listen to that varied series of animated discourse on life, its characters, and its duties, which exalts that parlour scene, not only above the schools of German sentiment, but above the proud Lyceum or the painted stoa; for who with a reasonable mind can put the tedious diatribes of heathen morality in competition with the sprightly and vigorous discrimination with which the characters in Mrs. More's dialogues carry on their amicable warfare; while in this field of courteous contention, virtue, in the person of Lucilla, sits as a sort of arbitress; her upright and clarified common sense always conducting her to the correcter side of the argument, while her modest interrogations assist and animate its course.

It was not a little creditable to her country and her contemporaries, that a work so full of plain and practical truth as 'Cœlebs,' should be so well received. It stood surrounded by the novels, the dramas, and the philosophy of the day, in most of

which the duty and the happiness of man is misrepresented and miscalculated, the steady, unyielding advocate of evangelical morals. Of this beautiful figment of her creative mind it may with truth be said, that without the aid of any degrading specimens of humanity, or scenes of profligacy, or images of impurity, or irreverent humour, or profane application of sacred words or ideas, it spread its fascination over the land, and gave to virtue at least a temporary triumph over passion, levity, and licentiousness, in their own department of gaiety and fashion.

In this, as in some of her smaller performances, Mrs. More evinced her powers of invention, and gave sufficient proof that had she chosen to employ fiction as the vehicle of instruction, her imagination would have afforded her abundant resources of that kind; but none can have attended to the testimonies borne by her life and correspondence to the habit and bias of her mind, without seeing that a certain grave decision of purpose, a serious devotion to practical and direct beneficence, an impatience in well-doing, an active and almost restless principle of philanthropy, were the leading distinctions of her character. One great reason why she did so much was, that she was never long in determining what to do. Her life was a chapter of acts and performances with little or no preface. Circuitous means of coming at her ends were never characteristic of her operations. Having determined to attack and expose what she had observed, in her intercourse with society, to impede its advancement

and interrupt its happiness, she commenced at once an open and decided aggression upon its practical errors in religion and morals.

To the humbler classes, whose untutored and unexercised minds required to be more attracted and allured, she conveyed her instruction in little tales and stories, conceived and composed with great ability and address; but with respect to those whose intellects were better prepared by education and habit, she trusted entirely to the force of truth, in conjunction with the recommendations of a style elegant, gay, and popular. Gifted with the best dowry of the muse—a ready and creative faculty of invention; having wings as it were upon her shoulders, wherewith she might have soared, had it pleased her: she yet chose to combat on common ground with prejudice and folly,—attacking them where they were most entrenched, and most at their ease within the rampart of their prescriptive security.

It might seem to be a matter of vulgar enterprise to compose essays on moral duties, grounded on the gospel; and it is true, that in a general way to descant upon such subjects, is not a new undertaking; but to familiarize holy truths without lessening either their solemnity or their obligation, to demonstrate the connexion between our altars and our hearths, to show the importance of the little wheels in the complex motions of our great moral machinery, and to bring ordinary life under the Scriptural test, without rigour on the one side, or relaxation on the other, was reserved for the evan-

gelical moderation, personal experience, and correct judgment of Hannah More.

To her three successive pieces on the great subject of Christian Duties, she gave the names of 'Practical Piety,' 'Christian Morals,' and 'Moral Sketches.' With these forces she carried her crusade into those territories, which, till then, had been deemed inaccessible to the most valiant in the cause of truth; where folly fed by abundance, and appetite under false names and disguises, betray the heart, and captivate the imagination. The sophistry of the passions, the drowsiness of habitual self-indulgence, and the arts of self-imposition, are no where brought into stronger contrast with the pure precepts of gospel morality. Paths which had been trodden bare, became green again with the freshness and verdure of her observations. At every moment the reader finds himself conducted to some arresting point, some sudden opening that brings before him the multiform scenery of human life; peopled, like the picture of Cebes, with the votaries and victims of vice and vanity, but like that pretty allegory, furnished with a directress that points to the rough ascent that leads to happiness,—happiness far greater than Cebes imagined, or Plato taught; where patient hope finds its consummation, and Christian perseverance receives its reward.

He, who professing to be a Christian, desires to know how to mix his Christianity with the daily transactions of life, without lowering its quality, will find his purpose answered by consulting the spirited and popular treatises of this faithful guide.

But he will find in her a friend *severely affectionate*; he will find her in his busy scenes, crossing his path of ambition or avarice, and in his hours of gaiety, dashing from his lips the cup of intoxication. The old may learn from her their best economy of the twilight that remains to them, and the young may see their day-dreams of delusive pleasure dispersed by her powerful disenchantments.

The religion of Mrs. More, as it presents itself in these volumes, was sufficiently high and warm to draw from nominal Christians the charge of extravagance, and sufficiently sober and subdued to lie quiet within the circumscription of our established church; so practical and simple as to dissatisfy the disputer and the theorist, and so strenuous in the maintenance of vital doctrines, as to pass for illiberal with the champions of religious freedom. She was a true daughter of our national Sion; and it was her happiness to depart, before the clouds which now envelop it had darkened the horizon. No living person would have felt more genuine sorrow in witnessing the depression of Protestantism; and no one, had the approaching crisis been contemporary with her strength, would have laboured more ardently or more efficiently in the consecrated cause with respect to which so much blood-bought experience is threatened to be thrown away.

We gather from her expressions concerning our national church, in various parts of her writings and correspondence, that she looked upon its constitutional establishment as an integral portion of our polity, and as wrought into the frame and

substance of our laws. Neither did any entertain a higher estimation of the spirituality of its offices, and the soundness of its tenets. She honoured it as the sanctuary best fitted upon earth to be the representative of the temple not made with hands;—as the safest guide to prayer and godly communion,—the most authentic pattern of holiness,—the truest depository of the faith once delivered to the saints; but then she considered that although we have an assurance that against the Church of Christ "the gates of hell shall not prevail," we have no such assurance of the perpetual safety of the Church of England. In her view of this great subject, Christ's Church had the guarantee of God's word, but the Church of England rested, under God, upon the character of its clergy and the zeal of its members: not on celebrations, or festivals, or acclamations, or on any public demonstrations of attachment; no, nor on societies formed for its protection, though these have their value and importance; nor even on the claims to veneration conferred on it by the wisdom of its founders, and the blood of its martyrs; but on its working efficiency,—on the sinews of a laborious ministry,—on the pure dispensation of its patronage,—on its being, to use her own words and allusions, the leaven which leavens the whole mass of our institutions and manners, and on its being in its constitution that kind of arrangement which Divine wisdom may be expected to sanction, in order to the continuance of Christianity upon earth.

The object of her 'Practical Piety' was to ex-

hibit Christianity as an internal principle. The whole work is an illustration of the religion of the heart, as distinguished from one of mere forms and observances.

This inwardly operative character of religion it was her object to shew forth to the reader who is searching after truth; and for the sake of those who are not to be won without the attractions of manner, she has bestowed on her argument a sparkling and graceful style. She has shewn religion to be, in its proper character, an operative principle, 'from which the affections and faculties receive a new impulse; by which the dark understanding is illuminated, the rebellious will subdued, the irregular desires corrected, the judgment informed, the imagination chastised, the inclination sanctified, our hopes and fears directed to their proper objects, and the love of the world transmuted into the love of God.' She represents it, in short, 'as pressing all the capacities of the soul into a new service and allegiance; as giving to the whole frame and constitution of the mind a nobler bent; to its activity a sublimer aim; to its vacillating desires a fixed object; to its vagrant purposes a settled home.' This she properly calls the religion of the heart;—the proper central seat of its existence, whence it gives out its supplies of life and warmth to animate and exalt the whole being of the Christian.

Having thus fixed the throne of religion in the heart, she spreads its government over the entire conduct; and expands it into a system of morals, in which a diligent discharge of the duties of social

life is combined with those high devotional attainments on which she lays the foundation of what she intends by the term 'Practical Piety,' implying a holy alliance of right actions with right affections. 'Religion,' says this practical expounder of it, 'was not intended for the exceptions out of the general state of the world, but for the world at large; for beings active, busy, restless; whose *activity* it diverts into its proper channels; whose busy spirits it directs to the common good! whose restlessness—indicating the unsatisfactoriness of all they find on earth—it points to a higher destination. God is the fountain from which all the streams of goodness flow; the centre from which all the streams of blessedness diverge. The love of God, as it is the source of every right action and feeling, so it is the only principle which necessarily involves the love of our fellow-creatures. As man, we do not love man. We may without this principle relieve his distresses, but we do not bear his burdens. We may promote his fortune, but we do not forgive his offences. We may not see him want without pain, but we can see him sin without emotion. We cannot hear of a beggar perishing without horror; but we can without concern witness an acquaintance dying without repentance. We must participate something of the Divine nature, before we can really love the human.'

The more common *mistakes* too, concerning religion, are in this work admirably exposed. She sets before us in vivid contrast 'the visionary professors who shoot beyond the mark, and the moralists who fall short of it; the men who are wise above what is

written, and the men who are wise below it; those who lose themselves in the clouds by stretching their faculties beyond their appointed limits; and those who grovel in the dust from the inertness of their capacities; those who build spiritual castles in the air, instead of erecting them on holy ground; and those who lay their foundation in the sand instead of resting it on the rock of ages.'

Equally judicious and happily expressed are her comments on those characters 'whose religion consists in a sturdy defence of what they call orthodoxy, —an attendance on public worship, and a general decency of behaviour; who are far from rejecting faith or holiness, but are greatly troubled with excessive apprehensions of believing or doing too much; who consider religion as a point which they have attained by their regular observances, and conclude that nothing further is required of them but to maintain the point they have reached, by a repetition of the same observances;—frugal Christians, who are afraid of nothing so much as of superfluity in their love, and supererogation in their obedience; who weigh in the scales of scrupulous exactness, the duties which of hard necessity must be done, against those which, without the same risk, they think may be omitted; compounding for a larger indulgence by the relinquishment of a smaller; giving up, through fear, a trivial gratification to which they are less inclined, and snatching doubtingly as an equivalent at one they like better.

'To know Christianity only in its external forms, and its internal dissatisfactions, its superficial ap-

pearances without, and its disquieting apprehensions within; to be desirous of standing well with the world as a Christian, and to be unsupported by a well-founded Christian hope; to live in the dread of being called an enthusiast, and in secret consciousness of falling short of it; to be conformed to the world's view of Christianity, without being transformed by the renewing of the mind, is a state not of pleasure, but of penalty; not of conquest, but of hopeless conflict; not of ingenuous love, but of tormenting fear;—it is to know religion only as a captive in a foreign land knows the country in which he lives a prisoner. He hears from the cheerful natives of its beauties, but is himself ignorant of every thing beyond his own gloomy limits.'

This beautiful work contains a chapter on what the writer calls 'Periodical Religion,' in which are represented to the life those fits and starts of levity and repentance, renunciation and repetition, which not unfrequently chequer the course and character of a man devoted to the world, and at the same time sensible of the jeopardy of his soul. His struggle to reconcile what will never coalesce; his warmth in the cause of religion as opposed to infidelity, and his comparatively small regard to it as it stands opposed to our appetites and habits; his professed anxiety about the worship of God, and his practical renunciation of his service; are among the portraitures which the authoress has drawn with great felicity and fidelity.

No less successful have been the efforts of her pen in describing the proper and prudential conduct

of the pious man in his intercourse with the irreligious. Her thoughts on this subject are full of sound discretion, and the principles of scriptural charity. 'He,' says this sober-minded directress, 'who advocates the sacred cause of Christianity, should be aware of fancying that his being religious will atone for his being disagreeable. Let him not persuade himself that he has been serving God, when he has only been gratifying his own resentment; when by a fiery defence he has been prejudicing the cause which he might, perhaps, have advanced by temperate argument, and persuasive mildness.'

In a subsequent chapter on the duty of watchfulness, some admonitions are offered to the clergy on the perils of popularity in preaching, which well deserve their attention, as well as that of their hearers.

On 'Sensibility to eternal things,' the richness of her remarks is very striking. A comparison between the drowsy Sabbaths of the man of business, and the animation which accompanies him in his secular concerns; between the dull decencies and shadowy forms of his religious observances, and the solid realities, and cheerful activities of his worldly life, is drawn with great acuteness, and the truest strokes of moral painting.

Many passages full of instruction might be produced from the chapters on 'Happy deaths,' and 'The sufferings of good men.' Let the reader allow his attention to be specially engaged by the valuable observations of the writer on the ill-success of good men in their most virtuous undertakings,

and their balancing compensations, contained in the last-mentioned chapter; and then let him say, when he shall have finished the perusal, if he is a scholar, whether by any thing that has been bequeathed us by Plato's divine philosophy, or by the reasonings of him who brought wisdom from heaven to dwell among men, he has been conducted to nobler or juster views of the dignity of virtue, the beauty of truth, and the soul's immortal interests. Let him, ere he proceeds in his progress through the same admirable chapter, pause at and ponder well that instructive passage on the happiness of him who not only has recourse to God in his last hour and "in the time of the great water-floods," but had long and diligently sought him in the calm: who had pursued God's favour when he might have enjoyed the favour of the world; who did not wait for the evil day to seek the supreme good; who did not defer his meditations on heavenly things to the disconsolate hour when earth had nothing to offer him; but who can cheerfully associate religion with the former days of felicity, when with every thing before him out of which to choose, he chose God.

In the succeeding publication, entitled 'Christian Morals,' Mrs. More resumed the subject of the former work under a new appellation, and proved herself capable of renewing its graces and attractions, by immersing it afresh in the colours of heaven. She had but to wave her wand, and the barriers that protected folly and impiety from the irruption of truth were levelled, and a passage was again opened for religion to enter and declare its

errand. This fresh expansion and decoration of Christian verities and duties was as successful as its predecessor in exciting attention, and deserved it no less by the value of its arguments and illustrations. It was thickly sown with spirited, acute, and useful observation, and made, perhaps, some steps in advance upon its predecessor, in purity and correctness of language.

As the biographer of this great lady, I feel myself engaged in a public duty to make her Christian Morality speak again to the people of this land; to restore a walking faith to its due preference above a talking faith; and to present religion as a life no less than a light to this professing and wordy generation. Could religion in the practical and unpretending form in which it meets us in this essay on 'Christian Morals' be brought more into honour and use amongst us, it would no longer be chargeable with disturbing the proper and peaceful economy of families and communities: parents and children, masters and servants, sovereigns and subjects, magistrates and people, would fall back into their relations and places—the foundations of the moral and social world would be less out of course—improvement might go on without dislocation, transposition, or derangement; and the sobriety of the old school would throw its modest shade over an age perhaps advanced in knowledge, but an age of dangerous conceit, and besotted with the 'new wine' of its own inventions.

The last of her three great works on Morals, which was produced in the 75th year of her age,

(1819), answered to the title given to it of 'Moral Sketches.' It was more descriptive and characteristical, than either of the former works. The moral world was becoming every year more and more broken into classes of opposite principles and pursuits. As religion had come out more into prominence, opposite speculations and dogmas had become more contrasted and contentious. It is true that complexional, physical, and social peculiarities, had been reduced to great uniformity among the different grades of well-educated society by the frequency and facility of intercourse between the capital and the provinces, and the general circulation of wealth and knowledge; but the same general assimilation of manners and studies which had tended so much to level distinctions once prescriptively established and acknowledged, had given birth and occasion to a great diversity and collision of opinions, sentiments, and tenets. A sort of intercommonage on the great plain of literature and science, gave to every one licence and room to range at will, and pick up as he was minded, his theories and notions; so that, as was natural in this desultory state of things, where every one was more anxious to display his competency, than to increase his store, and the disciple was becoming above his master, the domains of intellect and thought teemed with an irregular and luxuriant growth of extravagant dogmas and dangerous fancies. But the most injurious characteristic of this new order of things, was the pride of discovery, and the propensity to change, which, under the alluring form of liberality, made an assault upon first principles,

and unsettled the foundations of experience. To a mind watchful, like that of Hannah More, of every turn and change, advance or declension, in the moral course of the world, and of its gain or loss in those interests which are weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, this disturbance of land-marks and entire emancipation of opinion and principle, were subjects of much inquietude; and kept her pen perpetually employed to overtake, and to direct, if not to arrest, so forced and precipitate a march of the public mind.

Always disposed to meditate with concern upon the state of her country, in relation to its best interests, she could not without great emotion, contemplate the varied scene of character, which lay spread before her; on the one side the votaries of vice, the slaves of ambition, and the disturbers of quiet,—on the other side, the happy few living in consistency, charity, and peace; and the vast intervening space between these extremities, filled with ambiguous worth and undecided principle,—the vacillating, the vain, the superficial, and the self-satisfied. With her 'measuring reed' in her hand, she divided this moral territory into its proper cantonments, in which she placed her different classes; not forgetting a spacious allotment of neutral ground for her community of 'borderers,' maintaining a hollow alliance, and an accommodating intercourse with two communities in direct opposition to each other—the world's devotees, and the subjects of the Saviour's kingdom.

Her various descriptions, exposures, and corrections of these classes and divisions, in which her

country lay distributed before her, compose the aggregate of those valuable last lessons which she gave to the world, under the title of 'Moral Sketches.' Though the varieties of the human character can never be said to unite in a pleasing effect, like a natural scene, diversified by the rugged and the smooth, by woods and precipices, by torrents and rills, by rocky projections and green pastures, yet these sketches of characters and manners, under the hand of this able delineator, present to view a scene in which the parts are so disposed, as to place virtue in advantageous relief, and to render whatever is estimable and amiable in life more lovely by opposition.

When it is considered that the authoress had now arrived at her seventy-fifth year, this lively and perspicacious product of her intellect must be regarded with admiration. Nor should it be forgotten, that just before the publication of this work, she had lost her last surviving sister. The happy sisterhood had followed each other at little distances, to the shore of that heavenly country, to which they had long been directing their course, and Hannah, now standing alone, smitten, and tempest-worn, still held her high and commanding station,—a solitary sea-mark to direct the voyagers on this sea of trouble to the harbour of security and peace.

This last of Mrs. More's considerable performances had the same strong feature which distinguished all her didactic productions—it was thoroughly English. A hearty, home-bred vein of sentiment tempered the brilliancy of her diction,

and the gaiety of her remarks;—in thought and expression always sterling and natural. Antigallican in every feeling, and yet rivalling the best French authors in delicacy and point, this farewell production of her pen touches all the principles of morality most exposed to peril from the reigning habits and practices of society.

She bestows no small censure on the propensity of the English towards French journies and French manners, which threatened, in her sober view of consequences, to terminate in a French indifference to decorous restraints, serious duties, and saving belief. All her observations on this subject bear testimony to the virtuous feeling and plain English properties of her mind. But her account of the coteries of Paris, and of the 'bad characters' which presided over those 'good societies,' presents to the view of her countrymen and women, one of the best drawn pictures in existence of those most disgusting and detestable colleges of debauchery and atheism, where in the midst of levity, vanity, and false refinement, the seed was nourished and developed, of that poisonous tree whose deadly shade has interposed itself between God and man, producing a fruit of tempting exterior, but of bitterer flavour than the apples of Sodom. She has laid open the radical principles of those godless confederacies. She has touched the vermin with the spear of Ithuriel, and made them start up in their true dimensions. She saw them in their beginnings, and she felt them in their tendencies. She lived to see them spread their con-

tagious influence throughout the moral and intellectual world, to enervate the springs of wholesome government, and to undermine the prescriptive foundations of peace and subordination; to issue, probably,—but she was happily removed before that evil day,—in the tyranny of the many, without a settled will, or a principle of permanence—without the warrant of religion, or the wisdom of experience.

It would be well for our country, if its attention could be awakened at this precarious moment, when the thinking faculty is in such full operation, and so subject to the misguidance of flattering and fallacious instruction, to the admonitions of this gentle and judicious disciplinarian, who in this wise volume has exhibited the pure constituents of what she calls 'England's best hope.'

In one short chapter will be found a legacy from Hannah More to the aristocracy of these realms, as valuable as their ancestorial property; and if any feeling and clear-sighted parent, having this world's abundance, can come from the perusal of this portion of the work without seeing how this abundance is best to be improved, secured, and transmitted, he must be either too proud to be taught, or deficient in just perceptions.

The advantages of the poor over the rich in the article of a religious education, are no where better set forth, because it is not in the compass of words more strikingly to show, that of two educations, the one going *with*, and the other *against* the stream of gospel precepts, the former must prove itself in the

sequel superior to the latter, in general and substantial intellectual enlargement, and finally in moral power. It is not easy to answer the questions of this wise and virtuous woman, who desires to be informed why 'the poor should monopolize our benevolence? Why the rich should in this instance be so disinterested? Why the same charity should not be extended to the children of the opulent and the great? Why the son of the nobleman should not share the advantage now bestowed on the children of his servant, of his workmen, and of the poorest of his neighbours? Why Christian instruction should not be made a prominent article in the education of those who are to govern and to legislate, as well as of those who are to work and to serve? Why these most important beings (most important by their influence and example) should be the only beings in this enlightened country whose immortal interests are neglected?' If these questions cannot be satisfactorily answered, let us hear the rebuke with which the writer has closed the paragraph. 'If we have begun to instruct the poor with a view to check the spirit of insubordination, that spirit requires little less suppression in our own families. In all ranks it is the prevailing evil of the present day. The diminished obedience of children to parents, of servants to masters, of subjects to sovereigns, all spring from one common root—an abatement of reverence for the authority of God.'

'From his Bible, and from his Bible only,' says Hannah More, speaking to the opulent parent con-

cerning the education of his child, 'let him draw his sense of those principles,—of that standard by which he will hereafter be judged; and be careful ever to distinguish in his mind between the worldly morality which he may learn from the multitude, and that Christian holiness which is the dictate of the Scriptures, and of the Scriptures alone. Teach him to discover there—he cannot discover it too soon—that it is not a set of proverbial moral maxims, a few random good actions, decorous and inoffensive good manners, the effect of natural feeling, of fashion, of custom, of regard to health, of desire of reputation, that will make a truly valuable character. This is not to be acquired by certain popular virtues, or rather fractions of virtues; for there is no integral virtue where there is no real religion. Pleasing manners will attract popular regard, and worldly motives will produce popular actions; but genuine virtue proceeds only from Christian principles. The one is efflorescence, the other is fruit.'

Those females who are desirous of consulting Mrs. More's moral works for the direction of their conduct, and they cannot consult a safer guide, or a better practical expounder of scriptural rules and injunctions, must bear to be told of domestic duties, and of the inexpediency and danger of deserting home, and its various appropriate and important offices, for the sake of playing a more conspicuous part in the field of diffusive benevolence. They will be reminded that the community at large is but an aggregation of homes, of hearths, of families,

and of neighbourhoods. But Mrs. More is always tender, always cautious in her remarks upon her own sex; and wherever a right principle, or pious intention is at the bottom of any practice, she treats it with the respect which is due to the motive;—with a holy dread of damping virtuous zeal, and a Christian fear of being misunderstood.

Her chapters on the two classes of religious professors whom she distinguishes by the appellation of 'Phraseologists,' and 'Borderers,' are striking specimens of her accurate knowledge of the moral state of society. Her portraitures of each of these descriptions of character are drawn from the life, and have the originality and freshness of personal observation. Those who fold up religion in a technical phraseology, and distinguish themselves as a body by certain reciprocal signs of religious intelligence; who adopt a dialect as the test of orthodoxy, and recognize no saving faith out of the pale of their vocabulary, may learn from Mrs. More's strictures on 'Phraseologists,' that religion has no necessary connexion with terms, nor any other tie that binds together the members of its confraternity in holy concord, but an union of heart in the love of God, and a sympathy of trust in the great sacrifice.

The chapter on the 'Borderers' pursues hypocrisy through its turnings and windings in the recesses of the heart. Decision, consistency, and Christian courage are nowhere more successfully contrasted with the meanness of those faithless compromises by which the friendship of the world, and of those

who have renounced it, is sought at the same time to be preserved.

The general religionist and the decorous sensualist have their respective portraits very distinctly and accurately drawn by the same animated pen; but no part of the work has given her a higher title to the gratitude of her readers, than that which has been assigned to the subject of prayer. It is not easy, one would think, to read this part of the volume with reasonable attention, and remain contentedly a nominal Christian.

The subject of faith and works, so often handled, and so often perplexed, she has contrived to elucidate and refresh with the lights and colours of her scripture-taught intelligence. The close affinity by which they are united, the necessity of the one to the other, the nature of that necessity, and their mutual bearings, have received an illustration from her pen, calculated to compose the disputes upon this subject, wherever nothing sustains the controversy beyond the zeal of opposite convictions. To settle faith in its priority, and to make the love of God in the soul of man, the spring-head of all his good desires and actions, has occupied the attention of the writer in the concluding part of her work, and such is the solidity and beauty of this portion of the volume, that it may be said without undue or partial praise, that those parents who are desirous of founding the moral or practical instruction of their children upon its only safe and legitimate basis, will find their object best promoted and secured, by taking Mrs. More for their guide.

It has been thought desirable to place before the reader those writings of Mrs. More which were wholly on the subject of Christian morality, in an unbroken order, but her other prose productions cannot be passed over in silence. The work entitled, 'Hints towards forming the character of a Young Princess,' has been sufficiently adverted to in the course of the foregoing correspondence, to make the reader familiar with the occasion of its publication, and the reception it met with from the high parties whom it personally interested, as well as from those who were immediately engaged in the education of the then hope of the nation. Xenophon, and Fenelon, and a numerous succession between those two graceful writers, have put before princes what seemed to them to be calculated to promote their happiness and honour; but it would be difficult to name a work in any language, which has been better imagined and more ably executed, than this of Hannah More, for suggesting to the heirs of the kingly estate, their appropriate studies and qualifications, and for pointing out to royal steps the road to real greatness.

It was the product of a mind teeming with benevolence towards her country, and it was a tribute of loyal affection towards her, on whose character that country seemed then in no small measure to depend for its future felicity and glory;—towards her whose youth, and health, and loveliness, seemed to auspicate a long enjoyment of her splendid birthright; but who was destined to come and go like a vision, as if her appearance on this earth was only

to shew the insecurity and fragility of all its pledges and expectances.

The Princess died, but the book lives, and those live to whom the book affords instruction, as applicable as it was to those for whose peculiar benefit it was intended. Perplexing changes seem rolling on, and the signs of times, new in their aspects and auguries, and indicating events lying perhaps equally out of human experience and historical analogy, call upon such as are born to high place and authority amongst us, to be prepared as much as may be for the encounter. To attempt to meet such a state of things by the ordinary methods of adulation and intrigue, intimidation or concession, would be equally vain. As in new and anomalous diseases, the healing art sees all its efforts baffled, and the last and best hope is found to rest on the simple resource of temperance, and a prudent regimen;—so will no other art be found more capable of resisting that organized principle of destruction, which, under deceptive names, has enlisted the animal strength of the abused multitude in opposition to all safe and steady government, than the art of exhibiting to a country, loyal, perhaps, at heart, the awful pattern of a pious sovereign, practising with a princely grace, the virtues of private life. There are none of royal birth who may not learn this art on its truest principles from the precepts of Hannah More. Taught by her lessons, the heir of a throne may learn that while in the tawdry display of ephemeral splendour, every great capitalist in the land may be the prince's rival, there is an 'unbought

grace of life,' lying in the simple duties of a Christian, in which he has by birth and station, a power of excelling others, if not in substance, at least in influence and effect. He may learn from her that it is scarcely too strong an aphorism to say, 'Let him take care of the man, and sovereignty will take care of itself.' He may learn from her wherein consists the real security of thrones, and the moral secret of preserving empire.

It was well known that the late Princess Charlotte of Wales perused attentively the work which was composed for her benefit. This was sufficiently attested by the assurance of the Bishop to whose tuition she was intrusted, and confirmed by information which came to Mrs. More from various unquestionable sources. It was also a fact accredited by good authority, that the 'Hints' of Hannah More, was one of the last books in the hands of the young Princess. It may not be that the work had any influence on her character; but it is at least certain, that it was calculated to impress on a mind of thought and sensibility, the qualities essential to true greatness: and it is equally certain that she who read the book lived up to many of its precepts, and adopted, as far as she had opportunities, the course which Mrs. More had suggested in her valuable manual, as that which was to put her upon a par with her splendid expectations.

From the period of womanhood, and especially after her marriage, the deportment of this amiable personage was such as made every man and woman in the land feel that by her death they had lost a

relation. The tie was a domestic one. There was something in the style of her sentiments and habits, that partook strongly of a period anterior to the new principles which had their origin in the fatal neology of the continent, and their developement in the revolutionary epoch of France. The old and faded English mind, with its indigenous properties and national enthusiasm, seemed to be restored in her to its original freshness and lustre. Local affections, home delights, hospitable intercourse, and charity that came into actual contact with its object, however humble, or old, or poor, were the pledges of her future character as a matron queen, and the earnest of a beneficent sway that was to rest in no small degree on its natural titles to the homage of gratitude, and the free servitude of the heart. So much womanly warmth of disposition, so much reality, so much sincere relish for what was kind and cheerful, so much heartiness of sentiment, have rarely been coupled with so many artificial accomplishments, or survived a culture so studious and elaborate.

It is not insinuated that all this was the fruit of Mrs. More's suggestions or persuasions, but it is not too much to say that such a mind was a good recipient of such advice as that which is contained in the passages here presented to the reader.

'It is of the last importance that persons of high condition should be preserved from entering on their career with false principles, false views, and false maxims. It is of the last importance to teach them not to confound splendour with dignity, justice with success, merit with pros-

perity, voluptuousness with happiness, refinement with taste, deceit with sagacity, suspicion with penetration, prodigality with a liberal spirit, honour with Christian principle, or conscientious strictness with hypocrisy. Young persons in the pursuit of glory and celebrity are perpetually liable to take up with false way-marks: and where they have some general good intentions respecting the end, to defeat their own purpose by a misapplication of the means; so that often they err not so much through the seduction of the senses, as by accumulating false maxims into a sort of system on which they afterwards act through life.

'One of the first lessons that should be inculcated on the great is, that God has not sent us into this world to give us consummate happiness, but to train us to those habits which lead to it. High rank lays the mind open to strong temptations; the highest rank to the strongest. The seducing images of luxury and pleasure, of splendour and of homage, of power and independence, are only to be counteracted by a religious education. The world is too generally entered upon as a scene of pleasure, instead of trial. The high-born are taught to enjoy the world, at an age when they should be learning to know it; and to grasp the prize, when they should be exercising themselves for the combat. They look for the sweets of victory, when they should be enduring the hardness of the conflict. The exalted station of a young princess, by separating her from miscellaneous society, becomes her protection from many of its maxims and practices. From the

dangers of her own peculiar situation she should be guarded, by being taught early to consider power and influence, not as exempting her from the difficulties of life, or insuring to her a larger portion of its pleasures, but as engaging her in a peculiarly extended sphere of duties, and infinitely increasing the demands on her fortitude and vigilance.

'The prince who practises virtue, not only holds out a broad shelter to the virtues of others, but his example is a living law, efficacious to many who would treat written laws with contempt. The good conduct of the prince will make others virtuous, and the virtuous are always peaceable. It is the voluptuous, the prodigal, and the licentious, who are the needy, the unsettled, and the discontented;—who love change and promote disturbance. Allegiance is the fruit of sober integrity; and fidelity grows on the stock of independent honesty. As there is little public honour where there is little private principle; so there will be little private principle, at least among young persons of rank, where the throne holds out the example of a contrary conduct.

'Projects of conquest and ambition are circumscribed, and obstructed by a thousand inherent and unavoidable difficulties. They are often dependent for their success on the life of a single man, whose death, perhaps, when least expected, at once disconcerts them. Often they depend on what is still more uncertain—the caprice or humour of an individual. When all is thought to be successful and flourishing; when the prosperous enterprizer fancies

that he is on the point of gaining the proud summit to which he has so long aspired; at once he is dashed to the ground, his laurels are blasted, and he himself only remains

'To point a moral, or adorn a tale.'

But the monarch whose nobler and more virtuous ambition tempts him to employ his superior power in promoting the internal prosperity and comforts of his subjects, is not liable to such defeats. He does not depend upon an individual. His plans are carrying on through ten thousand channels, and by ten thousand agents, who, while they are all labouring for the promotion of their several peculiar objects, are, at the same time, unconsciously performing their functions in the great machine of society. It is not, if we may change the metaphor, a single plant, perhaps an exotic, in a churlish climate, and an unwilling soil, which, raised with anxious care, a sudden frost may nip, or a sudden blight may wither; but it is the wide-spread vegetation of the meadow, which springs up with one unvaried face of verdure. beauty and utility.'

Such was the sound advice, and such were the sterling precepts presented by this true lover of her country, to her country's pride and hope; and we trust the counsel was not bestowed in vain; although the goodly bearing branch was too soon, as men consider these things, divided from the regal stem. But she did not live in vain; and among the benefits of which her brief existence was the source may be reckoned this—that it gave occasion to one of the

best repertories of practical lessons for the guidance and instruction of those on whom the task of government may devolve, with all its awful responsibilities, that is to be found in any language.

Hannah More has presented the kingly character to our view, substantially majestic. She has drawn the portraiture of a prince, not in the colours and shadows of painted life, but in a style of composition and conception, answering to the solemn character of his great trust as the servant of God, and the shepherd of his people. She has shewn, too, that attachment to the Sovereign, and obedience to the laws are parts of Christianity, and that no diadem is firm on the brow of him who depends upon an allegiance not grounded on religion; and sees not that the piety of the people is his best political friend, and the only party which it is his real interest to adopt. Her indignation sharply reproves those shallow men who are for keeping the multitude amused, at whatever cost to virtue and religion. She reminds us, that to fear God and honour the king, are commandments resting upon the same authority; and that the best prince can have no permanent place in the affections of him who has no fear of God in his soul.

In all the didactic productions of Mrs. More's pen, and especially in the valuable work which has come last under consideration, one characteristic has invariably marked her literary course, which redounds greatly to the credit of her consistency, her firmness, and her sincerity. She has gone forwards along the varied path of her moral visitations,

distributing praise and reprehension without any regard to consequences affecting herself; looking fearlessly on the right hand and on the left, for the subjects of her moral animadversions; disdaining all compromise with dangerous practices, errors, or prejudices, however countenanced, patronized, or sanctioned. To this honest course is, doubtless, to be attributed much of the obloquy, misrepresentation, and malice, by which her fair fame, and pure honour have in many instances been assailed.

Of many of the new opinions in politics, and of all the novelties of recent birth by which theology has been perplexed, she has manifested, whenever these subjects have fallen in her way, a decided disapprobation. But though very distrustful of the principle and tendency of that ominous movement which appears to be going on with an impulse in which neither patriotism nor wisdom has any share; she was no favourer of the lethargic maxim, that things cannot be better than they are; but was rather of opinion that some things of general concernment were necessarily progressive, and that as a vast moral revolution was likely to be the consequence of the means in operation for the dispersion of knowledge, while the press was standing like Briareus with his hundred arms extended against heaven, it had become necessary, in order to save the religion of the land, and all that the wise and virtuous must love and cherish, to adopt methods, and set on foot plans, of a stirring and spirited character. She thought that this was the work, not of a strong and confident, but of an awakened and

alarmed religious establishment. But her main reliance seemed to rest on the increase of an efficient clergy. To them she looked as the proper guardians and instructors of the poor,—the bold expostulators with the rich,—the firm promulgators of evangelical truth,—the rural patterns of sobriety and sanctity. She thought that the mind of the country was in their keeping; and she called upon them for their supreme care of this solemn and sacred deposit.

Of her 'Essay on the Character and Practical Writings of St. Paul,' which was given to the world in the year 1815, little need be said, as it contains comparatively but little that exhibits her opinions on general topics, or on such as were connected with the signs of the times. It was, however, a work of great merit, distinguished by clearness of thought and expression, and deserving to be ranked among the best portraitures of Christian faithfulness and holiness that has been proposed to our imitation. It can, indeed, hardly be said of any one of Mrs. More's performances, that it has a higher claim to be studiously perused. The first chapter, which brings the morality of the pagan systems into contrast with that which the gospel has given us; and the second, which presents a popular view of some of the most striking evidences of our holy religion, are additions to the work of great value,—the overflowings of her wealthy mind, which like a full river, carried abundance along with it on either side of its fertilizing current. The character of the Christian hero was

in good hands. She essayed to describe it with a modesty and humility of style and sentiment without which even *her* genius would have wanted an appropriate qualification for the task; and she accomplished her undertaking in a manner that has made it impossible for a wise parent not to feel the importance of directing the mind of his family towards that great example.

As Mrs. More was such a dealer in morality, and points so emphatically to the great Apostle's reprobation of that abuse of the gospel which represents its liberty as implying a freedom from moral restraint, it may be important to show what she considered to be the true character and obligation of the moral law, and what the legitimate basis on which must be founded its sanction and authority. 'We have employed,' says she, 'the term morality in compliance with common usage; but adopted in the worldly sense, it gives but an imperfect idea of the Apostle's meaning. His preceptive passages are encircled with a kind of glory; they are illuminated with a beam from heaven; they proceed from the spirit of God, and are produced by faith in Him. There is every where that beautiful intermixture of motive and action, that union of cause and effect, faith and its fruits, that uniform balance of the principle and the produce, which render these epistles an exhaustless treasury of practical wisdom, as well as an imperishable record of divine grace. Repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, formed the substance of his testimony to all men. From the doctrine

of the cross he derives all sanctity, all duty, and all consolation.'

In thus bestowing what appears to me to be the just measure of praise due to Mrs. Hannah More's publications in prose, I have not forgotten that her exuberance of mind, added to her strong persuasion of the necessity of captivating her readers by the brilliancy of her diction, betrayed her into certain errors of composition. In her efforts to attract by the allurements of style, she has sometimes adopted a drapery unsuited to the sober grace which belonged to her subject. Her liveliness of imagination, combined with her dread of being dull, has here and there got the better of of her excellent judgment, and made her occasionally guilty of something like a lavish waste of decoration. Sometimes she is chargeable with clashing or incongruous metaphors, and is obscure by excess of illustration. The play of her genius sometimes sports too long with a thought, and sometimes her very power expands it into weakness; for weakness is the sure result of every endeavour to swell the natural size of a sentiment in order to fill out a period of artificial structure. The antithesis is very apt to seduce us into error; and many of our best writers are found sometimes to forget that it is not by the change of terms that the effect of the antithesis is produced, but by the vivacious contrast between two branches of a sentiment appropriately expressed, and imparting colour and relief to each other. The antitheses of Mrs.

More's style are in the far greater number of instances brilliant and correct; but she is not wholly guiltless of the spurious kind. Neither will I contend that she is throughout entirely free from the expletives of common-place; or deny that in some instances by less labouring to please she might have pleased more. By too studious an endeavour to avoid the recurrence of the same word, where the identical idea is again expressed, she has sometimes manifested that over-minute and artificial attention to the dress of her thoughts, which rather offends than gratifies the judicious ear; but if this daughter of Sion displeases us sometimes by her bracelets, and chains, and the bravery of her tinkling ornaments, it is principally because they disguise the beauty of her native perfections, and the graces which are emphatically her own.

I now commit the life and correspondence of this Christian lady to the sentence of the great public, throughout which her name and fame may be said to have circulated. That all opinions should agree respecting the merit of one who has so often stood in strong opposition to prevailing practices, could only be expected by those who in their reliance on the power of truth, and their admiration of virtue, have forgotten the discrepancies of temper and taste, the influence of habit upon the judgment, and the enmity of the world towards those who have lived above it. The value of this record will be variously estimated. That of her who was calumniated in her lifetime, the memory should be alto-

gether spared, it would be enthusiasm or ignorance to expect; but to one who bore her faculties so meekly, and lived so much for the common good, I cannot but hope that even the exercise of self-denial, the defence of practical holiness, and the abdication of all hope of help but in a sacrificed Saviour, will be pardoned, even by those who hold a standard of right and wrong independent of the gospel, and find their justification in a satisfied conscience.

It has been my perilous privilege to have the task assigned me of holding out this pattern to imitation. I have attempted it with great fear of doing incomplete justice to such a character, but with an anxiety for the cause connected with that character which in a crisis like the present throws every other consideration into comparative insignificance. I conclude my humble labour with again reminding the reader—that it is not meant to be affirmed that Hannah More was scripturally or morally perfect, but a sinning mortal, dependent on the succours of Divine grace. Neither can I be accused of having represented her works as faultless; but on the contrary, it has been admitted that their excellence is accompanied by the defects which belong to the vacillations of genius. Again I allow that there will be found in them some redundancies of sentiment and language, some tautologies, some errors in grammar, some incongruities of allusion and illustration; and there may be some inconsistencies in reasoning; to which may be added, inadvertencies imputable to her habitual

haste of composition, and her disadvantageous distance from the press. But her mistakes were, in general, such as common critics are proud to discover, and uncommon talents are prone to commit. And upon the whole it may be questioned whether any one in modern times has lived so long with less waste of existence, or written so much with less abuse of ability ;—whether wisdom has been better consecrated, or religion better seconded, in this our day at least, by the pure and prudent application of popular talents.

THE END.

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